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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



*Spring
morning*

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Dreams

29 AUG 1950

By A. E. MARTIN

Faith inspired the magic that was abroad that night, when an old man set out to redeem his promise to a child

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

SPECTACLES high on bony nose, Mr. Albert Peabody peered critically at the thing in his hand. About his thin waist was tied a workman's apron and the bench before him was littered with chips. The dog he had created was an artistic calamity and he doubted very much whether in the whole wide world you would find one like it.

"Is it finished, Mr. Peabody?"

The little voice brought him to with a start. His stooped shoulders shrugged away dreams and he nodded down at the elfin face resting on small clenched fists and regarding him with the entrancing interest of six whole years. She had seen the magic wrought. A chunk of wood turned into a dog before her very eyes.

Breathlessly, she stretched her hand, "Oh, Mr. Peabody... can I hold it?"

"You can have it, Buntie."

Reverently she took the thing and, cupping it in her hands, said: "I think you're the wonderfulest man. I bet you could do anything."

"Well... He pulled a lock of his grey hair and shuffled modestly. "I guess I wouldn't go so far..."

"Anything at all," she emphasised and kissed the wooden figure rapturously. "It's the beautifullest thing." Her tiny fingers turned the crudity round and round. "Oh, you said it would have a curly tail."

"Dang me, so I did." He took it from her and cocked a whimsical eye as he picked up his knife. "Can't do nothing without the magic words," he insisted and sang, softly,

"Would you like a dog with a curly tail? Skib-o." Buntie's thin treble was coming in eager agreement.

"Oh, yes, I'd like a dog with a tail To follow me over hill and dale."

And then they sang in chorus,

"Skib-i, skib-o, skibickety-be, Skibickety-by, skib-o"

and, immensely pleased that their tongues had not tripped, chuckled companionably.

From the house across the yard came a peremptory call. "Albert," and then, prolonging exasperation, "Al... bert."

Frowning at the figure he was whittling the old man made no motion to indicate that he had heard.

Buntie rested her sharp little elbows on the workbench. She said, gently chiding, "Mrs. Modbank's yelling for you, Albert."

"Eh?" He raised questioning eyes. "I didn't hear nothin'." He tapped the little figure. "Now, this dog is what you might call..."

This time the voice was sharply insistent. "Albut." Buntie stood perfectly still, her eyes speculative. "She is calling you, Mr. Peabody," she said as he continued his whittling. "You listen."

Lines rippled horizontally on the old man's forehead. His lips pursed and his ear cocked and there wasn't a doubt in the world he awaited the slightest murmur. His sister-in-law's voice floated across the yard. "Albert. Are you in the shed? I want you."

Mr. Peabody shook his head, slowly. "Not a sound," he announced, brazenly.

A questioning pucker made wrinkles in Buntie's nose. "Can't you really, truly hear her, Albert?"

"You can easy be misled, Buntie," he told her. "The world's full of mischievous imps imitating people, shouting out for you to come and do things you don't want, dragging you away from what makes life worth living. Thing to do," he went on, "is learn yourself a way not to hear 'em."

"I wish I was as clever as you, Albert."

"You got plenty of time," the old man said and patted her head encouragingly. There was no further interruption from the house and he put the finishing touches to his task. "There you are," he said, and held the figure for inspection.

"Oh, you've given it the loveliest curly tail," she cried. "I can hang it up by my bed."

"What!" He affected concern. "Hang your dog up by the tail?"

"It isn't a really-truly dog," Buntie argued. She eyed him, confidently speculative. "But I bet you could even make it real if you tried."

Startled by such sanguine expectation, Mr. Peabody hesitated. "Well, I might fix it so it could wag its tail," he admitted.

"And bark? And chase a ball?"

"Eh?"

"Could you, Albert? I bet you could if you tried. I bet if you were just to breathe on it you could make it come alive. Go on, Albert, please... breathe."

The old man cleared his throat. "Er—well, now

"Please. Oh, I would love a truly-really dog like you sang, to follow me over hill and dale. Please, Albert, make it come alive-o."

Mr. Peabody gave the matter earnest consideration. "You got to understand, Buntie," he said. "I'm gettin' on in years. I'd have to practise up a bit."

Buntie's disbelieving eyes discounted such modesty. "I bet you could do it as easy..." From the house came another imperative call. "Al-but. Are you there yet?"

"Oo!" The ancient jumped, glad of the reprieve.

"D'you hear, Buntie? Mrs. Modbank!"

"Pooh, it's just one of those imps."

Mr. Peabody shook his head. "No," he said, judicially grave. "That's a fairly human voice." He discarded his apron with haste and took a battered hat from a hook. "I've just remembered I've got a very important appointment. Now, you run home like a good girl. No, not that way," he went on as, obediently, she made for the yard door.

He led her to the rear of the shed. "Just say, 'Open Sesame,'" he said, and when, round-eyed, she repeated the words, slid back a fibro panel and urged her into the lane.

"Are you going this way so you won't meet Mrs. Modbank?"

Uncomfortably, Mr. Peabody affected lightness. "I'll see her when I get back." Hand in hand they walked up the lane and emerged on the tree-lined street. "Now, off you go, Buntie," he said, "and be careful crossing the road."

She looked up at him. "I left the dog behind, Albert, so's you could make it come alive. You will, won't you?"

Distantly, he imagined, his name was called and he said, hastily. "Oh, sure, sure. But don't tell nobody. Might spoil the magic. Promise?"

"Yes."

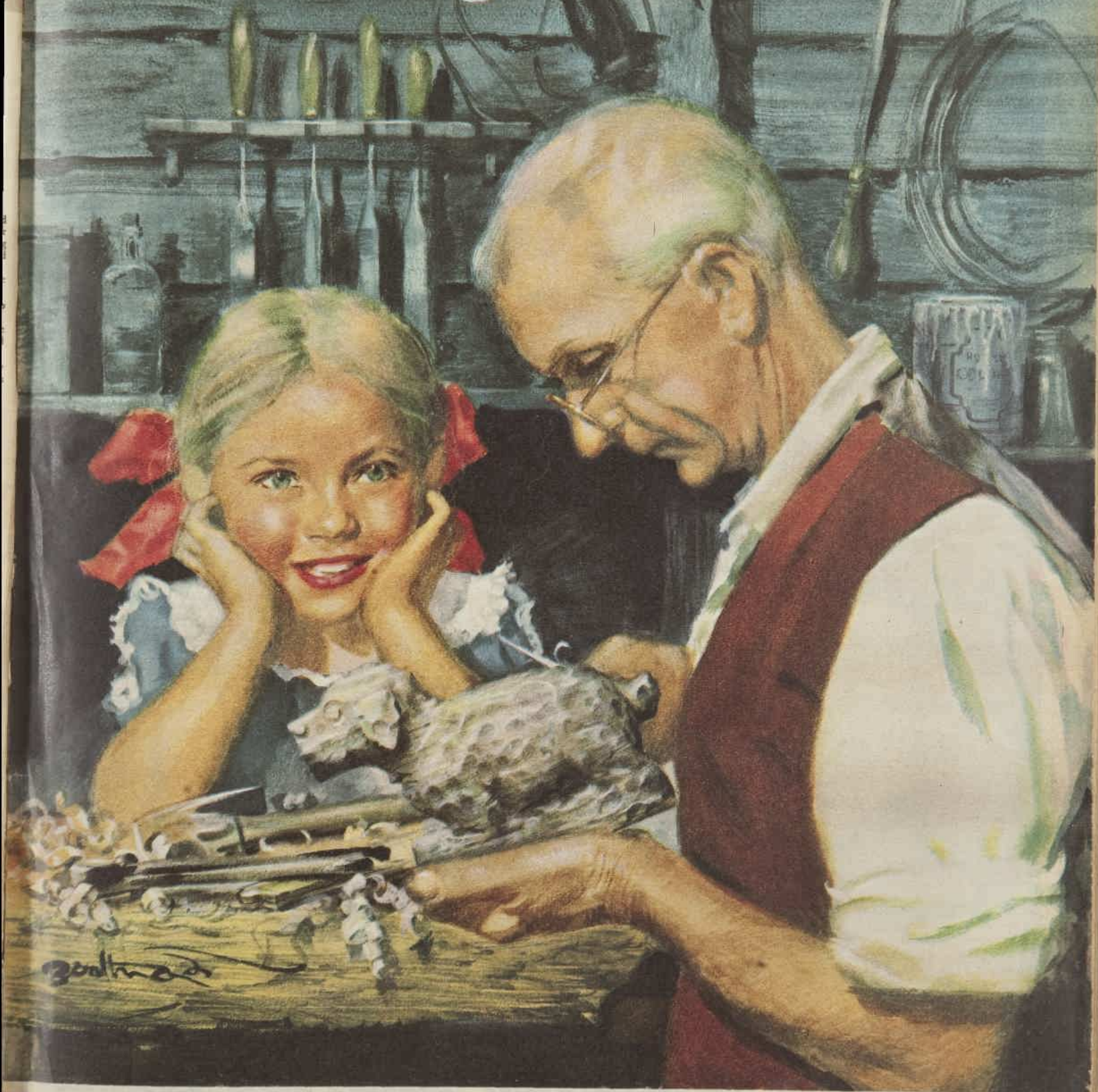
"And you won't ask me to turn anything more into life? Spit your death?"

She nodded gravely.

When she had skipped from sight, Mr. Peabody decided he would visit Alf Podmore on the other side of the city. Alf's intriguing proposition had occupied his mind for the greater part of a sleepless night and as he moved without haste through the shopping centre, cycling the window displays with little interest and no envy, he told himself it was foolish to build castles in the air.

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Pass the Time



"I bet if you were just to breathe on it you could make it come alive," Bunty said. "Go on, Albert, please . . . breathe."

The Man who



*I rushed to Smyth's help,
leaving the others to deal
with his assailant.*

The Australian Women's Weekly
September 2, 1939 - Page 4

John Mills

He was a rebel whose only doctrines

said NO to the King



By SCOTT YOUNG

GAZING from the third floor of Buckingham Palace along the wide golden-leaved avenue of the Mall, the First Sea Lord reflected that there was madness in all men. It waited only for some accident of time, or space, or tenderness, or passion, to shake it into open view.

In his case, the First Sea Lord thought, the accident was almost too complex to define. First there was the accident that thirty years ago, two wars ago, the king had been a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and the First Sea Lord a lieutenant-commander, and that once the lieutenant had rammed a gangway with an admiral's barge.

The lieutenant-commander had called him a bungling idiot, an incident certain to leave a bond between two men when one was to become a king. There was also the accident that he, the First Sea Lord, had accompanied the king to the inspection of the Royal Navy shore establishment at Portsmouth two days ago.

Finally there was the accident that while they stood in the autumn sunshine on the reviewing stand, the king had asked half-jocularly, "What terrible worries are lieutenants causing you these days?" And at that instant Lt. David Smyth had limped towards them at the head of a division of seamen.

The First Sea Lord knew now that if he'd been simply a First Sea Lord and not the full adult growth of that impetuous young lieutenant-commander, and if the king had been simply a king and not that particular former lieutenant, there would have been no madness.

But watching the tall Irishman, Smyth, his bare sword held upright before him, his shoulders straight and the steps of his right leg shorter than those of his left, the First Sea Lord had been disarmed by a feeling of comradeship for this man beside him who had been an earnest, unexceptional lieutenant and had become a king.

"That one, there," he'd said, jerking his head at Smyth, still fifty feet away. "I've done some worrying about him in the last few days."

"Why?" asked the king.

"He wants his discharge and he's a man I'd hate the Navy to lose," the First Sea Lord replied. "He's got three Distinguished Service Crosses and seven Mentions in Dispatches. Every warlike virtue. Trouble is, he's been in so many jams he'd never be promoted again normally. No future for him. I want to keep him, but I don't know how."

Together, they watched Lt. David Smyth lead his division past them, catching for an instant the halting stride, the rigidly held sword, a face that had stared into the faces of millions of Britain's enemies in a dozen wars in half a dozen centuries.

Then the First Sea Lord, shocked that he'd paraded a minor Admiralty worry before the king, had found an excuse to step away, hoping his casual madness would be forgotten. But just after lunch to-day, two hours ago, the telephone call had come.

The quiet official voice of a palace aide had said, "The king would like to discuss further the matter of

Lieutenant Smyth, if the First Sea Lord would come to the palace, bringing the lieutenant's papers and anyone who might have something to add to the official record."

Now the First Sea Lord stood at the palace window, a small, spare, erect figure, with lines of weariness and responsibility heightening the strength of his mouth and eyes. He fished absently in his left sleeve for his handkerchief, wondering what the other men in the room behind him would tell the king about Smyth. On a quick check he'd found four in the Admiralty who'd known Smyth.

His back to them, he wiped his forehead and stuffed his handkerchief back in his sleeve, thinking: A ruling monarch being consulted about the resignation of a lieutenant. It couldn't have happened in England for centuries—not since Elizabeth, or back there somewhere.

The First Sea Lord turned with a start as the door opened. The four other men in the room rose spasmodically and turned with him. As the king quickly skirted the huge leather chairs, his steps soundless in the deep rug, the First Sea Lord cringed inwardly at the scene: the two young lieutenant-commanders, one dark and one fair; the baggy eyes and tarnished, ravelled braid of the middle-aged little captain, who, for all that, had a certain easy presence even now; the seedy doleskin uniform on Admiral Buskin-Hayes, whose craggy, autocratic face was set stiffly and who stood as if he were strapped lengthwise to an oar.

The king wore flannels and Norfolk jacket, and he was smiling. "Sit down, gentlemen," he said, and dropped into a big chair.

The First Sea Lord picked up his black attache case from the well-used but tidy desk beside the window.

"I have the file on Lieutenant Smyth here, sir," he said stiffly. "As you asked, I've brought these gentlemen who have served with Lieutenant Smyth in the past."

"It's a pity to bother you with such a small matter of Admiralty business, Your Majesty," said Admiral Buskin-Hayes brusquely.

"The opposite of bother," the king said. "Sometimes I can help in a matter that doesn't seem to fit the official channels. . . . Now, please be completely frank. Since I'm meddling in your business, I should have all the facts you have."

"In some spots, uncommonly unsavory facts, sir," grunted Admiral Buskin-Hayes.

"And in some others," said the First Sea Lord quickly, "uncommonly fine."

"Really fine, sir!" It was one of the young lieutenant-commanders, the dark one, Reynard, sitting forward angrily in his chair, throwing his words directly at the admiral.

"Have I ever seen Lieutenant Smyth, except for the other day at Portsmouth?" asked the king. "I mean, you told me about his many decorations. I thought perhaps he'd been here to an investiture, to receive the decorations during the war?"

The First Sea Lord shook his head. "He's been to

London twice to attend investitures, but each time something intervened." He cleared his throat. "I shall be frank, sir, as you ask. In the first instance, early in 1942, Lieutenant Smyth was twenty pounds out of pocket in a game of pontoon at the Park Lane at the time he should have left for the investiture, and decided that he needed his twenty pounds back more than he needed a Distinguished Service Cross."

The king, his lean face taut, mused over that.

"The second time, near the end of the war, a V-Two struck nearby while Lieutenant Smyth was en route to the palace, and he left his cab to work for seven hours digging some children from a basement in Sloane Street." The First Sea Lord opened the file of papers on his knee. "Routine examination of these papers after his request to resign brought all this to our attention. These officers will add anything which seems necessary to the rather sparse facts given in his documents."

He began to read aloud in scattered phrases: "Born in 1915 . . . son of a well-to-do landowner near Foynes in Eire."

As he talked, the First Sea Lord speculated for the first time on these beginnings of Smyth. He had a picture of a gangling boy on the green Irish hillsides, chasing sheep and girls, and getting by well in school in everything but conduct.

"Unmarried," he continued, "joined the Royal Navy in September, 1939 . . . probationary sub-lieutenant in July, 1940, appointed to a Western Isles trawler based in Greenock."

The First Sea Lord glanced at Admiral Buskin-Hayes as he removed a second report from the file. "This communication went to each of five sub-lieutenants in Greenock on November 20, 1940, from their lordships of the Admiralty: 'You have incurred their lordships' extreme displeasure by your conduct on the night of November 5, 1940, and in light of this conduct your promotion has been permanently stopped at the rank of sub-lieutenant.' Smyth was one of them."

He glanced at the admiral. "Perhaps you could fill in, Buskin-Hayes."

Admiral Buskin-Hayes removed his pipe from his mouth. "That night," he said in his high, clear voice, "was devilishly cold and rainy. I was billeted in a Greenock hotel which had been taken over for the use of naval officers. I'd been asleep some time when there was a thunderous knock at my door and a voice shouted, 'Alarm, scarlet!'"

"That meant enemy aircraft overhead, didn't it?" asked the king.

The admiral nodded. "My air-raid post was on a jetty about half a mile from the hotel. I leaped from bed and threw on oilskins and jumped into my boots. I ran the half-mile to my post at the end of a small jetty, hearing no aircraft but no all-clear either. At the end of an hour, a boat put in with some officers who assured me there had been no alarm. They drove me back to the hotel, which was quiet. Everyone asleep but me."

Please turn to page 21

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A TOWN LIKE ALICE

NEVIL ^{by} SHUTE

PART FOUR OF A TEN-PART SERIAL

JEAN PAGET, sole heir of her wealthy uncle Douglas Macfadden, tells NOEL STRACHAN, elderly solicitor in charge of the estate, that she wants to go to Malaya to build a well. Explaining this, she lives again her war experience.

She is one of a party of women and children taken prisoner by the Japanese in Malaya, then sent to wander from place to place, because there is no prison camp for them.

There have been several deaths among the party when they fall in with two Australian prisoners of war, JOE HARMAN and BEN LEGGATT, who are being forced to drive trucks for the Japanese.

Joe readily strikes up a friendship with Jean, telling her nostalgically of his life as a stockman in Australia. He and Ben secretly obtain what food and medical supplies they can for the women.

Now read on:—

ON the following day the women marched to Berkapor. They were coming out into much better country now, a pleasant, relatively healthy part, where the road wound round hillsides and was mostly shaded by the overhanging trees.

That day for the first time they got coco-

nuts. Mrs. Price traded an old worn-out pair of slippers that had belonged to Mrs. Horsefall for milk coconuts, one for each member of the party.

At Berkapor they were accommodated in a large atap copra shed beside the road, and just before dusk the two trucks drew up in the village.

Jean and several of the others walked across the road to meet them, with the Japanese sergeant; the Japanese guards fell into conversation together. Joe Harman turned to Jean.

"We couldn't get loaded at Jerantut in time to make it down to Kuantan to-night," he said. "Ben's got a pig."

"A pig?" They crowded round Ben's truck. Lying upon the top of the load was a black, long-nosed Oriental pig, somewhat mauled.

Ben, whose truck was in the lead, had found this pig upon the road and had chased it with the truck for a quarter of a mile. The Japanese guard beside him had fired at it from his rifle, with Harman coming close behind them. The two Aus-

traliens and the Japanese guards had heaved the pig on to the load and got moving again before the infuriated Chinese storekeeper had caught up with them to claim his property.

Harman said to Jean, "We'll have to let the Nips eat all they can and carry away a bit. Leave it to me; I'll see there's some for you."

That night the women got about thirty-five pounds of boiled pig meat, conveyed to them surreptitiously in several instalments.

They made a fire of coconut shells behind the copra store and made a stew with their rice ration and ate all of this that seemed prudent to them; at that there was enough meat left for the three meals that they would have before they took the road again.

They sat about in the shed or at the roadside after they had finished, replete with the first really nourishing meal that they had had for months, and presently the Australians came across to talk to them.

Joe Harman came to Jean. "Sorry I couldn't send over more of that pig," he said in his slow Queensland drawl. "I had to let the Nips have most of it."

She said, "It's been splendid, Joe. We've been eating and eating, and there's still lots left for to-morrow. I don't know when we last had such a meal."

"I'd say that's what you need," he observed. "There's not a lot of flesh on any of you."

"I know were pretty thin," Jean said. "But we're better than we were. That Chinese stuff you got us—that's doing the trick all right."

"Fine," he said. "Maybe we could get some more of that in Kuantan."

"The pig was a godsend," she said. "That and the fruit—we got some green coconuts to-day. We've been lucky so far that we've had no beri-beri or that sort of thing."

"It's because we've had fresh rice," said Mrs. Frith unexpectedly. "Being in the country parts we've had fresh rice all through. It's old rice that gives you beri-beri."

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ILLUSTRATED

BY

KEITH

DALGLEISH



"You are a very clever woman," the old man said. "Tell me what you want."

Keith Dalgleish

The Black Velvet

BY BARBARA JONES

ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE

ONCE upon a time, not such a long time ago, there was a hat, a beautiful black velvet hat with curling feathers. From the moment Mr. Allardyce put the hat on the stock shelves, Peggy knew it was her hat.

In the two years she had worked in Carstairs' French Room, which was the last word in hat shops, Peggy had stored up a lot of dreams about a life which was generous and gracious, full of well-read books and much-loved, not-too-new furniture, and fresh flowers in a low vase on the coffee table.

And from the moment Peggy laid eyes on the black velvet hat it became a symbol of this kind of life she would like to have had; if family needs hadn't always outdistanced her father's meagre salary at the bank; if she'd had the chance to meet bright, stimulating people somewhere outside the confines of Carstairs' aisles and counters—if, if, if.

To her, the hat stood for all the unfulfilled dreams of girls who do not move in the magic circle of a fairy story but in the meagre, working-girl's way of life. In short, Peggy's feeling for the hat was more than mere infatuation. It was love.

Like any girl in love, Peggy could talk of nothing else; and that night, on the way to the neighborhood movie, she told Chuck all about the hat.

"It's neat," she told him, her eyes aglow with unaccustomed fervor. "I could wear it with anything, absolutely anything. Black suit, black cocktail dress, black dinner dress—"

"That's good," Chuck commented coolly. "Then you wouldn't have to go home and change between cocktails and dinner."

"Besides," she went on breathlessly, ignoring his sarcasm, "if I wore that hat, it wouldn't matter if my dress was from the bargain rack. I'd still look as though I knew about something besides price tags and charge accounts, or had been somewhere..."

Chuck granted. Chuck was a professional football player and was not Peggy's idea of story-book prince material.

"The trouble with you," Peggy scolded silently, "is that you think a hat is a hat. You wouldn't know what it means to spend your life in a beret because that's all you can afford. You don't understand what a hat like that could mean to a girl, any girl." It might, she thought, suddenly swept into her own private fairy story, it might even get a girl out of the Oh-Yeah bracket.

Peggy put men into two general categories: the kind who could enter an art gallery without thinking they were compromising their masculinity, who considered books something more than objects carried by high-school students, and who knew that a girl was more than a kiss on a dark porch; and the Oh-Yeah kind, who limited their conversation to this remark and believed it rated them spontaneous affection in return.

There was only one trouble with her system of classification: Peggy had never actually met anyone except an Oh-Yeah man. She believed in the other kind, but she had never really encountered one on personal terms. "It all comes," she decided now, "from being a beret-type girl."

The conversation, so auspiciously begun, had now lapsed into a silence of such length that even Chuck seemed to feel that some response was required of him. "How much does this miracle hat cost?" he rumbled.

"Ten guineas," Peggy said dismally. "Less my ten per cent discount, of course. Nine guineas." She was surprised to find herself unconsciously identifying herself with the purchaser of the hat. Her latest bank statement, she recalled, firmly stated her balance as four pounds ten. "Not even five pounds," she mourned silently.

"Nine guineas!" Chuck had been startled out of his usual insouciance.

"Yes," she said flatly. "In case you haven't been shopping for ladies' hats lately, some of our creations cost as much as twenty guineas. But, even so, there isn't another like this one."

Chuck stared at her with eyes almost as shocked as if she'd just announced she made a practice of stealing from church collection plates. "You talk as if nine guineas is practically giving it away!"

"For this hat," Peggy said tartly, "it is."

"Oh, yeah?" said Chuck.

Peggy felt suddenly goaded beyond endurance.

"Yeah," she said...

The next day, which was Sunday, Peggy tried unsuccessfully to borrow the money from her father, who pointed out to her, with considerable grinnings of his own, that the high cost of living was not just a subject for radio comedy. So Peggy turned up at the French Room at nine o'clock on Monday morning determined to forget all about the Hat.

It was only coincidence that she was wearing her new suit, a copy of one of last year's most popular high-priced models. It, of all the drab garments she had inspected in her closet, would most surely blend with the unattainable headgear.

During the morning a stream of women came and tried on hats and left. Peggy avoided showing any of her customers the Hat, because none of these too carefully preserved females, she felt, deserved it. Once, when Mr. Allardyce was off the floor, she tried it on, herself.

She pulled it down carefully over her blonde hair, and stepped back to observe the effect. Her small, triangular face smiled back at her handsomely, the golden feathers of her eyebrows lifted archly, and then she caressed the black plume against her cheek. "You're magic," she gravely told the Hat.

Please turn to page 76



*"You're magic," she
gravely told the hat...*

Adelyn

first for cut, fit, and finish

present another smart fashion hit from their

exciting new season's collection.

Featured below is a dream frock in gay

gleaming Tootal's Tootama. Note the

youthfulness and charm of the magyar top—

brief sleeves and button-thru full skirt.



FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES

ALBERT took a tram to the terminus and then began to walk, and by and by the pavements ceased and his tired feet found ease in the dusty paths, and presently he turned to where willows dipped to a winding creek and there was Alf Podmore sitting on the doorstep of his tiny shack.

Albert Peabody squatted beside him. He jerked his head over his shoulder. "She still for sale?"

"Seems like there's no one 'sides myself and you can 'preciate congenial quiet and comfortable seclusion," said Mr. Podmore. "Mind you, there's plenty who'd want her for a roof over their heads, but the old girl's been good to me and I ain't goin' to let any riff-raff in to tear her heart out. You thought any more about the proposition, Albert?"

"Kind of," Mr. Peabody temporised. Over the twittering and murmuring of the bush he could hear Mrs. Modbank. "Don't forget, Albert... washing day to-morrow." "Albert, you might cut the lawn." "I want you to shine the silver real well, Albert." Mr. Podmore's voice penetrated. "Like to take another look round?"

"Sure," Mr. Peabody said, jumping up. A man is entitled to his dreams.

"There she is," Alf Podmore waved him inside the shack. "Just what the doctor ordered. Kitchen, drawing room, living room combined. No doors to jam." He jerked his thumb at an untidy pile of magazines and newspapers on a box-seat. "Even a library."

He lifted the lid of the seat and pointed with pride to a frying-pan, griller, and half a dozen assorted saucepans. "Most of 'em's got handles," he explained and pulled aside a curtain to reveal a tin bathtub. "If you fill that bucket up there and pull the cord you can have a shower."

With a thick thumb he pushed back the flock spilling from a hole in a battered arm-chair. "Now this chair," he said, "has got itself nicely moulded to a man's needs. It gives in the right places. I usually set it just here where I can lean back, put my feet on the table and read the paper."

He beamed at the stove. "Never known to cook anything you was afraid to eat," he announced proudly. "And here is the bed! Feel her. Three blankets thrown in. Of course, in winter she's got to be made up, but in summer I just let her lie." He knocked out his pipe on the table and blew the ashes on the floor.

"There's another advantage," he pointed out. "No carpets."

Walking back to his sister-in-law's home Mr. Peabody told himself Alf was right. The shack was a gift at a hundred pounds. An ideal home for an elderly gentleman with a small pension.

The more he thought of it the more desirable did it seem. A gift indeed. All he would have to do would be to face it out with Mrs. Modbank, pack his few belongings, and move in... if he could find a hundred pounds. Mr. Peabody sighed. Well, he had other dreams.

He found himself looking into the window of Yahlson's Pettorium, and, thrusting his hand in trouser pocket, counted his wealth. Resolutely he pushed open the shop door. The interior was gloomy, but the smile of the proprietor was bright.

"I want a pet for a little girl," Mr. Peabody said.

"Ah, a cat perhaps?" Mr. Yahlson clasped his hand.

"I was thinking of a pup," Mr. Peabody said gravely.

"A pup? For a small girl I have it exactly. A very much reduced spunk. There... see how snug he looks all because his ancestor followed a king of England to a scaffold. And all for five pounds if you can believe it." Receiving no encouragement, he added: "Without

Dreams Pass The Time

Continued from page 3

the collar and ribbon three pounds ten, take it or leave it."

Mr. Peabody said he would leave it. "I was thinking of something about five bob."

Mr. Yahlson clutched his temple. "To think it is supposed in my pettorium I should have a dog for such a pittance! Come."

He pranced to the rear of the shop and switched on a light. In a straw-covered stall a small dog sat up, blinking and scratching. Mr. Peabody blinked, too, for here, undoubtedly, was the original of the dog he had carved for Bunty. The same mishapen paws, the same over-long ears.

Pausing in its scratching the pup let a red tongue loll and assumed an expression of such jaunty cocksureness that Mr. Peabody was immediately convinced it could never have looked in a mirror.

"How much?" he asked.

"Ten bob."

"Five."

"Seven and six, and I make out a pedigree."

"Never mind the pedigree," Mr. Peabody said, and counted out the money. At the door he paused, the dog in his arms. "What's his name?"

Mr. Yahlson was putting the money in the till. "Name? I call him Dorothy."

"Dorothy?"

"He's a her."

"Oh..." Mr. Peabody became thoughtful. "Well, maybe it didn't matter."

Mrs. Modbank, bitter about Albert's provoking absence, ruminated

"My way of joking is to tell the truth. It's the funniest joke in the world."

Herbert Shaw, "John Bull's Other Island."

upon the advisability of suggesting a raise in his board. After all, prices had risen. And who else would bother with the old man? He could be helpful, certainly, but he had to be prodded into everything. If only he would co-operate.

The garden gate clicked, and, rushing to the window, she saw her brother-in-law moving furtively to the side of the house. Rapping peremptorily upon the pane, she made for the front door.

"Albert, come here at once." The cork burst from her bottled fury. "I must say you show me no consideration whatever. Here have I... what's that under your coat?"

The bulge wriggled itself free and dropped at her feet, intrigued immediately by her pomponed slippers. "Albert," Mrs. Modbank cried, "I will not have that ugly beast infesting the place with fleas."

She backed away, pulling her house frock about her, but it was a tactical error. The pompons had come to life and with a joyous whoop Dorothy had thrown herself upon one of them. The slipper was wrenched from her foot and borne off in triumph.

"Don't just stand there. Get a poker or something," Mrs. Modbank screamed and, stirred to action, Mr. Peabody went in pursuit and, watching from the outfield, his sister-in-law was a privileged observer of a first class romp through her circus-spect lounge.

When at last Dorothy was captured, and the tattered slipper restored, Mrs. Modbank made a snap decision. "Albert, you will kindly take that horrid creature away and have it asphyxiated at once."

"But, Carmen, it isn't my dog,"

Mr. Peabody urged reasonably. "I bought it for little Bunty."

"Frittering your money away on wild animals," Mrs. Modbank shrieked. "And let me tell you, Bunty's mother won't thank you for bringing her that thing. She's got trouble enough to-day."

"Trouble?"

"If you'd stay at home for once you'd hear things. Her child's ill."

"Bunty? Ill?" He was all concern. "Not Bunty. Her baby brother. Stricken down."

"Oh, no," he said. "I'll go over. Maybe there's something I could do for them."

"You could do!" Mrs. Modbank scoffed. "In any case there'll be no one at home. They're all at the hospital, waiting for the worst."

"Perhaps you and I could step over to-night, Carmen?"

"I wouldn't think of intruding on their sorrow. Besides, the Castletons are coming in for cards."

He stroked the pup's preposterous ear. "Well, I'll just put Dorothy here in the shed and take her to Bunty to-night."

"You'll do no such thing. You'll take the wretched creature out of that door and out of this house immediately."

As Alf Podmore understood at once, there had been no other course than to bring Dorothy to the shack. Life seemed less complicated to Mr. Peabody when he was assured that, in the event of Bunty's mother not taking the dog, it would have at least a temporary home.

Three hours later, with Dorothy on a lead, he regretfully bade Mr. Podmore good-bye. The supper in which they had been joined by Dorothy had been perfect.

He had eaten a number of things which Mrs. Modbank had always maintained were not good for him and, from table to stove being no more than an easy stretch, all the food had come piping hot. And for once his table manners had not been called to account.

When the meal finished he made a half-hearted suggestion about helping with the dishes. This, Mr. Podmore had airily and considerably dismissed with the promise that he might do something about them himself in the morning, and they had sat with coats off and smoked their pipes.

He missed his bus and, making a short cut through the city on his way home, paused to permit Dorothy an intimate inspection of a light standard. Immediately, it seemed to him, two total strangers bore down on him with all the enthusiasm of scalping Indians.

"Th-that dog!" The feminine part of the invading couple was pointing a hysterical finger. "Oh, for pity's sake, Fred, speak to the man. Every second counts."

Fred was well aware of that. The words of the radio announcer were still ringing in his ears:

"Well, folks, Mr. and Mrs. Maginnis have won the chance to win Plumjum's two hundred pounds in the 963rd edition of Can They Do It? Now, draw the little paper out of the hat, Mrs. Maginnis. There... Mrs. Maginnis has drawn the fatal paper, folk."

"Now, Mrs. Maginnis, open the paper and read out what it says in a big strong voice. Listeners, is her hand trembling? I'd hold it only her great hulk of a husband is right alongside. And folks, she's so excited she can't speak."

"Here, give it to me, Mrs. Mac. Oh-oh, folks, this'll slay you. I'm going to read out what Mr. and Mrs. Maginnis have to do to win Plumjum's two hundred pounds. Here it comes."

Please turn to page 20

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Mrs. N. A. Kindness, of 48 Ramsgate Road, Remigton, writes:—Dear Sirs: I am a mother of three children, and must keep my home going through all seasons. At the first sign of a cold or 'flu attack I get in early with 'Aspro,' both for the children and myself. I know it is very safe for children, and it is just amazing how quickly our colds seem to clear up. I would not be without 'Aspro,' and every mother should keep it in the home.

FROM SOUTH AUST. :—

Mrs. Lucy Wood, of 14 Ross Street, Flinders Park, writes:—

At the sign of any pain, such as headache, neuralgia, sleeplessness or any nerve pains, both myself and all my family immediately take 'Aspro.'

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Strange marriage of Dutch child to Malay

Thirteen-year-old girl causes racial, religious storm in Asia

The strange and pathetic case of Maria Hertogh, the 13-year-old Dutch girl who rejected her parents through love of her Malay foster mother, has become one of Asia's stormy issues.

Her sensational marriage to a young Malay student-teacher, which so swiftly followed a court battle for custody, has given the affair a religious and racial significance.

MANY Moslems see widespread European opposition to the marriage as springing from racial prejudice, and are using the incident for propaganda.

Their views are expressed in the chief Malay language newspaper, "Utusan Melayu," which published an editorial headed "Do not interfere."

On the other hand, English language papers carry letters daily from Indians, Malays, and Chinese pointing out that educated Malay girls do not now marry as young as previously.

In Singapore I have met the chief characters of this drama. My opinion is that Maria Hertogh was not forced into the marriage. But it would seem that people who believe that the marriage was arranged to foil or hamper further legal proceedings are probably right.

Che Aminah, Maria's foster mother, does not look the type to countenance coercion (Che is the Malay equivalent of Mrs.). With a fine, intelligent face, and grey hair drawn

back from the forehead, her appearance confirms statements by people of different views on the case that she is an educated Malay woman who comes from a good family. Early stories describing her as the child's amah are incorrect and evidently arose from confusion about her name. She speaks very little English.

The first character I met in this drama was Mr. Majid, 50-year-old bearded Bengali Indian, very vocal and very articulate. As President of the Moslem Welfare Association, he has made himself spokesman for Maria and Che Aminah. He is also President of the Indo-Malay-Pakistani Seamen's Union, which looks after the interests of visiting Moslem seamen. He and the Treasurer of the Union were witnesses at the wedding of Maria to Mansor Adabi, who is Honorary Secretary of the Union.

I saw Mr. Majid at his office on Collyer Quay, one of Singapore's main thoroughfares.

It is a shed-like wooden building on the waterfront, and is headquarters of both the Union and the Moslem Welfare Association, some members of which disagree with Majid's stand on Maria's marriage.

Mr. Majid sat at a glass-topped table. Under the glass was a map of Malaya.

Mansor Adabi, wearing a yellow linen shirt, grey trousers, and horn-rimmed glasses with yellowish frames, sat beside the desk, and, with Mr. Majid, pointed out the town of Kelantan, where Mansor used to live, and the State of Trengganu, where Aminah has a coconut plantation.

Mansor is 22. He is of slight build, with a wide smile, slightly prominent teeth, and black wavy hair. He speaks fairly good English, and when Mr. Majid is not talking for him puts his case fluently.

Mr. Majid spoke loudly, much as do some Europeans when talking to

foreigners, and emphasised his points at regular intervals by "you see."

Miss Rosewita Ali, a reporter from "Utusan Melayu," who told me she was the only woman reporter in the Malay Press in Singapore, sat for a while, too. But when Mr. Majid began the history of the case, she and other reporters drifted quietly away.

Later in the afternoon I took a taxi through Singapore's crowded homeward traffic of buses, cars, trishaws and handcarts, past rows of Chinese shops and kerbside stalls, to Rangoon Road.

It is a tree-lined street of houses, mostly occupied by Chinese.

Mansor, Maria, and Aminah are staying there. Mansor told me he had his own house, but added that he and Maria were not living there at present.

The house has two stories with a shop underneath. Mr. Majid uses the ground floor as a seamen's hostel. I was shown into a small room, evidently used as a parlor, where Miss Rosewita and a photographer were also waiting.

The small Majid children rolled around the floor and played with the photographer's camera.

Aminah entered wearing a white baju (jacket) and brown-patterned sarong. Maria followed her.

It is impossible to assess a child or adult when you do not speak the same language, but the mutual affection between Maria and Aminah was obvious.

When Maria first appeared she looked very much like a child in ordinary house clothes—white baju, blue sarong, and gold chain pendant and bangle.

Her brown eyes stared at me solemnly from her pale but determined and intelligent little face.

She is learning English from Mansor, so he told me, but she couldn't be persuaded to practise any of it for her audience.

She is quoted often as reiterating her desire to stay with her husband and foster mother and continue life in the Moslem way.

While she could be rehearsed in answering questions, nobody with an intimate knowledge of the case disputes her love for her foster mother, who has brought her up to accept Moslem ways. In fact, the child knows no other by now.

Maria disappeared quickly to bath and change and returned wearing what Miss Rosewita told me is the modern Malay dress.

Her jacket, European in style, was of blue-and-white silk and her beautiful woven sarong was fuchsia and green. She wore white Western sandals. Her face had been made up. This made her look more mature.

Nevertheless, to European eyes, she looked like a child in fancy dress.

The room we sat in was small with bare floors. The walls were of light blue scratched plaster.

There were a table and four painted chairs and a bottle of orange



MALAY student-teacher Mansor Adabi, 22, and Dutch girl Maria Hertogh, 13, who married on August 2. Maria's woven sarong is fuchsia and green. The jacket is of blue-and-white silk.

crush was brought out for the visitors. In one corner was a china cabinet with a bunch of artificial flowers on top. A calendar decorated the wall.

On a side table were a typewriter and a pile of newspapers. A fluorescent light tube, popular in the East, was a surprising touch on the ceiling.

When Mansor came in from his day's work he had changed to a

Majid had a great deal to say.

By Moslem law a girl can marry when she reaches puberty—any time between nine and 15 years.

"Nadra is Moslem and has reached puberty," he said. "Therefore the marriage is valid in Moslem law."

[The Moslems have named Maria Nadra, meaning light. Under British and Dutch law 14 is the minimum marriage age.]

"It was love at first sight between Mansor and Nadra," Mr. Majid said.

"Aminah came to stay at my house during the custody case and while Nadra was at a social welfare home after the first court decision.

"Aminah and I knew each other when I was a student in Japan.

"She was then the wife of a Malay professor at an English school in Tokio.

"I also knew Mansor's mother. We all visited Nadra at the welfare home. Mansor lent her books and offered to teach her English.

"After the appeal Nadra was released to the care of Aminah and myself. The young people met again.

"Nadra was receiving many proposals of marriage. (Evidently publicity has similar effects everywhere.)

"When a Moslem girl, having reached puberty, receives proposals, it is customary to accept one.

"Otherwise, you see, people think something is strange. Nadra said she was not happy about the proposals and wanted to continue to study with Mansor.

"Then you're not going to marry at all?" asked Mansor.

"She replied: 'Yes, but I like you.' "Mansor asked, 'Will you marry me?' Nadra accepted, and the marriage took place."

Mr. Majid said this was a few days after Nadra's return to Aminah. He said pledges given by Mansor included one that he would educate Nadra and make her "a good society lady."

Continued on page 15

Just a child in fancy dress

white shirt and slacks, but changed again into Malay dress for a Malay Press picture.

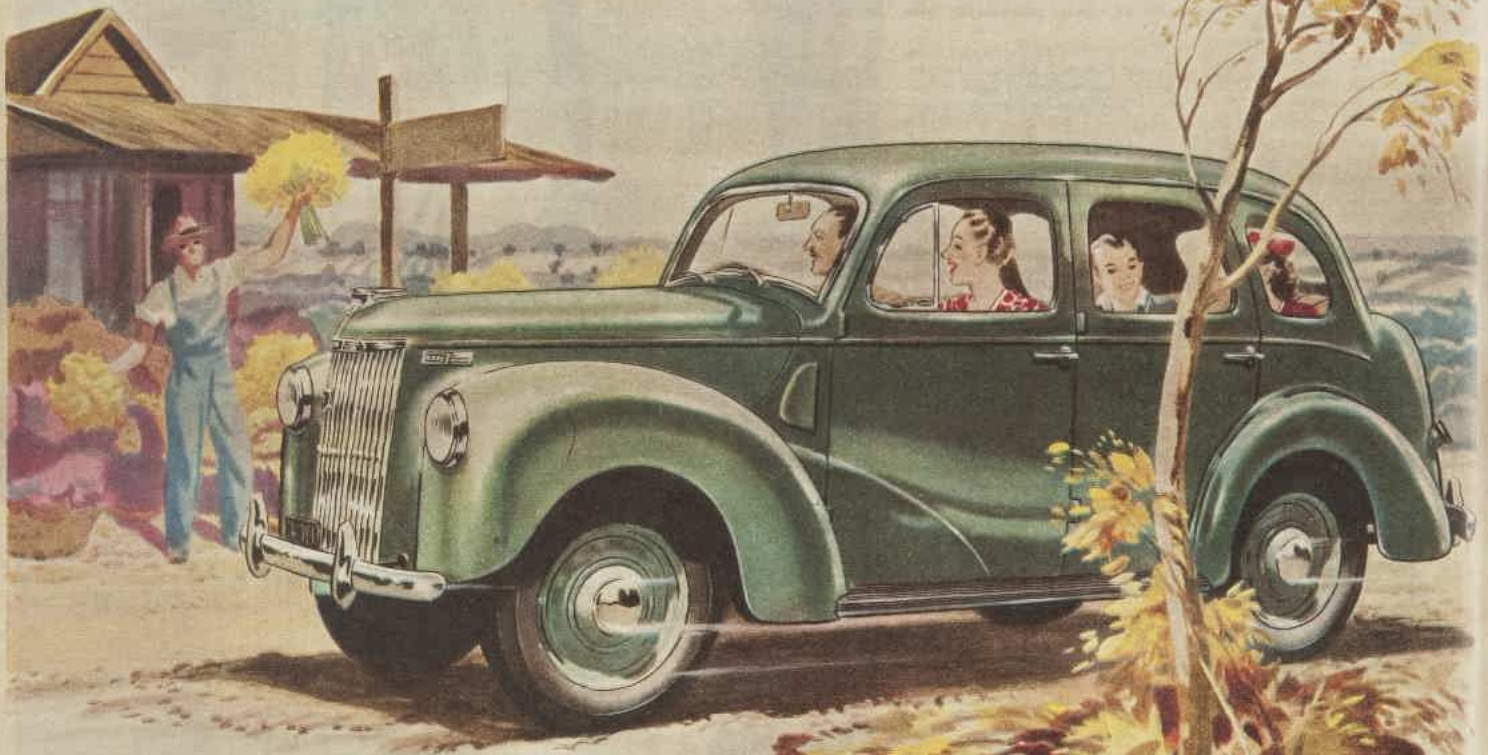
Mrs. Majid and Mrs. Adabi came in and smiled shyly. They disappeared while Mr. Majid resumed his story.

Mrs. Adabi, a pretty woman, is 36, and Mansor (22) is her only child.

The question of marriage age in Moslem law is one on which Mr.

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Authoress triumphs over personal tragedy

● Thirty years ago Pearl Buck, famous novelist, gave birth to a daughter whose mind has never grown out of childhood.

In a deeply moving book, "The Child Who Never Grew," she tells how she adjusted herself to the tragic realisation that the girl was different from others, and how she found a place in the world for her.

Next week The Australian Women's Weekly brings you this book complete in one issue.

Pearl Buck is giving all money received for the book to the Vineland Training School, New Jersey, U.S.A. The institution has already received thousands of dollars.

MEN and women of every nation in the world know handsome, grying Pearl Buck as one of the foremost authoresses of her time.

But to boys and girls she is idolised as the instigator of a movement to abolish homework for schoolchildren.

"Remove from family life this dreadful thing called homework," Pearl Buck implored a recent conference of the Child Study Association in America. "Allow youngsters to be free at home for the important business of a child's life—play."

Pearl Buck has been a lifelong champion of children and their rights as individuals. This energetic 58-year-old writer lives to-day on a 350-acre Pennsylvania dairy farm with her husband, Richard J. Walsh, three step-children, and five adopted children. Richard Walsh, Pearl Buck's second husband, is President of the John Day Publishing Company of New York, which accepted the first book she ever wrote and has published all her novels since.

Pearl Buck lives a busy but idyllic existence at luxurious Walsh Farm. She potters around with sculpture, and likes to play the piano and sing with her family around her. Her favorites are folk songs, including Westerns like "Home on the Range," and Gilbert and Sullivan selections.

Pearl Buck plays chess with her husband, but confesses that she has no interest in bridge, tennis, golf, or other games. "When I do anything I want to see results," she says. "Most competitive games strike me as being futile. I'm very fond of gardening, probably because you can watch things grow."

Pearl Buck loves her farm home, and leaves it only reluctantly for infrequent trips to New York and other cities when her activities demand it.

She follows a full and rigorous

From J. B. DAVIES
of our New York office

schedule in the country. Arising at seven a.m., she wakes the younger children, packs them off to school, and is at her writing-desk by 8.15. She writes all the morning, lunches about 1 p.m., then spends three hours correcting proofs and attending to voluminous correspondence.

Pearl Buck busies herself in the garden or with household duties until dinner-time. She is a keen amateur cook—she prefers Chinese and French dishes to American.

Part of the novelist's time is devoted to Welcome House, the home she founded for children of mixed Asiatic and American blood, whom people are generally unwilling to adopt.

A limited group of youngsters enjoy the nearest thing to real family life in the picturesque farmhouse adjoining Walsh Farm.

43 years in China

WELCOME HOUSE children, who call Pearl Buck "Gran," have access to the baseball field, playground, and the gymnasium which the Wabbes have built for their own family.

Pearl Buck has lived 43 of her 58 years in China, and she learned to speak Chinese before she could speak English. "Even now I sometimes dream in Chinese and find myself mentally writing in Chinese, then translating into English," she says.

She was born Pearl Sydenstricker, at Hillsboro, West Virginia, and was taken to China at the age of four months by her missionary parents. The little girl grew up in the remote town of Chinkiang, on the Yangtse River, under the influence of an old Chinese nurse. Except for her mother and father

she seldom saw a white person until she reached her teens.

"At the age of sixteen, when I went to boarding school in Shanghai, I had almost ceased to think of myself as different in any way from the Chinese," Pearl Buck recalls. She was brought back to the United States at the age of 17 and attended the Randolph Macon College in Virginia. She confesses that she never felt quite at home among American contemporaries and was homesick for the Oriental way of life.

She returned to China, and in 1917 married an American missionary, John Lossing Buck. This marriage produced "the child who never grew."

Between 1921 and 1931 Pearl Buck wrote voluminously and taught at three leading Chinese universities. She narrowly escaped with her life during the Chinese Civil War in 1927.

When troops entered Nanking, looting and killing foreigners, Pearl Buck and her family were hidden by their faithful Chinese servants until they found refuge aboard an American destroyer.

This incident has never been erased from Pearl Buck's memory. "It is a terrible experience to face death because of your color," she says. "The only reason I wasn't killed was because others knew me under my skin, and risked their own lives for me. I've never forgotten this eloquent act of love."

Pearl Buck is not only one of the world's most successful authors, but



PEARL BUCK, a recent portrait.

one of the most prolific. In 30 years she has written some 18 novels, 20 non-fiction books, over 40 short stories, several children's books, and over 75 magazine articles. One stupendous undertaking was a 600-word translation of the classic Chinese novel, "All Men are Brothers." She started it in 1927 and worked at her task daily for four and a half years.

Pearl Buck was catapulted to literary fame with her novel "The Good Earth," which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1932. This book was translated into 20 languages, was made into a play and a movie, and on its own it virtually assured the authoress financial security for life.

Almost every year after that Pearl

Buck has produced a novel which automatically is destined for the best-seller lists. Her best-known successes have included "Sons," "The Mother," "A Home Divided," "To-day and Forever," "Dragon Seed," "The Promise," and "Pavilion of Women." In 1938 Pearl Buck won the Nobel Prize "for rich and generous epic description of Chinese peasant life and masterpieces of biography." The award, which she received in person from King Gustav of Sweden, carried with it 38,000 dollars in cash.

Pearl Buck obtained a divorce from her first husband at Reno, Nevada, in 1935. Later that year she married her long-standing friend and publisher, Richard Walsh.

Strange marriage of Dutch child

Continued from page 13

OTHER pledges were that he wouldn't take another wife while she lived and that divorce would rest with her.

These two last, particularly, are contrary to general Moslem custom. Mansor, said Mr. Majid, also pledged that Nadra "wouldn't become a mother" until she had finished her education.

I asked whether that meant the marriage was not consummated.

"That is a question between husband and wife," said Mr. Majid. "The pledge was that Nadra shouldn't become a mother."

Here is Mr. Majid's story of the meeting of Aminah and Mrs. Hertogh: Aminah had separated from her first husband after 11 years of a childless marriage. In Japan she had adopted a Japanese girl, who recently married and lives in Kemaman, the town where Aminah now lives in the State of Trengganu.

Aminah married an Indonesian businessman and went to Java to live.

At Bandoeng, early in the Japanese war, she met Mrs. Hertogh and Mrs. Hertogh's mother, who, so Mr. Majid claims, was of Indo-Dutch extraction and had adopted the Moslem religion.

Mrs. Hertogh, Mr. Majid said, was very friendly with Aminah and used to call her "Auntie."

She had five children and was expecting a sixth, and "gave" Maria, then the youngest, to Aminah.

Later, Aminah's love for Maria made Aminah's husband jealous and they separated.

Sergeant Hertogh, Maria's father, was interned, and Mr. Majid says Mrs. Hertogh had a job working for the Japanese in Sourabaya, where she took the other children.

Aminah worked as an interpreter for the Japanese during the occupation.

"Not given away"

THE next day I saw Mr. J. van der Gaag, Acting Consul-General for the Netherlands in Singapore, a fair-minded and temperately spoken Dutchman who has been chief agent for Maria's parents.

"It isn't true that Maria was given to Aminah," he said.

"There has been a change of public sentiment in this case since the marriage."

"Now, every day I receive hundreds of letters from all over the world sympathising with Dutch efforts to restore Maria to her parents."

"Many letters come from Moslems saying they don't think this is the Moslem way."

"We've nothing but gratitude for Aminah. Undoubtedly she and the child love each other. She's a cultured, fine type of woman, but the right of natural parents is indisputable."

"Unfortunately, it was a mistake we made in procedure that led to the Appeal Court's decision. A decision upsetting the original court order was given on a point of law and gave the opportunity for the marriage to take place."

"The point was that Aminah and Maria were not served with summonses at the original hearing, and were not given an opportunity to state their case."

"We've offered to do everything in our power to let Aminah stay with the child when she is returned to her parents."

"We offered to send her with Maria to Holland, paying all expenses."

"We even offered that Maria's so-called husband, Mansor Adabi, accompany them on the visit."

Mr. Majid, at the close of my interview with him, wound up with somewhat irrelevant comparisons, citing the Duke of Windsor and Seretse Khama.

He hinted plainly that the Dutch had enough problems on their hands already without interfering.

He showed me pawn tickets for 6000 dollars (£900) worth of jewellery, which Aminah pawned to meet legal expenses.

One could not but sympathise with this childless woman who loved a little Dutch girl. But as Europeans here point out, Maria, as the wife of a Moslem, belongs to her husband, not to her foster mother.



MARIA HERTOIGH, 13-year-old Dutch girl, who married a Malay student-teacher, and her foster mother, Che Aminah.



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Prince Charles will not be so lonely now



PRINCE CHARLES, on a wall of Clarence House, waves to his grandfather, the King, when a Royal procession passes on its way to a Horse Guards' parade.

Elizabeth delighted that son will have playmate

From ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

Princess Elizabeth is happy that her second baby has arrived, not only for the joy it brings to herself and the Duke of Edinburgh, but because a little sister will alleviate to some extent the loneliness that must be the lot of her infant son.

Prince Charles cannot be out romping with other children, and Princess Elizabeth has been a little worried lest his upbringing should set him too far apart from the world he lives in.

FOR this reason the Princess has had many children's parties, and all visitors to Clarence House are encouraged to stop at the door of the nursery to talk to the baby Prince, who is just 21 months old.

People throughout England regard it as characteristic of Elizabeth's good fortune that a daughter should come to her when she already had a son.

"Lucky Elizabeth!" A Cockney paper seller chalked it up when news of the birth hit the streets, the crowds outside Clarence House chanted it, busmen passed the news along the route, waitresses whispered it over lunchtime tea-trays.

Once again the Princess had had her wish.

Everything was in readiness for Elizabeth's baby girl. The bassinet was retrimmed all in white, the nursery was freshened up with new paint and softly draped muslin curtains.

A pram that was Elizabeth's own and was used by Prince Charles was reconditioned for the new baby.

The new Princess at Clarence House will now share Nanny Lightbody with Prince Charles.

And to ensure that the baby Prince won't indulge in childish jealousy Princess Elizabeth has been most painstaking these past few months creating just the right family adjustment.

Miss Lightbody has a wealth of experience in dealing with the problem of two babies sharing a nursery, for she had Prince William and Prince Richard of Gloucester in her charge before going to Elizabeth for Prince Charles' arrival.

But it was from Queen Elizabeth that the Princess had the greatest help in facing up to this family problem. The Queen was greatly admired by friends for the way she managed happy relations between her two little girls.

Princess Elizabeth's "look after

Margaret" attitude is one that will become the golden rule in the Clarence House nursery.

To ensure that the two Royal children will share their games there are already plans for a seesaw and a sandpit to be built in the grounds of Clarence House, for the Edinburghs believe play-things are best enjoyed if shared.

But it is only ideas that are new at Clarence House—ideas and a new baby. Everything else is the same as for Prince Charles.

When Princess Elizabeth says "no fuss" she means it, and the new baby is to have the cot that was originally her own, then was used by Princess Margaret, and was passed on to Prince Charles.

The layette collected for Prince Charles and supplemented by many gifts was carefully put away for the new Princess. And as Prince Charles was kept in petticoats for several months there will be a good layette of frocks for a girl.

Nursery unchanged

THERE are no additions to the nursery accommodation. The day and night nurseries and the room for Nurse Lightbody will be changed only by the addition of the old cot to the night nursery.

The birth of a daughter reduces the preponderance of boys in the Royal Family. Queen Mary had four sons and one daughter, the King and Queen two daughters, the Princess Royal two sons, the Duchess of Kent two sons and one daughter, and the Duke of Gloucester two sons.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH at one of her last public appearances before her confinement. She is holding Michael John Ulrik, second son of Lord and Lady Brabourne, after his christening by the Archbishop of Canterbury in a Kent village church.

The new baby will be styled a princess, for her father was given the title of His Royal Highness on marriage. The fact that Elizabeth is a princess would not automatically confer special status on her children.

Though the Princess was greeted with a warlike salute of guns from Hyde Park and the Tower of London, no one wishes anything but peace to the babe whose arrival has, in some strange way, united the British people even more closely to the Monarchy.

The hours preceding the birth brought the Royal Family very close together. When it became certain that the baby was arriving the Duke of Edinburgh telephoned Queen Elizabeth. She arrived at Clarence House five minutes before the baby was born, and left soon afterwards without having seen her grand-daughter.

Later in the afternoon she called again, talked to Princess Elizabeth, and asked to see the child. She was given a fine cotton mask, which was fastened over her face, before bending over to see the new Princess.

As soon as the Princess was born Philip telephoned a message for the King at Balmoral Castle.

King George was grouse-shooting five miles away at the time. A hastily scribbled note was



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH at his first public appearance after his arrival from Malta, on leave from the Royal Navy, for the Royal birth. He is leaving St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, after the marriage of Miss Margaret Elphinstone, niece of the Queen, to Mr. Denis Rhodes.

taken on a bicycle by a ghillie, who trudged the last mile across the moors on foot to His Majesty.

After he had telephoned Balmoral Philip put through a call to Princess Margaret, holidaying with the Bowleuch family over the Scottish border.

Philip also telephoned one of the baby's two great-grandmothers, Queen Mary, who is staying at Sandringham, and his mother, Princess Andrew of Greece, who is in London. Princess Andrew informed the other great-grandmother, the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven.

Masses of flowers, including orchids, arrived for the Princess during the day. One lot of flowers filled a miniature cradle trimmed with pink and white tulle.

The town of Nice sent enormous boxes of the double carnations for which it is famous. Princess Elizabeth stayed overnight in Nice last year. She was returning to London after visiting her husband, and her plane was held up by bad weather.

A 16-year-old telegraph boy, bringing cables from Dominion Governments and other messages from all parts of the world, made 18 journeys on a bicycle from Buckingham Palace's own post office to Clarence House during the day.

The Duke wet the three-day-old baby's head at a cocktail party he gave at Clarence House for 30 intimate friends and fellow officers. Queen Elizabeth, who was sitting with Elizabeth at the time, dropped in on the party for a few minutes.

Doctors Sir William Gilliat and Sir John Weir, on a routine visit, stepped into the drawing-room on their way out for a toast to the new Princess.

To return compliments paid to her baby by the King's subjects, Princess Elizabeth is believed to be considering making some gesture to parents whose children were born at the same time as her daughter.

When Prince Charles was born she was able to accompany her thanks with food parcels, as she had received many gifts from the Empire.

To-day, with no such available gifts, she thought she might send special cards conveying congratulations.

We open fund for Quads

The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with the Daily Telegraph, has opened a fund for the Bellingen quadruplets, two boys and two girls, born to Mrs. Betty Sara, wife of Percy Sara, an ambulance officer in the little North Coast town. Already hundreds of people have donated amounts ranging from 5/- to £500.

Contributions should be addressed to the Daily Telegraph and will be acknowledged daily.

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BOOK REVIEW

BY AINSLIE BAKER

Hoply I May
Remember
By
Cynthia Asquith

Enjoying a hitherto unchallenged lead in the literary field devoted to exploiting remarkable parents, Osbert Sitwell will be given a close run by the appearance of Cynthia Asquith's "Hoply I May Remember."

In blue blood and family houses the contestants appear to break about even.

SIR OSBERT, 5th Bart, is the grandson of an Earl of Lonsborough. Lady Cynthia is the daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March.

In the magnificent portrayal of his father in his "Left Hand, Right Hand," "The Scarlet Tree," and "Laughter in the Next Room," Sir Osbert rather puts all his eggs in one basket.

Lady Cynthia scores in that she can produce not only a father of noteworthy eccentricity but a mother and grandparents who are all highly developed characters in their own right.

At Stanway, the large, draughty, and reputedly cursed Cotswold mansion where the author passed most of her childhood, it was the custom for the butler to speak of one of Her Ladyship's most favored Chow dogs as Master Cymru.

Lady Cynthia's husband once complained that because one of the Chows preferred her meat without condiment he was never allowed at Stanway to have mint sauce with his lamb.

To the then Lady Elcho (later the Countess of Wemyss and March), no specimen of the human race seemed without interest. She not only attracted as guests the leading social lions of the times, but delighted to extend the hospitality of her house to what her suffering family called "Freaks" and "Funnies."

Sublimely uninhibited socially, she once persuaded her husband to appear in an eighteenth-century costume of apricot satin for a fancy dress dance on the invitations for which she had forgotten to write the words "Fancy Dress."

When the guests arrived in the most formal of formal Edwardian evening dress, the enraged peer fled upstairs to his bedroom. Dressed as an Egyptian Queen (she was incurably unpunctual), Lady Elcho blithely carried off her part as hostess, seemingly unconscious of the disparity between her guests' mode of dress and her own.

An enchanting conversationalist in whose presence men of all shades of intellect took the greatest delight, Lady Elcho was frequently paid the unconventional compliment of being invited to remain at the dinner table when the other ladies withdrew to the drawing-room for coffee.

By no means a match that could be struck on any surface, Lord Elcho was unpredictable in his reactions, his daughter writes. He once applauded loudly when as a

child the author, her mouth full of fruit salts, chose the floor of the crowded lounge of a large hotel to give a very passable imitation of an epileptic fit.

With the exception of himself, every member of Lord Elcho's family invariably travelled third class.

The horses at Stanway, obviously bargains, were definitely eccentric, and the standard of warmth and comfort in its bedrooms would not nowadays be tolerated by the most unassuming staff.

Hardly less fascinating were Lady Cynthia's maternal grandparents, the Hon. Percy and Mrs. Wyndham.

It was the disconcerting practice of the Hon. Percy (a widely licensed "character," she admits) to gobble his savory, fill his mouth with water, fling back his head, and with a sudden loud roar gargle into his finger-bowl.

"I must do what I like! I must do what I like!" he was once heard muttering.

His wife, the attractive and artistic Madeline Wyndham, was reputedly the first woman in England to smoke.

Sir Oliver Lodge, who often stayed with the Wyndhams, was once called away from the breakfast table to advise on the treatment for a cut hand that Cynthia had thrust through a pane of glass.

Grandpapa Wyndham had in 1859 headed the Volunteer Movement.

raised the London Scottish, of which he was Colonel, and became Chairman of the National Rifle Association.

In later life he continually bombarded the War Office with inventions of boots, bayonets, and military shovels. In less war-like mood he designed golf clubs.

It was Lady Cynthia's schoolgirl ambition (she was known of course as Cincie, and her sister as Bibs) to have large feet, a red and sunburned face, and if possible be the first to captain a women's eleven against Australia.

Instead she was invited to sit for such artists as Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Charles Furse (of Diana of the Uplands fame), Sargent, and Augustus John.

Though she never realised her ambition of captaining a women's eleven, Lady Cynthia has become a pleasant writer. In her style there is something of the grace of the bygone golden days she brings to life so charmingly.

"Hoply I May Remember" is published by James Barrie, London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.



Lady Cynthia Asquith

Editorial

SEPTEMBER 2, 1950

HOSPITAL FINANCE

THE Federal Government's plan to co-ordinate hospital finance throughout Australia is a welcome step, but whether it can solve existing problems in its present form remains to be seen.

Common difficulties in all hospitals are shortage of staff and cost of maintenance, which limit the number of beds. The proposed Commonwealth subsidy will not correct staff shortage, but it is designed to ensure that those who can pay will do so.

In grouping patients as insurance, intermediate, private, and public, the Minister for Health, Sir Earle Page, asks:

"Is it right that a wealthy man can take up a bed in a public ward while people from the indigent section of the community are kept out?"

Surely the final factor should be the degree of illness, not the financial standing of the patient. If other wards are full, a critically ill millionaire is as much entitled to attention in a public ward as anyone else. There is little danger he would take it from choice.

There is also the blanket provision that all hospitals have a "proper proportion" of patients in the various grades.

In some areas, obviously, more free beds would be required than in others.

Under the new scheme, too, hospitals will be able to collect what they think suitable from public patients. This provision, unless carefully administered, might easily produce hardship.

But there can be no doubt that, like other doctors, and hospital executives generally, Sir Earle Page has the welfare of the patient most at heart in formulating his scheme.

A very human side of the Minister's character is revealed by his remark that milk issued to schoolchildren should be flavored to make it more palatable.

This does indicate that, in the final administration of the hospitals scheme, justice will be tempered with mercy.

At American Fashion Parade



ARRIVING AT PARADE. Mrs. John Bottill (left) with Claudia Beasley arrives at David Jones' for American Fashion Parade. Mrs. Bottill's gown was chartreuse and lilac with interesting braided motif on bodice.

● The gala presentation of the American Fashion Parades held at David Jones' Restaurant was an occasion for Sydney's society women to wear their loveliest gowns.

As the four American models, Ruth Hancock, Carmen Dell'Orifice, Andrea Johnson, and Margo Price, together with Australian models, paraded the glamorous American clothes, each was greeted with a round of applause from the audience.



AT CHAMPAGNE PARTY. Mrs. Mary Hordern, who covered her black evening gown with white ermine stole featuring off-one-shoulder fashion in furs, chats with Madame del Balzo.



DISCUSSING FASHIONS. Ben Arnott (left), Mrs. Ernest Watt, her daughter Susan Watt, and Dale Turnbull in foyer of David Jones' main restaurant. Mrs. Watt wore glorious fur stole over her lace net and lace gown. Susan wore white.



MUTATION MINK worn by Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones (right) when she attended parades with her husband. Mrs. John Rankin, wearing pale pink lace, is photographed with them.



GLAMOROUS GOWNS worn by Mrs. Lennox Bode (left), who has just returned from abroad, Gillian Galbraith, Ann Livingston and her mother, Mrs. Hector Livingston, when they attended parades together.



PEARLED EYEVERIL is worn by Mrs. Eric Pratten, one of Sydney's most glamorous matrons. Mrs. Pratten attended parades with her husband. Each feminine guest on arrival was handed flowered card with perfume and lipstick as memento of the gala evening.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Mrs. Strath Playfair and her daughter Sue attended gala premiere together. Mrs. Playfair wore burnished copper pearl-studded gown beneath blue fur cape, and Sue's frock was of crisp white broderie anglaise.



RELAXING AFTER PARADES. American models Andrea Johnson and Carmen Dell'Orifice attend champagne supper-party at David Jones' following parades. They are seen chatting with Geoff Moore (left), of Sydney, and William Gillon, of Melbourne.

A FLOURISH of trumpets, and then the announcer had gone on: "Mr. and Mrs. Maginnis have to leave the studio in five minutes . . . five minutes is Plumjum's limit . . . they have to buy a dog from a total stranger. They have to buy it in a public thoroughfare from a passer-by. They can give what they like for it. We should care. It's their money."

"Now, listen, folks; if they're back with the dog in a quarter of an hour they collect ten pounds. If they're back in ten minutes Plumjum pays them fifty pounds. But if they can make the deal and get back in five minutes they get two hundred lovely jummy-a-gobblins from Plumjum, the Juice of Joyousness."

"Now, folks, I'm looking at my watch. Mr. and Mrs. Maginnis are toeing the line. When I strike the gong they will be off. Now, listen for it. Bang. There she goes and there go Mr. and Mrs. Maginnis. Can they do it?"

Mrs. Maginnis remembered saying disgustedly as they streaked for the studio door, "Where in heck will we find a dog-seller at this time of night?" and then as they stood on the footpath, "Do you see what I see? Gran'pa and his dog."

Fred Maginnis whooped. "And what a dog! Anyone'd be glad to get rid of it."

But Mr. Peabody was not enthusiastic. "This dog doesn't rightly belong to me," he told them. "It's owned by a little girl . . ."

"But don't you see, gran'pop?" Mrs. Maginnis urged. "You can buy the kid another. A better looking one. Give gran'pa ten shillings, Fred."

"No," Mr. Peabody said stoutly. "Bunty wants one like this, curly tail and all."

"Nonsense," Mr. Maginnis shouted, waving a pound note. "No one could possibly want a dog like that."

"Sorry to disappoint you," the old

Dreams Pass The Time

Continued from page 10

man said, edging away. "Never guessed a dog like this would set folk bidding."

"Oh, heck," Mrs. Maginnis said. "I suppose it's a frame-up. Someone's put him wise. Let me talk to him. Now, get this gran'pop. If we dash across the street and reach that studio in exactly a minute and a half from now . . . we, Mr. and Mrs. Maginnis, can collect two hundred pounds."

"If we've bought your dog," Mr. Maginnis put in.

"And we'll give you half," Mrs. Maginnis shouted. "Half of two hundred pounds, you old go . . . getter. But for Pete's sake make up your mind."

"One hundred pounds for me?" Mr. Peabody scratched his head. A hundred pounds and his dream came true. Then he remembered. Bunty was waiting. Bunty's dream had to come true.

Where would he buy another dog at this time of night? Where in the world find one that so exactly filled the bill as Dorothy? He began to shake his head.

Mr. Maginnis had inspiration born of desperation. "And afterwards," he cried. "You can have the dog back. We'll give it to you."

Life had suddenly become very

sweet, Mr. Peabody reflected an hour later, as he left the studio with Dorothy in his arms and a hundred pounds in his pocket. The rest of his years he would spend in Alf Podmore's shack doing just what he wanted, and not too much of that, he guessed.

And if Bunty's mother wouldn't let her keep Dorothy, well, he didn't think Dorothy would raise much of a yelp at having to live alone with an old bachelor.

A sudden vague uneasiness stopped him and tempered his content. Indigestion, he wondered. The seven

sausage . . . He determined to walk it off but he'd travelled far that day and he was glad when he reached the home of Bunty's mother. Remembering the little boy who had been taken to hospital, he rang the bell with considerate gentleness.

"Got to put on a good show, Dorothy," he murmured. "Got to recollect you're a miracle dog, plumb out of a hump of wood. Got to cheer 'em up."

The woman who opened the door had a wan smile. "You're Mr. Peabody, aren't you? Bunty's told me all about you. And you've really made the dog come alive?"

"Don't blame Bunty for anything, ma'am," he said, awkwardly.

"It was grand of you not to disappoint her."

BUNTY was sitting up in bed, eyes eager. "Oh, Albert," she cried as she caught sight of the pup. "He's lovely. He's zackly like the wooden one. What's his name?"

Mr. Peabody flashed an apprehensive glance at her mother. "Er . . . Dorothy."

Bunty hugged the pup. "Dorothy," she cried. "Didn't I tell you, mummy? Albert can do anything. He's the most wonderfullest man. I bet he could even make Bobby better."

Her mother turned from Mr. Peabody abruptly and he said, "I was sorry to hear about the little feller."

She said, "We're hoping for a miracle."

Bunty, stroking the dog's ears, oozed confidence. "You don't have to cry, mummy. Albert'll make Bobby well."

Her eyes pleading apology, the woman said, "They want me to send him to Sydney. There is some special treatment. But it will cost a hundred pounds . . ."

Bing. Mr. Peabody had it. The reason for the vague uneasiness. It wasn't sausages. It was conscience. Dorothy wasn't his dog. He'd fashioned a dog out of wood and given it to Bunty. She really believed he'd brought it alive-o. So it was still her dog. He'd sold her dog to Mr. and Mrs. Maginnis. The hundred pounds wasn't his.

Bunty's mother had her arm about her child. "Pound notes don't just fall into people's laps, dear. You mustn't expect miracles."

"But," said Bunty. "Albert does miracles just as easy. Dorothy's a miracle."

Her mother's lip trembled as she faced the old man. "You see, Mr. Peabody, how hopeless . . ."

"No, ma'am, I don't," Mr. Peabody heard himself saying. "Nothin's ever exactly hopeless. All the way here I been tellin' myself what's happened-to-night is a miracle, only now I see it wasn't just the kind of miracle I expected. There's been a mighty high purpose and real clever plannin' behind what took place." He told them of Mr. and Mrs. Maginnis and Plumjum and Dorothy barking through a microphone. "Yes," he concluded. "A hundred pounds, that's what they paid me for Bunty's dog, and here's the money to prove it."

The secret panel ran back smoothly, and Mr. Peabody stepped into his work-room and, sitting at the bench, lit his pipe. By and by moonlight streamed through the cobwebbed window and fell upon the carved figure Bunty had left behind.

For a long time Mr. Peabody sat, then, thrusting his pipe and the carved dog into his pocket, stepped into the yard. Very stealthily he opened the back door of the house and stood listening.

CREEPING into the lounge, he dropped the little wooden dog among the dying coals. Removing shoes from tired feet, he waited silently at the foot of the stairs for a long moment, then tiptoed up to his bedroom. As he had suspected, there was a note pinned to his pillow.

Albert. Don't forget to set your alarm. You can beat the lounge carpet while I get breakfast.

Mr. Peabody crumpled the note, set the alarm, and sat on the edge of his bed, brooding. There was nothing left but dreams then.

He was awake before the clock called and lay, focusing, frowning at the dial. For some moments he did not see the letter that lay beside it. Ripping the envelope he read the typed note over and over. The Art Union . . . a minor prize . . . a washing machine . . . should it suit you, a purchaser can be secured at a hundred pounds cash . . .

The clock shrilled and, leaping, Mr. Peabody choked the horrid sound. Half an hour later, Mrs. Modbank, distressed to hear no thump of stick on carpet, rose hurriedly. The front door was open and she was barely in time to see her brother-in-law, smoking a cigar he had treasured for just such an occasion, stepping gaily forth into a brave new world.

"Albert," she cried. "What about the carpet?"

Mr. Peabody paused at the front gate, cigar suspended. That radio fellow had some rare jokes but he wasn't the only one. Not by a long shot. He pulled deliciously on his cigar and, exhaling, watched the smoke spiral in the cool sweet air. "Carpet?" he said, cryptically. "Forgot to tell you, Carmen. I'm going to beat it."

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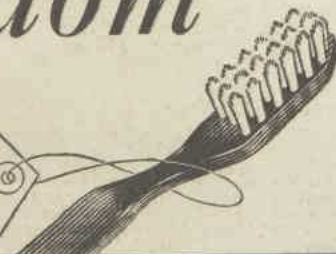


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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Poetish animal ruin mouthful of liquid and I followed by the French back (9).
- A bachelor girl is out of order (5).
- This tool for boring makes a doctor off color (5).
- Properly qualified yet mostly vie (9).
- President is strange in sunburn (6).
- Pleased, probably because mainly a boy (4).
- Turn back chronological time (3).
- Gnawing animals fair in decays (7).
- Hag ends (anagr. 7).
- Made better starting where prayers end (7).
- Pet stir (anagr. 7).
- Sheep who bring you twice in case (3).
- Seize a disturbed prig (4).
- Sailor for fear that most capable (6).
- Followers of scepticism that denies all existence (9).
- State of U.S.A. (5).
- Noise a health resort in France (5).
- Over the limits (6).

Solution to last week's crossword.



AD **MIRAL** **BUSKIN-**
HAYES drew a deep breath. "I conducted an immediate investigation and found that five officers from trawlers had been allowed in the bar for two hours after closing time, and when finally ejected had shouted, 'Alarm scarlet!' outside my door as a prank, Lieutenant Smyth was one of the five."

The king said quietly: "You stopped his promotion, but he later became a lieutenant. Did the Admiralty relent?"

Admiral Buskin-Hayes coughed, for the first time slightly apologetic. "In a short while the shore people reported to me that they were unable to find a file on Sub-lieutenant J. Wellington Wimpy to put into effect his stoppage of promotion. It was much later before we found that the officer who had given his name as J. Wellington Wimpy was in reality Lieutenant Smyth."

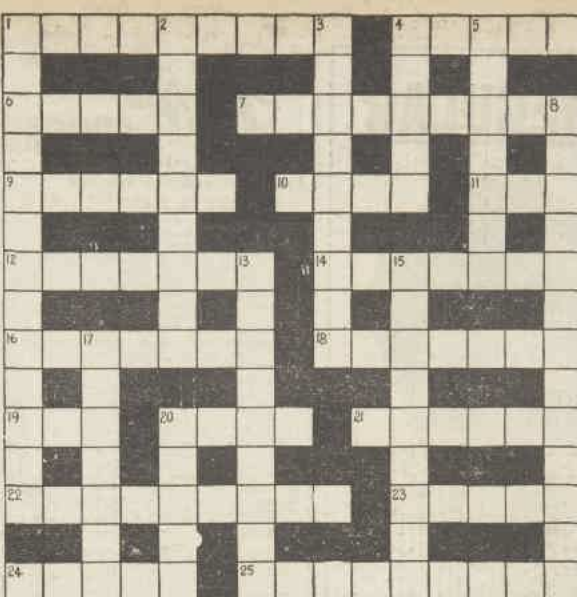
"I see," the king said doubtfully.

"In the meantime," the First Sea Lord said, reading his papers, "Lieutenant Smyth had been transferred to torpedo boats and received his first three Mentions in Dispatches for his work with the Dover patrol. Once stayed with a burning ship to rescue an unconscious able seaman, giving up his own life jacket. By late in 1941 Lieutenant Smyth had his own command, a D-class torpedo boat, all wood, four engines, crew of thirty, two other officers, maximum speed twenty-five knots. Commonly called dogboats."

The First Sea Lord turned to the dark young lieutenant-commander. "Reynard, you served with Smyth then."

Reynard's uncomfortable gaze shifted from the king to the First Sea Lord to the stern features of the admiral while his mind saw the crammed captain's cabin on His Majesty's Motor Torpedo Boat 656, with Smyth on the top bunk, telling him to marry Wendy now and beat the world to the punch; Smyth in a chef's hat in the crowded mess decks of his boat, serving Christmas dinner to his crew; Smyth with his coxswain and two able seamen singing the song he'd written about 656—The Boat With the Built-in Head Sea.

There were plenty of other pictures, too; Smyth in Bindisi brushing off the beautifully groomed countess and kissing the quiet girl who was her personal maid; Smyth at the



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Of lands remote from coast; of sea between Africa and Europe (13).
- Nider Jane (anagr. 9).
- Full glare of publicity consisting of calcium oxide of little weight (9).
- Mirious finish abundant evil ways (5).
- Repeat it concerning back consumed (7).
- Valuable things found hidden and of unknown ownership (8, 5).
- Question of secondary interest consisting of an egress under the side (4, 9).
- Commonwealths concerning the people as a whole (9).
- Samuel Butler's "Nowhere" (7).
- Greek physician of the 2nd century who could have disguised himself as an angel (5).

The Man Who Said No to the King

Continued from page 5

auction of personal belongings of one of his seamen who had been killed, bidding fifty pounds for a worn pair of boots because the money would go back to the boy's widow, who was nineteen.

The First Sea Lord misunderstood the reason for Reynard's hesitation. "I'd like to say, Reynard," he said kindly, "that nothing of what is said here to-day will be recorded. But it will help us in this rather unusual task if you speak with complete freedom."

"I was posted to him as a midshipman in 1942, sir. He was an excellent commanding officer, in all respects."

"He repeatedly bashed torpedo boats into stone jetties," interrupted Admiral Buskin-Hayes testily. "Once at the Nore, I remember seeing in his papers, bashed one doing twenty-five knots."

"That was only a few hours after he'd depth-charged a German destroyer, beached and damaged, trying to back off the French coast before dawn to get at her," Reynard said. "We went in under heavy fire, no torpedoes left, and dropped our depth charges five or six feet from her stern as she backed off. Ruined her steering. The R.A.F. got her later. We were badly shot up, too, and coming in at the Nore the engine-room telegraph failed. Smyth rang full astern and got full ahead. That's why we bashed the jetty."

REYNARD

remembered the afternoon after the jetty bashing: Wendy, pale and beautiful in the worn blue serge of her Wren uniform; Smyth, straight and grave, the perfect best man.

"That got him a D.S.C. for his courage and an ingenuity, and a reprimand from their lordships for coming in so fast with a damaged boat," the First Sea Lord said equably.

"Now, let's see. He was in some operations landing agents in the Channel Islands and in France. Later in 1942 he was sent to the Mediterranean, and in the early months of 1943 won his second D.S.C. Lieutenant Smyth and another torpedo-boat officer sailed into several German-held harbors in North Africa flying the swastika.

Each time, well inside, they'd hoist the white ensign and run, plotting gun installations when the batteries opened up on them."

"I remember that!" exclaimed the king. "Invaluable, later, when we were attacking those harbors."

"We were hit several times, sir," said Reynard, "but we plotted four harbors that way before we were dive-bombed and the other dogboat sunk. Ours was in bad shape and Lieutenant Smyth made a long run in to the beach behind German infantry, but held them off until the Eighth Army relieved us half an hour later."

"There is something in this Eighth Army report on the way Lieutenant Smyth was dressed," the First Sea Lord said.

"Yes, sir," said Reynard steadily. "He often wore that outfit at sea. He wore long underwear, tight khaki fencing pants turned up to the knee, Wellingtons, a black silk cummerbund, and a white silk shirt with full sleeves and tight wrists."

"No uniform at all?" It was Admiral Buskin-Hayes, shocked.

"His officer's cap, sir," replied Reynard.

The king coughed gently. "Please go on, Reynard."

"He was very well liked by all of us, sir," Reynard said. "Later in the war, when his health was failing, he would sleep until noon on mornings after a night operation."

"A good C.O. wouldn't sleep to noon," said Admiral Buskin-Hayes.

"In torpedo-boat work," said the lieutenant-commander, with only a glance at the admiral, "one common result of constant night patrols was the terrible headaches from staring into the darkness."

He smiled suddenly, remembering something. "One time in the Adriatic we were late coming back from a night patrol. Our boat was damaged and could do only eight knots and another boat hung back to protect us. Beer issue, which was for the men, not for officers, was at eleven-thirty each morning, and, if mixed, there'd be noise until next morning."

Please turn to page 26

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Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit . . . and establish your natural powers of regularity. 83% of the cases tested did it. So can you. Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills. 2nd week—one each night. 3rd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day: drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

You can be **REGULAR**

and build
yourself
UP
without
medicines



Kellogg's Nut-sweet All-Bran is
a natural

LAXATIVE, HEALTH FOOD, BLOOD TONIC

Your health depends on what you eat—every day. To-day's soft, mushy, over-cooked foods often lack the vital bulk your system needs for regular elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies smooth-acting bulk which helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle and natural elimination... no medicines needed.

Health Food

Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran brings you more protective food elements than whole wheat itself. Kellogg's All-Bran is actually richer in iron than spinach—and it is a natural source of Vitamins B, for the nerves, B, for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones and Niacin for the skin. It not only relieves constipation but builds you up day by day at the same time.



Delicious This Way
Kellogg's All-Bran has a tasty toasted, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran to-day. Sold at all grocers.

"TIRED BLOOD" and Blemishes

Kellogg's All-Bran is a tonic for your blood—rich in iron. Richer than spinach, it helps keep your blood at its proper iron level. Does away with "tired blood"... cleanses away blood impurities as it cleanses out internal impurities. The iron in Kellogg's All-Bran protects your skin from ugly pimples and blemishes.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN*
* Registered Trade Mark

£10 WEEKLY

BROADCASTING FEE FOR CLEVER LAST LINES

DULUX JINGLES

Every week a new jingle will be published in "The Australian Women's Weekly." The makers of "Dulux," the Miracle Synthetic Finish superseding enamels, will pay a £10 fee for what the judges consider the cleverest last line. Here is jingle No. 9. Try your skill on the missing line.

No. 9
THERE NEVER WAS A ROOM SO GAY,
AS BRIGHTENED UP THE "DULUX" WAY,
WITH COLOUR MAGIC, FRESH AND "NEW."
..... (Missing Line)

NOTE: Copy out these three lines and add your own last line, sending in the **WHOLE FOUR LINES**, with your name and address in block letters, on the same sheet.
The award for this jingle will be announced over 51 Radio Stations in the "DULUX" Show, with "Jack Davey Star-maker." Send your entry to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service not later than September 13, and listen for the weekly winner's name and the winning jingle on your local or nearest participating station from THAT DATE and afterwards weekly. Judges' decision will be final. The staff, and their families of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd. and associated companies are excluded from this competition.
Mark your envelope "Dulux Jingles" and mail to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service, Box 4270, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., by September 13.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"AILEEN"—Cool and practical house-gown has a full skirt and deep-pointed collar. It is made in a pretty floral cotton batiste. The colors are blue, yellow, and red; dark blue, aqua, and dark blue; lime, yellow, and tangerine; cyclamen and blue; all on a white ground. The contrasting material for collar and cuffs is white cotton pique.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 22 and 24in. bust, 15 1/2; 26 and 28in. bust, 17 1/2. Postage 2/6.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 22 and 24in. bust, 15 1/2; 26 and 28in. bust, 17 1/2. Postage 2/6.

"SUNNY"—This most useful and charming sun frock has a matching cover-up jacket. If you prefer it you can have either the frock or jacket only. They are available in summer breeze cotton. The colors are sky-blue, yellow, celery-green, aqua, and pink, with a white and black shell design.
Ready To Wear: Frocks: Sizes 22 and 24in. bust, 15 1/2; 26 and 28in. bust, 17 1/2. Postage 2/6.
Cut Out Only: Frocks: Sizes 22 and 24in. bust, 15 1/2; 26 and 28in. bust, 17 1/2. Postage 2/6.
Jackets: Sizes 22 and 24in. bust, 15 1/2; 26 and 28in. bust, 17 1/2. Postage 1/6.
Cut Out Only: Jacket: Sizes 22 and 24in. bust, 15 1/2; 26 and 28in. bust, 17 1/2. Postage 1/6.

* Note. — Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks are sent by registered post.



* Betty Keep, who conducts Dress Sense, recently sailed for Europe, where she will study latest fashion developments in London, Paris, and Rome. The feature will not appear until her return to Australia in about six months' time.



57' WONDERFUL VALUE!

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NJ2—Cool, grey, colour-fast floral jersey. White grounds. X.S.S.W. to W. 57/-
For 50/-

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Whichever you prefer

ANACIN POWDERS

ANACIN TABLETS



STOP PAIN FASTER

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Patterns Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.
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Box 38A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.E.: Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

WORTH Reporting

ENTERPRISING Mrs. D. Joslyn, of Perth, W.A., has added a training-school to her Baby Sitter Bureau.

To graduate as a Bachelor of Baby Science, or whatever degree Mrs. Joslyn proposes to confer, students will have to pass in child psychology, first-aid, and "manual work," which includes napkin-changing and washing, tucking-in, and bottle-filling.

Lecturers will be doctors, kindergarten teachers, and St. John Ambulance officers.

Although Mrs. Joslyn, an English migrant, opened her Bureau only a year ago, she already has 300 sitters in her files, and plenty of young clients to keep them busy.

Mrs. Joslyn, a qualified accountant, did a three years' diploma course at the Home for Babies at Harbourne, near Birmingham.

Next month she will set up a creche at the Royal Agricultural Show in Perth, with the blessing of the authorities.

Some of her sitters have had jobs in the country lasting a week.

During harvesting or shearing many country women are too busy to look after their children, and call in a sitter.

Not all the customers are babies either. Some sitters have spent several nights with women who were too nervous to stay alone while their husbands were away.

* * *

ON the subject of sitting, two English women, Misses Agnes (64) and Dorothea (62) Palmer, of Kent, have taken up cat-sitting.

In the past 12 months they have looked after more than 50 cats in different homes while the owners were away.

The Misses Palmer took up cat-sitting after their own cat, Nobby, disappeared, and they felt they needed a new interest in life.

Drive-in theatres suit family groups

ADELAIDE will probably have at least one open-air drive-in theatre this summer.

The six Waterman brothers, who control Ozonite Theatres Ltd., are going ahead with plans for four theatres, and hope to have one finished within a few months.

They will submit plans to American experts for a thorough check.

At a drive-in theatre you can arrive late without disturbing anyone; you have no parking problems; no trouble finding baby-sitters because you can take the children; and you can smoke.

Later the Watermans may adopt the American idea of serving meals during performances.



"You'll have to have more proof than that. You see, his initials happen to be B.M., too."

Women hunt bargains at art shows

WOMEN outnumber men at openings of art shows, and buy more original paintings, too, says Mr. Collingridge Rivett, manager of the Waratah Art Gallery, Parramatta, N.S.W.

The Waratah Gallery has held exhibitions of the work of caricaturist George Finny, water-colorist Wilfred Gates, and the Strath Art Group, who are all young ex-service men and women.

Mr. Rivett says women choose pictures for home decoration. They show little interest in abstract works, preferring seascapes and landscapes. And they like to feel they have gained a bargain.

"Country women," said Mr. Rivett, "buy scenes of the city. City women buy pictures of the country."

On the other hand, Mr. Rivett says, men like to appear connoisseurs.

Possibly to justify their choice they tell the salesman their reasons for buying, while women merely say "I'll take this."

* * *

INCLUDED in some light reading for gentlemen doing hard labor at a London prison were one book, called "The Beauties of Dartmoor," and a religious tract, headed "How Shall We Escape?"

American Mother of Year is part Indian

AMERICA'S Mother of the Year for 1950, Mrs. Henry Roe Cloud, is the daughter of an American Indian woman.

Her mother was a member of the Chippewa tribe, and her father was a German migrant, Albertus Bender.

Mrs. Cloud's husband, a noted educator, came from another Indian tribe, the Winnebago.

Mrs. Cloud was nominated for the honor by the Governor of Oregon, the State in which she now lives, for her contribution to community and national welfare.

She was born in 1890, when most of the Chippewa Indians lived on a reserve in Minnesota.

Trained as a teacher, she later studied nursing. She taught in Indian schools.

Her husband, who died early this year, graduated from Yale and was ordained a Presbyterian minister. They had four daughters.

He plans buildings, she designs interiors

AN unusual husband-and-wife business partnership is shared by a well-known young Melbourne couple, who combine their talents to make better and more beautiful buildings.

Mrs. John Buchan, an interior decorator, is a member of her architect husband's firm. He plans buildings; she designs the interiors.

The two met when Mr. Buchan toured the United States two years ago. Mrs. Buchan, a New Yorker, who was engaged in decorating Long Island homes, came to Australia to join the firm of Buchan, Laird, and Buchan, married her boss, and kept on her job!

They have just returned to Melbourne after a six months' visit to Europe.

"We were charmed with Scandinavian ideas in decor and home furnishing," Mrs. Buchan told us. "Sweden leads the world in producing beautifully designed furniture, which is mass-produced and amazingly cheap. Shops, offices, factories, and schools are planned from the inside out by a team of designers, of whom the architect is the co-ordinator."

Landscape surroundings for any building, whether it was a block of offices, a block of flats, or an individual home, were planned with as much care as the interiors.

Acoustic ceilings of perforated wallboards to absorb sound were something new in Scandinavian cafes and schools, said Mr. Buchan.

Mrs. Buchan found marketing for food a joy in Scandinavian countries, where everything, from meat to bread, was beautifully packaged and presented.

Shop decor is something which particularly interested her, and in this field she thought that France excels. The display of goods and the background decor in the small "specialty" shops in the Rue Sainte Honore and Avenue Victor Hugo were artistic and restrained.

Chocolate shops in Switzerland and Denmark were fairy-tale places where the whole shop was its own display window.

Mr. Buchan found that Australian small homes are of a higher standard than anywhere else in the world.

Most recent joint effort of the John Buchans, now nearing completion, is the modern extension to the nurses' home of the Geelong Hospital.

Written "Dear Editor" 22,000 times

AMONG the achievements we admire but do not wish to emulate is that of Mr. Benjamin Simmons, of Worthing, Sussex, England.

Mr. Simmons claims to be the "undisputed champion letter-writer to the Press of Great Britain, if not the world."

Since he was 16 he has written more than 22,000 letters to newspapers in most countries, 4254 of which have been printed.

He invaded the Press of Australia in October, 1948, when the Sydney "Daily Telegraph" published a letter from him telling Australians how to forecast the weather by the moon.

Mr. Simmons has been bedridden since 1917, but his hobby has brought him friends from all parts of the world. The city of Tombstone, Arizona, U.S.A., has made him an Honorary Deputy Marshal.

With his pen, Mr. Simmons has fought for many causes, both great and small.

The subject dearest to his heart is the abolition of homework for children, although he has no family of his own. In 1901 he had 200 letters on this topic printed in Britain. He was 18 then, and probably felt much more strongly about it in those days.



To Daddy,

for being the bestest Daddy any family ever had, for always having time (and the patience) to play ludo with your son,

for seldom needing defrosting when your daughter gets "hep" with her teen-age friends,

for recently admitting that even your mother can't bake better scones than mine,

for counting to ten when Tony and his cobbles used your razor to give Chummy that French-poodle look,

for never grumbling at the time I take in the bathroom (well hardly ever!),

for being modern enough, I'm sure, to admit that here is the solution to the last two problems at least—and it comes with every ounce of love your adoring family can give.

from Judy and the Terrible Two

P.S. And I know it's going to make you even nicer to snuggle up to than ever—you old wire-whiskers, you.



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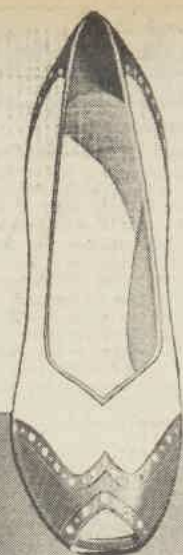
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"He wanted to know where I had been all his life, and I told him I hadn't been born for most of it."



CANTON



COURTLEY

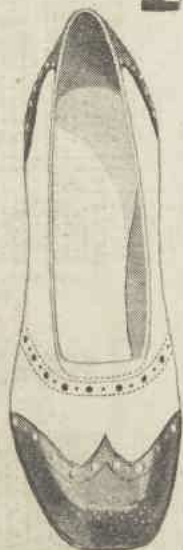


ALTON

Robin Mond makes high-fashion headlines
with Spring's newest footnotes . . .
to give you the light-foot look. Here are
sparkling two-tones, artfully airy cut-outs,
saucy little shoes on down-to-earth heels.
All with the unmistakable "flair for fashion."

Robin Mond

FASHION IMPORTANT SHOES



CIRCLET

SYDNEY: DAVID JONES', SNOW'S,
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ORANGE: DIAMOND'S.
WOLLONGONG: LANCE'S.
NEWCASTLE: GOLDSMITH'S.
LISMORE: IDA AMOS.
MELBOURNE: MYER'S,
GEORGE'S, MANTON'S.
SHEPPARTON: BORDAN'S.
BRISBANE: T. G. BEIRNE'S,
MCDONNELL & EAST,
SHIRLEY'S.
TOOWOOMBA: MATHER'S.
ADELAIDE: MARTIN'S, MYER'S.
PERTH: BETTS & BETTS, BOAN'S.
HOBART: FITZGERALD'S.
LAUNCESTON: MCKINLAY'S.

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BN-4-PP



"... keeping the left arm straight ..."



"They said: 'It's the latest spring fashion, madame; you won't find another dress like it in town!'"

It seems to me

AFTER a week spent in the colony of Singapore I'm off to the mainland of Malaya to stay at Kuala Lumpur.

All the residents from "up-country" tell you that the atmosphere of the mainland of Malaya is entirely different from that of the Colony of Singapore, even disregarding the fact that at present the bandit menace makes life in many areas constantly dangerous.

Malaya, as Britain's greatest dollar earner, is the producer of the wealth and trade that flow through Singapore.

To-day in Singapore most of the wealthiest people are Chinese, among whom there are several dollar millionaires.



Dorothy Drain

By

LIKE most Australians who haven't travelled far and wide I found it hard to accustom myself to an Eastern hotel. At first I continually made journeys that were unnecessary in a place with a multitude of Chinese and Indian attendants.

As I belong to the school of thought that never really believes a letter is posted unless personally dropped in a box, or that luggage is safe unless observed being shoved into a van, I took a while to adjust. As it is, I doubt I'll be here long enough for the effect to show with any permanence on my temperament.

FOR an Australian, Singapore is full of names that are reminders of the war years.

Changi is a name known to every Australian. Tengah, the R.A.F. airfield where our Lincoln bombers are stationed, was the first airfield taken by the Japanese when they crossed the Johore Causeway.

On the way to Tengah an Air Force officer pointed out to me the hill where the Japanese built a shrine to their own dead, which they forced Australian prisoners to visit regularly. After the liberation, prisoners retaliated by making the Japanese destroy it. To-day the road leads up the hill to nowhere.

This squadron has a particular association with those days. It was men of 1 Squadron, then consisting of Hudson bombers, who went out on December 8, 1941, to attack a convoy of Japanese ships headed for Malaya.

On that day eight out of eleven aircraft were lost. Of the squadron's strength, 120 men reached Australia in 1942 and 160 became prisoners in Java. Flight-Lieutenant C. R. Ward, Adjutant of 1 Squadron, gave me the history of the unit which began as a component of the Australian Flying Corps in 1916 and was the first Australian squadron to be sent overseas.

AT Raffles Hotel there is nothing to remind the newcomer of the stories told by civilian internees of the black, confused days of the surrender.

To-day, staying here, you could live a life insulated from Eastern problems. Naturally, hotel life never gives a true picture of a country. You could stay here and mix with Europeans and a few Asians and get no more idea of Singapore than you would of Toorak and Collingwood staying at Menzies in Melbourne.

I'VE been rushing round at a pace highly unsuitable to the climate. When you first come here you're impatient with the slowness of movement of the European residents, and you think it a waste of time when asked to sit down at every office and shop counter you visit. That doesn't last.

At first I had one of the large old-style rooms at Raffles, with a small annexe and an immense and gloomy bathroom. It was like a capacious oven, though in size it would have accommodated a family of four.

Then I moved into one of the air-conditioned rooms that Qantas keep at the hotel for transit passengers. Maybe it doesn't have the pre-war Eastern flavor of the other room, which had fans suspended from the ceiling and half-length swing doors between bedroom and bathroom. But I'll settle for the comfort of air-conditioning and pass up atmosphere.

Old hands of the East don't approve of air-conditioning. They shake their heads about its dangers of temperature changes. But I find when I move out of it into the steamy air that I have to slow down by several miles an hour.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 2, 1950

IT'S easy to see how you could, living in the town of Singapore and mixing in its social life, tend to become less worried about the Eastern conflict than from a distance.

After the last debacle there was a lot of talk about the mentality of Europeans living in the East, but it is easy always to criticise without personal experience.

At home you're inclined, though informed to the contrary, to think of the East as a problem of colored races restless under remains of white domination, with Communism as an explosive agent ready to light the fuse.

In Singapore and Malaya there is the complication of the mixed Asian community. (Nobody here uses the word Asiatic.) The Chinese are the most expert at making money, and go in for commercial enterprise.

On the mainland Indians make up a big proportion of workers, though they too have some footing in the commercial world. The Malays, very conscious of their hereditary right as true Malaysians, have least talent for carving themselves a profitable slice of their own country.

Even those are sharp, slightly theoretic divisions, for you see men and women of all three races among the Asian workers of the city. There are, too, the Eurasians and many of mixed Asian blood.

IT'S a common practice for travellers to hear sidelights from taxi drivers. The first few days I was here I shot round in a state of confusion hoping that the Malay, Indian, or Chinese taxi driver had understood my directions. One day an elderly Malay driver taking me to Changi began to point out the sights and discourse on current events. Unfortunately, I couldn't understand his English except in scraps, but I did gather a few phrases. "Malaya are very poor people, madame. . . . That is a Malay kampung (village). . . . That is a Chinese kampung. . . . Those big houses belong to Chinese. . . ."

A cynic would have said that the conversation was designed to distract a novice's attention from the mileage, but he struck me as a dignified, gentle old man, and the fare he asked didn't seem much in excess of the regulation 40 cents per mile.

A HAT on a European woman bespeaks a visitor from a ship here. Nobody else wears them.

Perhaps that's why you don't see so many women, certainly not those who work in the city offices, wearing short hair-dos. It is better not to look in a mirror at what happens to a short, straight hair-do on the equator.



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Get this beautiful
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A practical guide for the young mother . . . a permanent record of baby's early development. Tells you everything you want to know about the care and welfare of your baby . . . including baby's clothing, baby's diet, how to recognise common childhood ailments, etc. Includes pages, too, that enable you to record every stage of baby's development. Colorfully produced by the makers of Granose Whole Wheat Biscuits, it is offered free with the compliments of the Sanitarium Health Food Company. To secure your copy post coupon below NOW enclosing 3d. in stamps to cover packing and posting.

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The Man Who Said No to the King

Continued from page 21

REYNARD smiled at the remembrance but went on. "Both boats were going to miss it, until Lieutenant Smyth hailed the other boat and ordered her on ahead to draw beer for both boats. Left us on our own, off enemy coast. But if you could have heard the men cheer the old man when the good boat went by us, sir—

"Another time, on a night action in the Adriatic, one of the twin machine guns on the bridge was hit. The fire jumped toward ready-use ammunition beneath the guns, and most of us hit the deck and yanked tin hats over our ears. Lieutenant Smyth stuck his hands into the fire, unscrewed the wing bolts holding the gun in place and threw it, fire and all, into the sea. His hands were badly burned. He wore heavy mitts over bandages for a month."

The First Sea Lord took up the story. "We'll skim over some incidents which need no enlargement. He acquired a new and secret American radar set at Bastia in Corsica, apparently at dice. He severely damaged one of our Hunt-class destroyers, which attacked him by mistake one black night off Elba, although, of course, Smyth was greatly outweighed in guns." But at one paper he stopped and turned to the baggy-eyed little captain.

"This refers to you, Burrows," the First Sea Lord said. "You were Commander, Coastal Forces, in the Mediterranean."

"Yes, sir, in 1943 and 1944. What incident is this?"

"Your report that issue rum, by regulations only for ratings, was being used by Lieutenant Smyth and his officers, and that Lieutenant Smyth refused you an explanation."

"Yes, sir." The captain grinned involuntarily. "I called on Lieutenant Smyth one afternoon at Ancona and was served some of the rum. A most brazen act, serving me rum which they knew shouldn't be in the wardroom."

"We had several bottles of the rum and one of good sherry," Reynard said diffidently. "We were drinking the rum from sherry glasses, and Lieutenant Smyth had planned that when Charley Charley, the code name he gave you, arrived, we'd serve him in one of the same glasses, but give him sherry and he would think we were drinking sherry too."

"What happened?" asked the king.

"Charley Charley was late, sir, and the bottles became mixed up."

"But," cried Buskin-Hayes, "how did you get the rum? It's always strictly accounted for to His Majesty's Rum Depot against the numbers of men who draw daily tots."

"Lieutenant Smyth felt, sir, that we should have more than the one bottle of spirits each officer was allowed to buy each month from N.A.A.F.I. One night in one of the Yugoslav islands when we were drinking a weak native wine, he decided it wouldn't be too much to charge the Admiralty one jar of rum for every enemy ship we sank from then on."

The First Sea Lord was looking with dawning shock at a small sheaf of reports. He read from one, "The commanding officer of His Majesty's Motor Torpedo Boat Six-Five-Six regrets to report that during an engagement with the enemy on the night of August seventeenth-eighteenth his spirit locker was pierced by a twenty-millimetre shell and two jars of rum were lost."

"That night we got two F-lighters," Reynard said.

Admiral Buskin-Hayes was sitting straight and indignant in his chair. "Two jars of rum," he said. "That's two gallons. Two gallons of sixty-

over-proof rum from His Majesty's Rum Depot in Egypt. Farcy stuff. No wonder parts of Smyth's record are so madcap!"

"Carry on," said the king.

"Two nights later we sank nine ships, sir," Reynard said.

The king abruptly put his face in his hands.

"Nine jars of rum—uh—lost?" asked the First Sea Lord steadily, consulting his papers. "Yes, here it is."

"Lieutenant Smyth said that although that was a lot of rum, this was a case for the long view, and in his long view we might need that rum sometime," Reynard said.

"Within two weeks," continued Reynard, "although we did our best to keep ahead of it, we had seventeen jars of rum."

"Pardon me," said the king. "I should like to go back a bit. It seems to me that perhaps there is too much stress on the rum and too little on the actions which—ah—produced the rum. . . . Now, Reynard, about that night nine enemy ships were sunk?"

That night, in the tiny harbor at Komiza on Vis Island in the Dalmatians, they'd been playing pontoon, eight officers crowded into the tiny wardroom in 656 with a jar of rum on the floor behind them, but few drinking because they were at readiness.

Then there'd been the huge partisan with the square black beard calling Smitty outside; Smitty's drawn, resolute face when he returned; the forgotten cards and rum as the men scattered on the double to their own boats; the coughing roar of the engines and the swift, sure probing through narrow channels into the inner islands for the kill.

LOOKING straight ahead of him, Reynard answered, "There were three of us, sir—two gunboats and one torpedo boat. We encountered the enemy convoy near Split, close to an island. It was a black night. Lieutenant Smyth ordered all boats to fire star shells at the island to set brush afire. The convoy was clearly silhouetted."

"A brilliant idea," interrupted Charley Charley.

"The convoy was of eight ships, guarded by four E-boats," said Reynard. "The E-boats attacked at top speed, about forty-five knots, and we slowed down to six knots on Lieutenant Smyth's orders to aid our gunners, sir. We sank one E-boat and the rest sheered off and we never saw them again. The rest of the ships were slow. They fought, but we ranged up and down in the channel, potting them against the light on shore until they were all gone. One of their shots hit my right hand. Brigham here replaced me a few days later."

"Perhaps you could tell us what happened to the seventeen jars of rum, Brigham," barked Admiral Buskin-Hayes.

"If you would, Brigham," said the First Sea Lord.

The other lieutenant-commander, Brigham, had a face like a school-boy, all pink and white and artless.

"Lieutenant Smyth never had a worry until he got all that rum, sir. Then he kept worrying that our spirit locker really would be hit. So one of the motor mechanics caded some steel plate ashore and we built an armored locker across the stern of the boat."

"The only armor on the boat except for the gun shields protected the rum," said Charley Charley happily.

Please turn to page 27

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 2, 1950

BRIGHAM smiled at him. "That's right. But one night, sir, the Germans were withdrawing from a small harbor on the island of Brac. We attacked with two gunboats just after three ships had pulled away from the jetty. Our guns weren't big enough to sink them normally, so we fired star shells and incendiaries point-blank into their deck-loads of petrol. Lieutenant Smyth's idea, sir. Two of them blew up. But the third seemed to get away. Also, an angry little man ashore got a signal lamp and was trying to signal our position to shore batteries on the mainland, which were potting at us."

"I remember this," murmured Charley Charley.

"We made six runs back into the harbor to try to find the third ship, sir, all under fire, but the mainland batteries couldn't get our range. We finally saw it beached in the mouth of a little creek. On the way out that time we saw two Germans in the water and hauled them over the side. Lieutenant Smyth was questioning them, on the deck behind the bridge when the bigger one, a hefty chap, grabbed Lieutenant Smyth's sword and slashed with it, catching him in the right groin. While someone rushed to Smyth's rescue, others overpowered the man again."

"Sword?" asked Buskin-Hayes warily.

"The ship's company had given it to him for his twenty-ninth birthday, sir. To go with his fencing pants. He always wore it, much to the excitement of the partisans."

Brigham continued, his voice slightly strained with emotion. "Lieutenant Smyth gave the course for home, but refused to leave the bridge. Insisted his wound wasn't serious."

"The king started down at his hands while Brigham's low voice went on, 'The batteries must have ranged on us or else they were lucky,' Brigham said. 'They hit the water right beside our stern. Luckily, nobody was killed, but they blew the stern right off.'"

The king, raising his eyes finally, asked, "All the rum?"

"All of it, sir," said Brigham. "It smelled as if the whole Adriatic was rum on the way home. The other boat towed us in. The next day we took him to Italy to a hospital. Later our flotilla broke up. I haven't seen him since."

Reynard explained, "Brigham and I were stationed in the Med after the war until just a few weeks ago, sir. He never wrote much about himself. When I was home on leave last Christmas I tried to find him, but he'd gone home to Ireland on leave."

"He had a long siege," said the First Sea Lord. "Poisoning and what not. He was flown here for that second investiture, and after a convalescent leave he was made an instructor at Portsmouth."

This time the king broke the long silence. "To recapitulate," he said, "Lieutenant Smyth's commands sank many enemy ships in home waters and the Mediterranean. He personally committed an untold number of brave acts. And now our navy seems about to lose him, if we don't act." He paused. "Would it be possible for me to see him?"

"He's probably waiting at the Admiralty now," said the First Sea Lord. "I called him up yesterday and intended to see him this afternoon."

"I'd like to see him," said the king. "He could be here in five minutes, from the Admiralty." He rang and a footman appeared. "Show the First Sea Lord to a telephone," said the king. "And ask

The Man Who Said No to the King

Continued from page 26

Giles to lay out my naval uniform immediately." He rose. "If you gentlemen will excuse me," he said.

The king returned carrying his naval jacket, one wide band and four narrow of gold braid on each sleeve. He dropped it to a chair, and at the window joined Charley Charley, the First Sea Lord, and now Buskin-Hayes too. The two young officers were at another window.

They were watching the courtyard when a taxi pulled up at the gates and a tall naval officer stepped out and paid the driver.

Lieutenant Smyth walked across the crushed stone of the outer courtyard. Every few steps he straightened his shoulders quickly, but he walked with an uneven step, favoring his right leg where the sword wound was. They couldn't see his face in the dusk. When the First Sea Lord turned quickly, he saw that there were tears in Reynard's eyes.

In two or three minutes the door opened. The footman appeared.

Lieutenant Smyth walked into the centre of the room and looked around with the smallest hint of a smile on his full, ruddy face—a face whose fullness wasn't in character with the looseness of his uniform's hang. The uniform was good do-skin, nearly new, well pressed. He wore none of his decorations.

He stood to attention when he saw the king in the dusk of the room.

"At ease," said the king quietly. "This is an informal gathering, Lieutenant Smyth. We are all your friends here."



"Sir," said Reynard to the lieutenant, his junior in rank now.

"Sir," said Brigham, in the same breath.

"Sir, yourselves," said Lieutenant Smyth, smiling in surprise. "Charley Charley?" he exclaimed.

"Smyth, old boy," said Charley Charley.

"This is the First Sea Lord," said the king. "And Admiral Buskin-Hayes, whom I believe you have met."

"How do you do, sir?" asked Lieutenant Smyth of each in turn. "Sit down, everyone," said the king.

They all settled again, stiffly; none so still as Lieutenant Smyth.

"They tell me you're leaving the navy, Lieutenant Smyth," said the king.

"Yes, sir."

"Any particular reason?"

"The war has been over a year, sir."

"Nothing else? Is it that you've found opportunities limited? That could be understood—you've gone a long time without promotion."

Smyth's smile widened. "I'm not a man to promote, sir."

There was a long pause, then the king spoke again. "Lieutenant Smyth," he said. "If we had a

small command, a minesweeper or a Western Isles trawler, something that we could give you . . . another command . . . would you stay in my navy?"

The First Sea Lord noted that in the words "my navy" the king had made his first reference to his position since his few words at the beginning.

Lieutenant Smyth sat still in his chair, his smile fading to a look of close control.

The king turned to the First Sea Lord. "I know there are regulations, and new officers to be blooded and tried, and age limits, and all kinds of things. But could you fix it? Could you find room for Lieutenant Smyth as a commanding officer?"

"Yes, sir," said the First Sea Lord.

Admiral Buskin-Hayes sighed grimly.

"Good," said the king.

"Sir," said Lieutenant Smyth, "there's no place for me in your navy now. The navy in peacetime is to train admirals and commodores and captains for another emergency, if it ever comes. I'm an old and happy lieutenant." He glanced at Reynard, and then at Brigham, at Charley Charley and the First Sea Lord, and finally, with great affection, at the stern and leathery face of Admiral Buskin-Hayes. "I wish to resign. Thank you all the same."

The king stared at Lieutenant Smyth for nearly a minute in surprise and then indecision. "What will you do?"

"I've heard of a trawler in Cork which I will buy. In time I hope to have more. I'll fish with my fleet of trawlers for fish in the Irish Sea."

The king suddenly looked down at his naval jacket and scanned the rows of ribbons on the left breast. The others, standing, watched him. Admiral Buskin-Hayes now neither approved nor disapproved. Brigham stood stiffly to attention; Charley Charley's face was inscrutably calm. The First Sea Lord was weary with the pain of loss, the same pain he had felt in his throat and behind his eyes at the loss of Hood, Repulse, Prince of Wales, and each of the other now-rusting British hulks, large and small, at the bottoms of the oceans of the world.

Reynard swore to himself: If Wendy and I have a son, he'll be David Smyth Reynard, and I must remember this to tell him; I must remember it all.

The king's voice sounded unexpectedly loud. "No decoration is really right," he said, dropping the jacket and turning thoughtfully. "None really right." Suddenly the indecision was gone. He smiled and extended his hand. "I'm glad to have met you, Lieutenant Smyth," he said simply.

"Thank you, sir. Especially for asking me to go back to sea in your navy."

Admiral Buskin-Hayes held the door open for Lieutenant Smyth; Reynard and Brigham hurried after him; Charley Charley lit his pipe near the door and followed the admiral out. The king and the First Sea Lord were alone.

"Find out where he goes, and when he gets his trawler send him those seventeen jars of rum, will you?" said the king.

"Yes, sir," said the First Sea Lord.

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TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ Father of the Bride

WARM, human, and quite delightful, M.G.M.'s light comedy "Father of the Bride" is a smooth mixture of expert acting, skilled direction, and simple but effective scripting.

The screenplay begins with an engagement and ends with the wedding of a typical American girl, and touches lightly upon the emotional and physically devastating events endured by that unimportant person—the man who foots the bill, takes the kicks, and generally stands the racket—the father of the bride.

Almost every situation is recognisable to anyone who has ever taken a hand in pre-wedding doings, and tabbing each one as it merges smoothly with the next adds to audience enjoyment.

Spencer Tracy's father is a perfect piece of cinema, and Joan Bennett, for all her lack of vocal range, makes a lovely wife and mother.

As the cause of all the panic, and adored daughter of these two, Elizabeth Taylor is charming and adequate.

The supporting cast includes Don Taylor as the groom, with Billie Burke and Moroni Olsen as his parents. Leo Carroll scores as a snooty caterer, and Melville Cooper's church sexton is a small comedy cameo.

You can take your pick of the amusing highlights, depending on your personal experience with weddings—and fathers.

In Sydney—the Liberty and Minerva.

★★★ Bitter Springs

EALING Studios' Australian film "Bitter Springs," produced by Ralph Smart, presents a hitherto unexploited aspect of early Australian life in a way that makes good entertainment.

The drama of a pioneer Australian family's conflict with aborigines over the only waterhole in

the district, an incident only too common in early days, gives plenty of scope for the genius of English comedian Tommy Trinder.

Tommy, a down-on-his-luck Cockney, with a ten-year-old son (played by Nicky Yardley), is glad to throw in his lot with sturdy pioneer Chips Rafferty and his family.

His reactions on the 600-mile trek across trackless plain and through mountain gorge to the land Chips is going to settle on are hilarious.

Towards the end when Nicky is taken off by the blacks in revenge for the killing of one of their number, Trinder drags the action back from the banal melodrama into which it threatens to descend.

Aborigines from the mission station at Ooldea, on the East-West line, prove competent actors, and sequences in which they appear are directed and photographed convincingly.

Their spear-throwing and dances in warpaint provide the film's greatest novelty.

Nicky Yardley is good in his role, and his first shy meeting with an aboriginal boy of his own age is the highlight of his performance. Sensitive Scottish actor Gordon Jackson warms with his sympathetic approach to the aborigines and throws into stark relief the arrogance of Chips, whose pretty daughter (Nonni Piper) he incidentally woos.

Chips' role is tailor-made for him... strong, unflinching, unimaginative, but he finally learns the hard way not to be harsh with blacks. His superb horsemanship is always good to see, though his voice could be modulated a little.

Jean Blue as his wife gives an honest interpretation of a pioneer woman.

Incidental music by Vaughan Williams zips up the action of the script, and the singing of the birds in the gorge is an excellent piece of recording.—F.Y.

In Sydney—the Lyceum.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

★ The Secret Fury

R.K.O.'s psychiatric mystery drama "The Secret Fury" is an absorbing film that is full of devil-in-the-dark creepiness, concerned with a calculated scheme to drive an innocent woman insane.

Claudette Colbert is taut and hysterical as the unfortunate victim who is plunged into a morass of mental torture from the moment her wedding to Robert Ryan is interrupted by the announcement from a total stranger that she is already wed.

These two set out on an over-long search to prove that the whole thing is a frame-up, only to find both the alleged husband and what appears to be documentary substantiation of the marriage.

Miss Colbert also finds herself faced with a murder charge when phony husband Dave Barbour puts aside his guitar and is shot in her presence. Whereupon she understandably suffers a mental blackout, leaving virile Ryan to trudge through unrewarding scenes before flushing the culprit out into the open in a hair-raising finale.

Jane Cowl as a selfish aunt and Paul Kelly as the prosecuting attorney make minor roles come alive.

In Sydney—the Esquire.

★ Devil's Doorway

ROBERT TAYLOR, who has obviously been reading scripts, steps into an unusual role in his character study of a full-blooded Red Indian in M.G.M.'s "Devil's Doorway."

The screenplay is a sombre affair about the march of white civilisation to engulf the richly spreading acres



HAROLD LLOYD, fun, son of the silent-film star, receives a hearty welcome from Joan Evans and Phyllis Kirk on the set of "Our Very Own," in which they are all appearing together with Farley Granger.

of the red men in post-Civil War days.

The most serious criticism of the film is the aimlessness of the theme, which not only breaks no new ground, but makes the old seem dull terrain.

Looking less handsome with the years and murky make-up, Taylor's Shoshone is a decorated war veteran who returns home to assume leadership of his people and build up prosperous herds.

Infiltration of their territory by white sheepmen precipitates a battle to the death, when the Indians discover they have neither legal status nor moral rights.

Paula Raymond makes an intelligent woman of her lady lawyer with a sense of justice; Lonis Calhern is a no-good white leader; and gravel-

voiced Edgar Buchanan heads a bewhiskered supporting group of players.

Magnificent natural scenery and some action footage are welcome highlights.

In Sydney—the St. James.

★ The Yellow Cab Man

IF you like unadulterated slapstick entertainment, this M.G.M. comedy will have something for you.

In it comedian Red Skelton is uninhibited, unsuited, and occasionally very funny.

To sell a formula for elastic safety glass, Red joins the Yellow Cab Company, but falls in with a crooked lawyer, a phony psychiatrist, and a bunch of mean heavies, all out to steal his valuable secret.

Hi-jinks terminate in a modern home exhibition building with Gloria de Haven. Right triumphs as James Gleason and a fleet of Yellow Cabs come to the inventor's rescue in a free-for-all.

Edward Arnold, Walter Slezak, and Jay C. Flippen keep the trouble brewing.

In Sydney—the St. James.

ON OTHER PAGES

Portraits and Candid Shots of Stars, pages 52, 53.

The Blue Lamp, page 54.

Irene Dunne as Widow of Windsor, page 57.

French Girls Invade Hollywood, page 59.



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SHE MADE TWO GENERATIONS CRY

● When Mrs. Henry Wood published "East Lynne" in 1862, Victorian readers were wallowing in a reading spree of smug piety, social snobbery, and mawkish sentimentality.

In their novels and popular periodicals, "Sunday Magazine," "Sunday at Home," "The Churchman's Family Magazine," they demanded blue-blooded heroes and heroines who suffered the most excruciating ordeals before emerging with virtue triumphant.

"EAST LYNNE," a monumental effort in blue-blooded suffering, hit the top of the best-seller list. The astute Mrs. Wood quickly followed through with "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," "Elster's Folly," and "Lord Oakburn's Daughters."

Green with envy at Mrs. Wood's success, her contemporary highbrow women critics sharpened their quill pens for catty reviews.

Tearing "Elster's Folly" to pieces, Mrs. Lynn Lynton concluded with, "Mrs. Wood is a shallow writer . . . a puerile and vulgar one," while Mrs. Riddell exploded: "Mrs. Wood is simply a brute. She throws in bits of religion to slip her fodder down the public throat."

Mrs. Wood couldn't have cared less, for during her prolific outpourings of novels—she wrote 40 novels in 20 years—she never read a review, except, it is said, the "East Lynne" review in "The Times."

To be reviewed by "The Times" was a signal honor for an author.

Mrs. Wood's "ecstatic" reception of this review is recorded by her son Charles Wood in his "Memorials of Mrs. Henry Wood," published in 1894:

"Opening his paper at the breakfast table, Mr. Henry Wood observed to his wife, 'The Times' gives 'East Lynne' a long review this morning."

"Mrs. Henry Wood received this piece of news quietly and calmly. She remained seated and asked no question of her husband until he had read it and handed her the paper.

"Forgive me," he then apologised, 'I felt compelled to finish it, and fear I forgot that your interest must be greater even than mine.'

"She quietly took the paper from his hand and read to the end without remark."

Undoubtedly she took considerable satisfaction in the criticism, which said, among other things, "There is moral purpose in her portraits as well as vivacity. We specially emphasise her ability to portray men—an ability hitherto lacking in our women novelists."

After the appearance of the review, libraries were besieged for copies of the book, and printers worked day and night on new editions. Its success was considered one of the most remarkable literary incidents of the century.

Deeming herself her own best critic, Mrs. Wood was thereafter sublimely oblivious to all reviews.

"In later years," writes her son Charles, "she enjoyed nothing so much as re-reading her novels. She wept at the sad parts, laughed herself to tears again over the funny incidents—her pleasure only exceeded by the knowledge that she had written them herself."

"East Lynne," reflecting the popular taste of the time, sold well for two generations, and was translated into several foreign languages.

Thousands of readers wept at the fate of the erring wife, Lady Isabel, who returns home to find that her husband, supposing her dead, has married his old love,

Barbara Dare. Without revealing her identity, Lady Isabel enters the house as a governess, nurses her dying child, finally confiding all to her husband on her own death-bed.

Whatever criticisms posterity levels at her work, Mrs. Wood as a novelist had one advantage over her female rivals (and the field was overrun with them)—she could tell a good story.

Her plots had action, plenty of deaths—natural and unnatural—and her name has survived the passage of time.

Her characters were stereotyped. There were the demure and sweetly trusting heroines, the fast ladies, the two heroes—one, a noble character of sterling qualities, the other, the handsome brilliant ne'er-do-well.

One of her tricks of style was that of addressing herself confidentially to the reader.

In "The Shadow of Ashlydyat," after a harrowing description of George Godolphin's illness, she suddenly surprises with: "How bore up Maria Hastings? None could know the dread, the grief that was at work within her."

In describing the scene where Maria is surprised in George's embrace by her brilliant rival, she dwells on the general embarrassment and completes the picture by saying of the defeated virago:

"As for Charlotte Pain? Well, you should have seen HER!"

Her books might be labelled sentimental mush by to-day's standards, but their popularity in two generations, and the fact that most of them were written while the author was a semi-invalid, is a creditable reflection on this writer, whose pen was working almost up to her death at the age of 73.

Daughter of a wealthy glove-manufacturer in Worcester, Thomas Price, Ellen Price, later Mrs. Wood, was born on January 17, 1814, "in the shadow of the great Cathedral."

She loved to wander in the cloisters, listen to the organ, and paint water-colors. The scenery of the Severn Valley supplies the background for many of her novels. She spent all her liberal weekly allowance in buying books.

At 13 years of age she developed a weakness of the spine which tied her to couch and bed for the next four years. Encouraged by her father, a keen scholar, she read prodigiously and studied languages.

During her seventeenth year her condition was diagnosed as a curvature of the spine. She was able to walk, but her frame was frail and delicate, and she could never carry anything heavier, her son says, than a small book or parasol.

Only five feet tall and extremely pretty, with oval face, large brown eyes, and finely formed features, she was deeply sensitive of her deformity, and managed to offset it by grace in movement.

Her father's business was badly hit when Huskisson's Reciprocity of Duties Act



MRS. HENRY WOOD, one of the most popular Victorian novelists. Radio and stage versions of "East Lynne" continue to have an audience.

opened British ports to a flood of foreign goods.

In an effort to keep the glove factory in production and arrest the rising tide of unemployment and misery in Worcester, the Price family fortunes were lost.

In 1836, the 22-year-old Ellen married Henry Wood.

Her bridal dress, records her son, was a white silk frock and bonnet trimmed with orange blossom.

Henry was a gay, charming, wealthy young man, director of a banking and shipping firm.

He loved medicine and out of pure devotion, at the age of 18, walked the hospitals of London studying the subject.

For the first 20 years of their married life the Henry Woods lived in France, where Henry attended to his firm's interests.

A travel writer at heart, Charles Wood in his "Memorials" gives little insight into his parents' activities on the Continent beyond descriptions of country excursions.

Ellen had several children. She lived the conventional life of an upper middle-class matron, with the exception that "for the sheer love of writing" she began contributing anonymously to Harrison Ainsworth's magazines, "Bentley's Miscellany" and the "New Monthly Magazine."

In 1856 Mr. and Mrs. Wood returned to London, where Ellen decided to embark seriously on her career as a novelist.

She secured from Ainsworth a small yearly sum for her short stories, but, unsatisfied with the pittance, determined to write a full-length novel.

She wrote "Danesbury House" for a competition conducted by the Scottish Temperance League for a novel illustrating the evils of drink, and won the prize of £500.

Illustrate the evils of drink it most cer-

FAMOUS WOMEN

tainly did. Death and disaster, caused directly or indirectly through alcohol, overtook most of its characters.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Wood was already writing "East Lynne," despite a "painful and wearying mysterious malady which was to plague her for all but three months of the two years it took her to write the book," says her son.

"At the end of the 18th month," he continues, "an extraordinary being, a Mrs. Davey, wearing poke bonnet, grey shawl, and carrying an enormous umbrella, knocked at the door and announced she had come to cure Mrs. Wood."

For the next three months Mrs. Davey took possession of the household. Despite her aggressiveness and attempts to plunge Mrs. Wood into violent arguments on philosophy, metaphysics, and politics "with which her hearer had neither sympathy nor nervous power to contend," Mrs. Davey cured her patient and disappeared whence she had come.

In 1861 Harrison Ainsworth accepted "East Lynne" as a serial in the "New Monthly."

A year later Ainsworth had persuaded his old friend Richard Bentley to publish it.

"East Lynne" was written to a working pattern from which the author never deviated in any of her novels.

She took three weeks to sort out the plot. She meticulously allocated incident and dramatic personae to each chapter, and then wrote the novel strictly from her notes.

It is claimed that she could memorise every word she had written. Once, eager to substitute a few lines for some she had written in one of her novels, she quoted to the printer the exact number of the page of her manuscript and the lines she wished to alter.

Once settled, her characters and plot never altered. They were not permitted by the author to do so.

"Morning by morning she had only to refer to her notes to see the whole day's work spread out before her," writes her son.

At her house in St. John's Wood she ran her domestic affairs to clockwork schedule while she wrote from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Acquiring the "Argosy" magazine in 1867, she followed the practice of fellow magazine proprietors by filling its pages mainly with her own writings—a serial, anonymous contributions, and a series of Johnny Ludlow short stories.

In the seven years following the success of "East Lynne" Mrs. Wood published 15 novels. The pace was too fast for her health, and she began to have frequent attacks of severe illness. In 1873 her production began to lag.

She now wrote only in the mornings, being "At Home" in the afternoons to a small circle of friends.

Her dress was always a plain black silk, varied for afternoon wear by the addition of bits of lace.

A contemporary, Mrs. E. M. Ward, found her disappointing in person, and wrote:

"She was a very nice woman, but hopelessly prosaic. Calling upon her one day when she was alone, I hoped that perhaps she would reveal some hidden depth yet unseen. But alas! the topics she clung to and thoroughly explored were her servants' shortcomings and a full account of her cold."

Her health continued to fail, and in 1886, during a family Christmas dinner, she suffered a severe attack of pain and retired to bed.

Told that she would live only a few weeks, she faced death calmly, settling her business affairs and even giving directions that the burial ceremony be simple.

She died two months later, February 10, 1887, with her writer's mind working to the last.

A few days before her death she said wistfully to a friend:

"You know, if I only had the time, I'd like to re-write the character Johnny Ludlow as a governess. I think it would be a success."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



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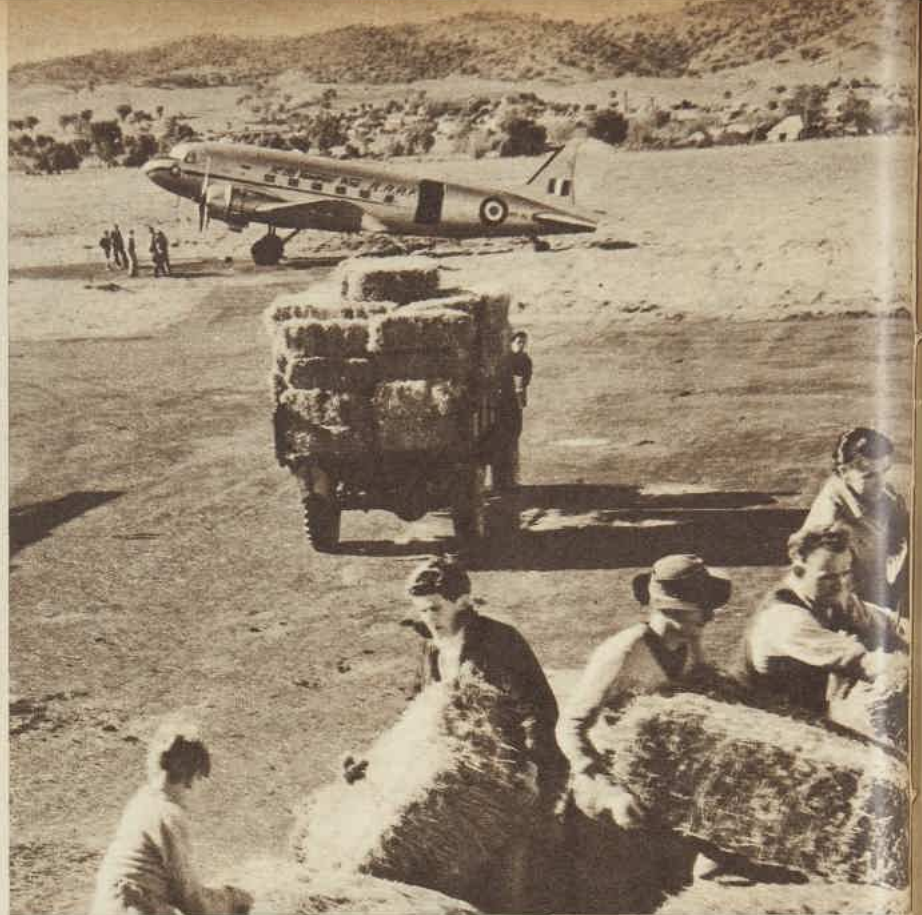


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AIRLIFT. Civilians at Tamworth airfield help load hay for R.A.A.F. to drop for starving stock during floods which recently swept through vast areas of northern N.S.W., causing millions of pounds' worth of damage to stock and property. R.A.A.F. also dropped mail, food, medical supplies, and serum.

Starving stock fed from the air

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

The battle against floods has now become something of a military operation, with the Army, the R.A.A.F., and flood victims "in action."

This winter disastrous floods moved for weeks across thousands of miles in the north and north-west of New South Wales, causing tragic loss of life and threatening death from starvation of settlers and any of their stock which survived drowning.

AS soon as calls for aid were received from flood-threatened towns soldiers in amphibious vehicles, christened "ducks" during the war, started rescue work, and kept open communications, while the R.A.A.F.

operated an airlift which dropped medical supplies, food, fodder for stock, and whatever else was needed.

Operations of this nature are known in the R.A.A.F. as "mercy missions," and photographer Ernie McQuillan and I flew with one of the crews on several of these sorties.

Aircraft and personnel were based at Tamworth, N.S.W., and orders for our first flight were to drop 60 bales of hay and a calcium parcel, on a property about fifty miles

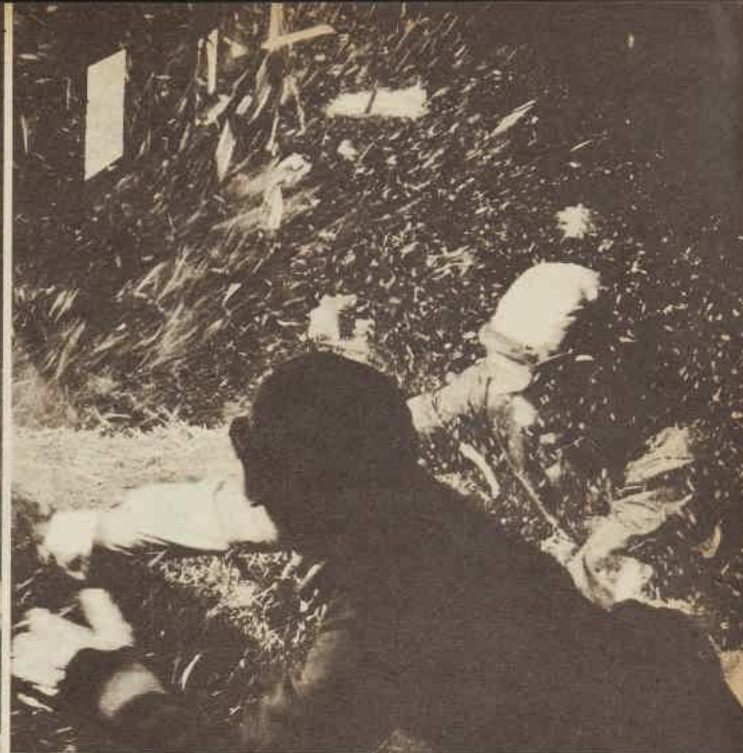
HANDSOME Squadron-Leader H. D. ("Spike") Marsh, former C.O. of wartime bomber squadron, commanded R.A.A.F. flood operations.



TIRED AIRMEN enjoy cup of tea after heavy day's work. During their flights men saw hundreds of drowned sheep and wild pigs attacking others, but fodder they dropped prevented greater losses.



R.A.A.F. DAKOTA drops badly needed food parcels on dry patch near flooded N.S.W. homestead, a few miles from Queensland border. Baby food, medical supplies and tools were dropped by parachute.



CHAFF FLIES through plane as L.A.C. Reg Nelson and Warrant-Officer "Blue" Lang rapidly push out bales of hay during run-in over target area.

south-west of the Queensland border.

Riding out in the R.A.A.F. bus to Tamworth airfield for an early morning take-off, I sat next to Flight-Lieutenant Bob ("Pluto") Cheal, of Sydney.

He told me the airlift called for "very touchy flying."

"On the run in over the drop you're flying at slightly above stalling speed," he said. "If a motor cuts out at the low altitude the pilot has to get going with some very rapid action to pull out of it."

The airlift started with three planes which dropped 13,635 pounds of fodder or food on the first day. By the fifth day the number of aircraft had increased to seven R.A.A.F. Dakotas, three civil aviation planes, and five aircraft from East-West Airlines at Tamworth, and over 80,000lb. of supplies were dropped daily. Other civil aircraft operated from Sydney in the early stages.

The captain of our plane was Flight-Lieutenant George King, a cheerful man from Melbourne, and the second pilot Flight-Lieutenant Wally Ives, of Bathurst, N.S.W.

They fixed up an empty fruit-box seat for me behind their seats in the cockpit and we took off in pelting rain. Ice quickly formed round the windscreen wipers, and the heat could not be turned on in the plane because of the danger of igniting the chaff freight.

Our navigator was "Hank" Hurley, of Perth, and our wireless-operator, Warrant-Officer "Blue" Lang, a red-haired, bushy red-moustached veteran of the Berlin airlift.

"Blue" was a bit browned-off about things generally when we set off, because his six-weeks-old daughter Michele Ann was to be christened in Sydney about the time we were due over our "target."

"There's a party afterwards and I'm missing out on everything, but I couldn't ask for time off because we're short of air crews," he told me.

Flood-bound pastoralists, anxious to save from starvation stock not drowned in the floods, sent in fodder requirements per telephone, pedal-wireless, or whatever means they could.

Each was asked to send information, such as "white house, red roof, sheep on ridge at fork, ground sheet indicates target," which would show pilots where to drop fodder.

A nearby creek and a road were landmarks for the property we had to locate. Since creeks were merged into lakes, and roads were completely under water, we had to circle at a low altitude until we found our target.

We then started the first of ten "run-ins" to drop hay on a small section of dry land, where sheep had taken refuge.

"This will be hard flying," Wally Ives told me.

"We'll dive to about a hundred feet and then climb on a sharp turn. We'll be going round in circles all the time and the pilot will really be working."

For the first five or six runs I watched Blue, Hank, Cpl. Jack Cameron, and L.A.C. Reg Nelson, all securely linked from the waist to an overhead rope, rapidly push bale after bale of hay through the open hatch of the plane.

They would start pushing when the pilot rang a bell, and stop about eight seconds later, when the pilot's bell announced that he was starting his climb.

There was flying hay everywhere in the plane, but during the last few runs I took little interest in proceedings. One of the boys thrust an oxygen tube into one of my limp hands and a cool air tube into the other, and I hoped for the best.

"You'll be all right on our next trip," Blue told me.

"I liked the first couple of trips because they were a novelty," he said. "Then they became routine and now they'd be boring if we didn't know how anxiously the people on the ground are watching for us."



HOMESTEAD which escaped floodwaters, despite surrounding paddocks covered with water, is seen through open hatch of R.A.A.F. Dakota.

HUNGRY SHEEP (right) race round in panic-stricken huddle when plane dives to drop hay in paddock marked as "target" with two sheets pegged to ground.

Blue was right about the next trip. My stomach remained perfectly calm when, with the airlift's Commanding Officer, Squadron-Leader H. D. ("Spike") Marsh, at the controls, we zoomed over the main street of Boomi, and Blue dropped a mailbag at the feet of a cheering group of townsfolk, gathered in front of the post office.

Champion "dropper" during the airlift was Private Jack Monaghan, of Boulder City, W.A., one of five Army men working with the R.A.A.F. His pilots, Flight-Lieutenants Jay Lynch, of Sydney, and Eric Hunt, of Perth, were willing to match him against all comers.

"He's really on the ball," declared Jay Lynch. "He dropped 12 bales of hay on a ten second run, and dropped the mail bag on the only dry spot in Mungindi—in front of the hotel."





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FIRST IMPRESSIONS are important when a young man is invited to a girl's home for the first time. A firm handshake, respectful but friendly manner will be remembered favorably later. Present of flowers or sweets could be mistaken for attempt to curry favor.



COAT REMOVED, he volunteers to help with the washing-up when dinner is over, even if he doesn't do so in his own home. But before going back into the living-room he'll remember to put his coat on again.

How to meet The Family



● When a girl is interested in a boy she hopes he will like her family and that her family will like him.

night?" is an easy and natural way to arrange the first all-important meeting of the boy and the family.

She knows that many awkward problems will arise unless there is a warm relationship between the boy and her home circle.

These pictures show how simple it is for a young man to win the liking and respect of a girl's family and banish any fears she may have that he will not like them.

The invitation, "why not come home to dinner one

MAKING HIMSELF AT HOME doesn't mean lighting up his pipe without first asking permission (left). He's talked naturally and modestly during the meal, and proved himself a good mixer. Now he faces the supreme test of an evening with the family.



MOTHERS appreciate some attention. He asks about the books she's reading, finds her taste similar to his own mother's. He's already spoken about his own home and family.



ICE BROKEN, he's already fitting into the family group easily and naturally. He's made a friend of the kid brother, and now listens-in to the radio session that the family look forward to hearing that night each week. He has made a more than good impression and done it by being himself.



TIME TO GO. He thanks his hostess, says how much he's enjoyed himself, and, confident of a favorable answer, asks, "May I take Pat to the dance on Saturday night?"

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For sleep and energy



Versatile skipper paints in islands

By MEGAN MACHIN

● Australia's ocean-going artist, Captain Brett Hilder, is exhibiting 70 portraits of colorful folk he met while skippering passenger ships among Pacific islands.

THESE unusual paintings are fittingly mounted on matting from the islands and framed with teak from ships once used in the Pacific trade.

Captain Hilder has had no tuition in painting. But he inherits artistic talent from his father, the famous Australian painter J. J. Hilder.

Red-bearded Brett Hilder's vigorous and varied career contrasts with the rare lyricism that his father showed as an artist.

● He won his extra master's certificate at 28.

● During the war, in the Air Force, he achieved the rank of wing-commander.

● He has written many articles for magazines and newspapers, dealing mostly with the islands people and ships that he knows so well.

Now, aged 39, he skipper the passenger ship *Moriada* on the New Hebrides run. His home is at Castlecrag, Sydney, where he lives with his wife, Mathilde, his son, Julius (16), and his daughters, Beatrice (13), Krit (9), and Tania (7).

Brett Hilder married Holland-born Mathilde Nass when he was 21. He had met her four years previously, when he was serving his time on the Singapore run. She left home and friends in Java and married him in Vila, in the New Hebrides, where they lived for some time.

Young and adventurous, Hilder forgot Mathilde's wedding bouquet, and she was married without one.

They shared even then an intense interest in languages, anthropology, and ethnology, which has lasted longer than the embarrassment of the forgotten flowers.

For his exhibition in Sydney Brett Hilder has selected his subjects to represent various peoples of the East Indies and South-west Pacific. The work took him a little more than three years. The races represented are Malays, Melanesians, Polynesians, Micronesians, Indians, Chinese, and Tonkinese.

What started Captain Hilder on his unique collection of Pacific portraits was a rare opportunity during the last years of the war to paint an Arnhem Land chief from one of the little-known "bad places" near Caledon Bay. This man, Moalan, is the only aboriginal in Hilder's collection.

The names of others among the 70 portrait-sitters read like the cast of an Islands extravaganza. Indeed, there is dramatic material here for a dozen shows, plays, or books, for each portrait is a story, and Hilder knows them all. So does his family.

Little Loc, a Tonkinese boy Captain Hilder met at Santo, in the New Hebrides, is the general favorite. Loc was living with his parents, who, as indentured labor, were employed by the French on a coconut plantation.

The novel idea of mounting each portrait of an islander on matting from his own district was Mrs. Hilder's, so Captain Hilder gave her the job of making the mounts.

Once Islands people knew that Captain Hilder wanted mats for his pictures, mats came pouring in, col-



ISLANDS TROPHIES enhance playtime in the attic for the Brett Hilder children; at Castlecrag, Captain Hilder, entering through a trapdoor via a nautical companionway in one of the bunk-furnished bedrooms offers daughter Beatrice a native skull. Krit (right) wears a magnificent cassowary head-dress from the New Guinea Highlands.

lected from remote places, wherever his ship was in port.

Mats take several months to make. They are used as floor coverings—with unshod feet they will last three to six years—as carry-alls wrapped round goods, and for sleeping on.

The Hilders have one sleeping-mat from the Valley of the Virgins, in Aoba, New Hebrides, where there is a native girls' training school run by the Melanesian Mission. The place has another name, but it is so rarely used few people remember it.

The nuns who conduct the school in this remote spot are well educated, many of them with high university degrees.

Mrs. Hilder says she never wearied of making the mounts for the exhibition, or regretted her bright idea. For though the work was exacting and tedious when she had had to

English characters; but some are in Chinese, and the Malays have signed in Arabic.

Some of the teak in the frames has a romantic origin.

Last time he was in Port Moresby, Captain Hilder spotted the wreck of the ship *Macdhui*.

She still lay in the water where she had blown ashore after being battered by bombs.

Jap incendiaries had played havoc with her, and though she had burned for six weeks with the fuel oil slowly seeping out of her tanks, the stout teak of her fo'c'sle head was still intact.

Deep burns from pieces of incendiaries have marred the wood in some places. The Chinese carpenter, a shipmate, who made the frames has marked these scarred pieces for discard. "Not used," he wrote in white chalk.

"But," says Captain Hilder, "these and any other scars the wood may have are honorable scars; if not gained in wartime, then in long service in the Pacific."

Captain Hilder's commands have taken him to New Guinea, Lord Howe Island, Norfolk Island, the Gilbert Islands, where boats call in only once in every six or eight months, and the Line Islands — Washington, Fanning, and Christmas — far off his usual run in the Central Pacific.

In the Gilberts he found the people living under a community system of strict and rigid codes, a system enforced in the years far off, when these hardy people travelled the Pacific in canoes—and survived.

Personal rights do not exist; even "finds" washed up on the shores are taken straight to the elders.

Because there is little work to be done their craft work is beautiful, and the mats Captain Hilder brought back for mounting his Gilbertese portraits he considers as fine as any in the islands.

Sitters sign portraits

re-weave because of inaccuracies, she never ceased to marvel at the skill of the weaving.

"You can tell from their weaving how civilised or primitive the people are," she says.

"Primitive people make coarse, crude matting—good useful stuff—but some of the weaving is really beautiful and the mat as soft as fabric."

With the exception of the matting used on the Chinese and Malayan portraits, and these are of rice straw, the matting is all made from pandanus.

Some mats are colored with vegetable dyes, and some are patterned with leaf dyed a few shades darker, or dyed black or brown with boiled coconut oil.

Most of the pictures carry two signatures, the artist's and his subject's.

Where the subject is mission trained the signature is printed in

Sea Captain Artist

CAPT. BRETT HILDER'S exhibition of portraits of Indo-Pacific races has a special interest for anthropologists and ethnologists. The exhibition is in Sydney.

MELANESIAN. *Lesap (below), from the little village of Nazareth near the volcano on Tanna Island. Captain Hilder painted this portrait in the New Hebrides, where he also found the matting for the mount.*



POLYNESIAN. *Lionel Kniusu, hereditary chief of Sikiana, an atoll off the Solomons. He wears native dress (commoners wear white); the picture mount is from matting woven in Sikiana.*



HOME *from the high seas at Castlereag, Sydney, Captain Brett Hilder with daughters Beatrice (13), Krit (9), and Tania (7), and Mrs. Hilder, who is busily converting Islands matting into picture mounts for her husband's show.*

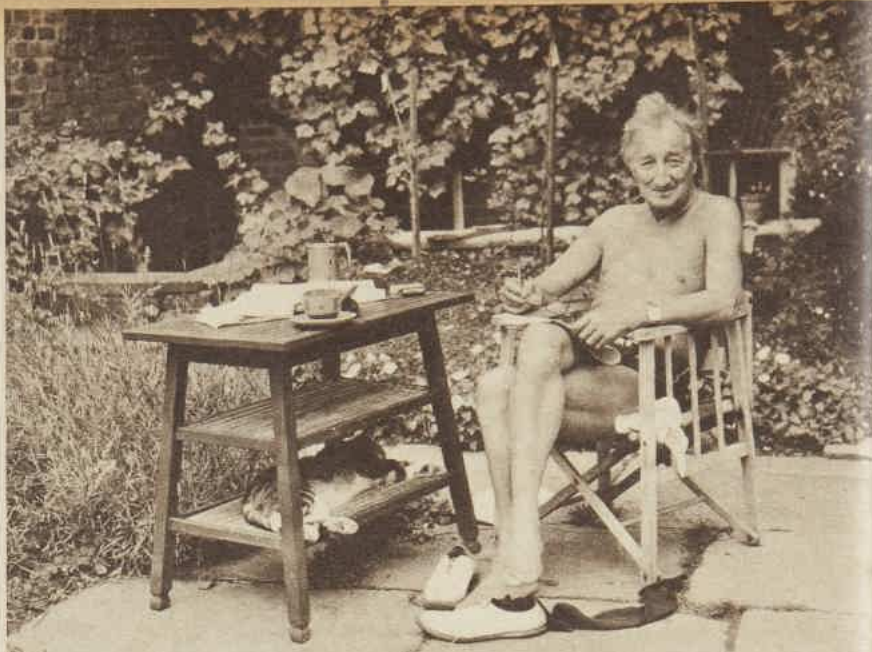
● Seven races of the East Indies and the South Pacific area are represented in the 70 watercolors. Adding authenticity to his collection, Captain Hilder has recorded a brief personal history of each sitter.

Types portrayed are an aborigine, a Cocos-Keeling Islander, Solomon Islanders, one type from every island of the New Hebrides, a Maori, and types from almost every district of New Guinea including two men from the Central Highlands, where William Dobell is now painting.



JEANNE was painted in the New Hebrides where her mother, a Japanese migrant, was working. Left: A family selection committee, Krit and Tania show father their favorite portrait, little Loc.

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THE SPIRIT OF "PUNCH," and resembling "Punch" in person, Sir Alan Herbert works in his garden on the bank of the Thames. He will be 60 by the time he reaches Australia in November.

He's one of the sights of London

Fabulous A. P. Herbert to take his wit on Australian tour

From BILL STRUTTON,
of The Australian Women's
Weekly London staff

Sir Alan Patrick Herbert—better known to millions simply as A. P. Herbert—will talk on a wide range of topics when he begins his Australian lecture tour on November 6.

In his lectures he will draw on his experiences as politician, best-selling author, playwright, professional funnyman, and reformist.

SIR ALAN has not prepared his lectures yet, but the titles he has chosen tentatively indicate the spry treatment as well as the topic.

The titles are: "Talking Shop" (i.e., Parliament); "Big Parliamentary Men"; "There's a Lot To Be Said For the Lords" (on the House of Lords); "Light Verse, Including Light Opera"; "Bad Language—Or What a Word" (a lecture on the English language); "The British Laugh"; "Big Ben" (History of); "London River"; "Curiosities of English Law."

A.P.H. began bombarding "Punch" with short articles when he was 14. "It took me 16 years to get my initials printed under them," he told me.

But after this slow beginning, "A.P.H." was to become the personification of "Punch." Now he even looks like "Punch." There is the same aquiline nose, the same curving jaw, the same twinkle, the same air of glee. Instead of the famous nightcap, a thin touse of grey hairs wanders uncared-for across his head and falls down over his spectacles. There are no devils around his desk, but plenty in his pen.

Sir Alan is gentle of manner, preoccupied, hesitant and mumbling of speech.

In summer he sits on the terrace of his riverside home all day with a pencil and notebook, clad only in a pair of trunks, gradually turning a deeper copper tan, and oblivious of the tugs, barges, and pleasure boats plying on the Thames.

This solitary, near-nude figure, nose bent over notepaper, is one of the sights of London, as you will discover if you take a trip by pleasure launch. Sometimes he looks up and favors trippers with a preoccupied but philosophical blink

across the water as the megaphoned voice of the guide informs you:

"There we 'ave Doves public 'ouse. Chiswick Eyot is that island for'ard. Between them, the gent in the trunks is A. P. 'Erbert, the well-known 'umorist!'"

One summer afternoon a whim took A.P.H. to dive into the murky waters of the Thames and swim from his boat moored near Waterloo Bridge to Westminster.

Sir Alan has been to Australia twice. In 1927 he represented "Punch" at the Imperial Press Conference. Six years later he spent a week-end in Australia.

"I was due to stay in Ceylon," he said. "But it was so jolly hot that I didn't feel like the idea of going ashore, and I asked the purser if I could stay aboard for the round trip."

My son John was in Australia in the Royal Navy during the war. He was a lieutenant. He had a whale of a time. Now he's in the same job as we are, scribbling on bits of paper and getting it published in the papers.

Easy manner

IT is in these casual and easy terms that Sir Alan puts himself on an equal footing with everybody. He is quite without side despite his immense success in public life, with his books, and with the musical comedies he has written for the West End stage. His friends include boatmen, bargees, actresses, peers, publicans, dons, dustmen, writers, poets, and small children.

Down in his riverside garden the flagstones are littered with proofs of his latest book, a biography of his 15 years as M.P. for Oxford. He is having an infernal time correcting the close print and mislaying stray strips, tut-tutting over the errors and squinting evilly up at his greatest

aversion, low-flying aircraft heading deafeningly over the river towards London Airport. This nuisance, as he calls it, is the subject of his latest letter crusade in "The Times."

At the famous Black Lion public house, nearby, Sir Alan Herbert is almost a patron saint. He rolls up in old slacks and a shirt and sandals, and always sits at the table he has converted into a sundial. It is his proudest job, and if at noon the sun's shadow is a minute off the mark, he clucks and shifts the table worriedly.

Sir Alan's long campaign for divorce reform, which succeeded when Parliament made divorce easier in 1938, gave rise to some of the most amusing tub-thumping of his career.

Many of his other ideas died early. One of these was a quaint motion embodied in the Public Refreshments Bill in which he recommended Parliament to adopt holus-bolus the liquor and refreshment laws of France. This meant, briefly, an open go for everyone, at any time of the day or night.

There was a time when he got rather fed up with all the battling for his marriage reforms.

"After a session in the House of Commons I used to take my boat down the Thames, anchor near Charing Cross, and say, 'Thank God that's the end of Divorce till Tuesday,'" he said. "As I was thinking this one spring evening, a flat-bottomed tug drawing several coal barges passed me. A head came out of the engine-room. Then I heard: 'Yes—there he is!'"

"Then this floated reprovingly across the water: 'You're doing no good. Bill's wanting to get rid of his old woman nah!'"

The most engaging antic of this professional funnyman is a devastating habit of mimicry, which he tries to suppress.

One of his best, they say, is an imitation of Winston Churchill making a national broadcast.

But all he will say if you tax him with it is, taking an anxious look round, "Now don't start me doing anything like that. It always gets me into trouble!"



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FOR a while, the Australian sat thoughtful, chewing a piece of stick. At length he said, "It seems to me they just don't know what they can do with you. It might not be too difficult for you to just stay in one place, as it might be this, and live till the war's over."

Mrs. Frith said, "That's what I've been thinking."

Jean said, "I know. I've thought of this ever since Mrs. Frith suggested it. The trouble is, the Japs feed us—or they make the village feed us. The village never gets paid. We'd have to earn our keep somehow, and I don't see how we could do it."

Harman said, "It was just an idea."

He said presently, "I believe I know where I could get a chicken or two. If I can I'll drop them off for you when we come up country, the day after to-morrow."

Jean said, "We haven't paid you for the soap yet."

"Forget about it," he said slowly. "I didn't pay cash for it myself. I swapped it for a pair of Nip rubber boots." With slow, dry humor he told them about the boots. "You got the soap, the Nip got another pair of boots, and Ben got a dollar," he said. "Everybody's happy and satisfied."

Jean said, "Is that how you're going to get the chicken?"

"I'll get a chicken for you, one way or another," he said. "You ladies need feeding up."

She said, "Don't take any risks."

"You attend to your own business, Mrs. Boong," he said, "and take what you get. That's what you have to do when you're a prisoner—just take what you can get."

She smiled and said, "All right." The fact that he had called her Mrs. Boong pleased her; it was a little tenuous bond between herself and this strange man that he should pull her leg about her sun-burn, her native dress, and the baby that she carried on her hip like a Malay woman.

The word "boong" put Australia into her mind, and the aboriginal stockriders, and she asked a question that had occurred to her, partly from curiosity and partly because she knew it pleased him to talk about his own country.

"Tell me," she said, "is it very hot in Australia—the part you come from? Hotter than this?"

"It's hot," he said. "Oh, my word, it can be hot when it tries. At Wollara it can go to a hundred and eighteen—that's a hot day, that is. But it's not like this heat here. It's a kind of a dry heat, so you don't sweat like you do here."

"What does the country look like?" she inquired.

"It's red," he said. "Red around Alice and where I come from, red earth, and then the mountains are all red. The Macdonnells and the Levis and the Kernots, great red ranges of bare hills against the blue sky. Evenings they go purple and all sorts of colors. After the wet there's green all over them. In the dry, parts of them go silvery-white with the spinifex." He paused.

"I suppose everybody likes his own place," he said quietly. "The country round about the Springs is my place. People come up from Adelaide and places in the south, and they hate Alice. I only went to Adelaide once, and I hated it. The country round about the Springs is beautiful to me."

He turned to Jean. "What's your place?" he asked. "Where do you come from?"

She said, "Southampton."

"Where the liners go to?"

"That's it," she said.

"What's it like there?" he asked. She shifted the baby on her hip, and moved her feet in the sarong.

"It's quiet, and cool, and happy,"

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 7

she said thoughtfully. "It's not particularly beautiful, although there's lovely country round about—the New Forest, and the Isle of Wight. It's my place, like the Springs is yours, and I shall go back there if I live through this time, because I love it so."

Presently Joe Harman got up to go. Jean walked across the road with him towards the trucks, the baby on her hip, as always. "I shan't be able to see you to-morrow," he said. "We start at dawn. But I'll be coming back up the road the day after."

"We shall be walking to Pohoi that day, I think," she said.

"I'll see if I can get you those chickens," he said.

She turned and faced him, standing beside her in the moonlit road, in all the noises of the tropic night. "Look, Joe," she said, "we don't want meat if it's going to mean trouble. It was grand of you to get that soap for us, but you did take a fearful risk pinching that chap's boots."

"Don't worry about me," he said. "I'll try and get the chickens, but if I find things getting hot I'll give it away. I won't go sticking out my neck."

"You'll promise that?" she asked.

"Don't worry about me," he said again. "You've got enough troubles on your own plate." He put out his hand as if to take her own, and then dropped it again. "Good-night, Mrs. Boong," he said.

She laughed. "I'll crack you with



"I find if you don't look at it, it swallows easier."

a coconut if you say Mrs. Boong again. Good-night, Joe."

"Good-night."

They did not see him next morning though they heard the trucks go off. They rested that day at Berkapor, as was their custom, and the next day they marched on to Pohoi. The two trucks driven by Harman and Leggatt passed them on the road about midday going up empty to Jerantut; each driver waved to the women as they passed, and they waved back.

The Japanese guards seated beside the drivers scowled a little. No chickens dropped from the trucks and the trucks did not stop; in one way Jean was rather relieved.

She knew something of the temper of these men by now, and she knew very well that they would stop at nothing, would be deterred by no risk, to get what they considered to be helpful for the women. No chickens meant no trouble, and she marched on for the rest of the day with an easy mind.

That evening, in the house that they had been put into at Pohoi, a little Malay boy came to Jean with a green canvas sack; he said that he had been sent by a Chinaman in Gambang. In the sack were five black cockerels, alive, with their feet tied. Poultry is usually transported in the East alive.

Their arrival put Jean in a difficulty, and she consulted with Mrs. Frith. It was impossible for them to kill, pluck, and cook five cockerels without drawing the attention of their guards to what was going on,

and the first thing that the guards would ask was, where had the cockerels come from?

If Jean had known the answer to that one herself it would have been easier to frame a lie. It would be possible, they thought, to say that they had bought them with money given to them by the Australians, but that was difficult if the sergeant wanted to know where they had bought them in Pohoi.

It was unfortunate that Pohoi was a somewhat unfriendly village; it had been genuinely difficult for the village to evacuate a house for the women, and it was not to be expected that they would get much co-operation from the villagers in any deceit.

Finally they decided to say that they had bought them with money given to them by the Australians, and that they had arranged at Berkapor for the poultry to be sent to them at Pohoi from a village called Limau, two or three miles off the road. It was a thin tale, and one that would not stand up to a great deal of investigation, but they saw no reason why any investigation should take place.

They decided regretfully that they would have to part with one of the five cockerels to their guards; the gift of a chicken would make the sergeant sweet and involve him in the affair, rendering any serious investigation unlikely. Accordingly, Jean took the sack and went to find the sergeant.

She bowed to him, to put him in a good temper.

"Gunso," she said, "good mishi to-night. We buy chickens." She opened the sack and showed him the fowls lying in the bottom. Then she reached down and pulled out one. "For you." She smiled at him with all the innocence that she could muster.

It was a great surprise to him. He had not known that they had so much money; they had never been able to buy anything but coconuts or bananas before, since he had been with them. "You buy?" he asked.

She nodded. "From Limau. Very good mishi for us all to-night."

"Where get money?" he inquired. Suspicion had not dawned, for they had never deceived him before; he was just curious.

For one fleeting moment Jean toyed with the idea of saying they had sold some jewellery, with a quick, intuitive feeling that it would be better not to mention the Australians. But she put the idea away; she must stick to the story that they had prepared and considered from all angles.

"Man prisoner give us money for children," she said. "They say we too thin. Now we have good mishi to-night, Japanese and prisoner also."

He put up two fingers. "Two."

"One, not two, gunso," she said.

"This is a present for you, because you have been kind and carried children, and allowed us to walk slowly. Five only, five."

She showed him the sack, and he counted them carefully. It was only then that she took note of the fact that the birds were rather unusually large for the East, and jet black all over. "One for you, four for us."

He let the sack fall, and nodded; then he smiled at her, tucked the cockerel under his arm, and walked off with it towards the kitchen where his meal was in preparation.

That day there was a considerable row in progress at Kuantan. The local commanding officer was a Captain Sugamo, later executed for atrocities by the Allied War Crimes Tribunal.

He lived in the house formerly occupied by the District Commissioner of Kuantan, and the District Commissioner had kept a fine little flock of about twenty black Leghorn fowls, specially imported from England.

Please turn to page 46

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WRITE TODAY - THEY COME BY RETURN

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HAIR-DO with a bang on top, a high side-parting, swept back and up from the sides into back-of-head softness, is the note from the hair-style division now. This design lends itself to a variety of combings.

FROM Tonio in Paris comes the word that longer hair permits a more feminine coiffure, and if the aim is maximum chic, soft shadow-waves and a chignon worn low on the nape of the neck is the way to secure it.

Raymond of Mayfair thinks hair will stay short though Paris is trying to lengthen it. He forecasts that hair lengths must become progressively shorter before becoming longer again, and favors upward sweeping lines softened with half-curly and flip-fringes.

Visiting celebrities tell us that most of New York's high stylists are now thumbs down on the ultra-short hair-do, and are giving growing locks a new twist with hair-pieces.

Hollywood is another school of thought to be reckoned with, in view of the important contributions it makes to the world of beauty.

Perc Westmore, who recently created Jane Wyman's "Hamlet" bob and Joan Crawford's individual short coiffure, backs up his style predictions for the season with several creations.

"Short hair will not only stay, but will be given another lease of life with the new upward movement," he says.

"Shadow waves and massed back frothiness will take hair up off the ears, leave the face exposed, with side and back movement always upward.

"Hair hanging over the ears is out. Don't mention it to me for at least one full year," he adds.

Hollywood's Westmore brothers

Hair swirls upward

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

● Women who follow new beauty trends will be interested in these hair-style predictions from overseas glamor centres.



A NEW THOUGHT in short coiffures, which has been christened the "Turner Trim" after Lana Turner, who models the afternoon version in this picture, has back softness achieved by brushing the hair upward.

are introducing several new hair-styles, including the "Coxcomb," the "Flirtation Bang," the "Boulevard," the "Turner Trim," and "Baby's Head."

For the "Coxcomb" the hair is cut to an over-all length of four inches.

Hair over the temples and along the forehead hairline is shadow-waved back and upward, while the back hair is set in pincurls and combed out to suit individual liking.

Proving that the hair-do with a fringe on top is still la mode, the "Flirtation Bang" is as amusing as the name.

From a low parting either on the left or right, the hair is brought forward, above and below the parting, and curved softly to comb into a circle bang which covers the temple and forehead lightly in a circular sweep upward.

The temple bang is kept even with the outer corner of the eyebrow. The rest of the hair is brushed upward into soft swirls.

(C)

SHADOW-WAVES, ears exposed, and the general feeling that short hair takes an upward line, are shown in this hair-style, which is adapted from the "Coxcomb" for Jean Hagen.

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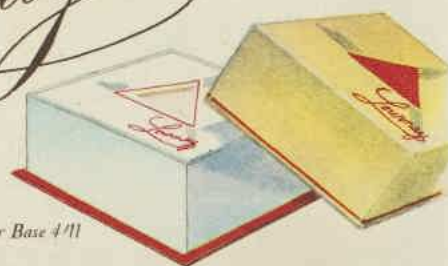
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Bare Your Shoulders



● Claire McCordell's beige "cotton georgette" dress featuring bare shoulders and high-tied kerchief neckline. Unpressed pleats are cinched by a belt of burlap and leather.



● Shadow-striped grey and white cotton broadcloth from the New York collections. Soft inverted skirt pleats flank a centre-zipped opening. Two bodice pockets are buttoned and the waist circled with red patent.

★ This summer, more than ever before, Australian women will be wearing cottons and baring their shoulders during our long summer season. Three of the dresses on this page are by American designers and two from French houses have been adapted to the American casual type of dress so dear to the Australian heart.



● Right, Nina Ricci's white linen afternoon frock features drawn thread work and deep plunge neckline. It is the perfect dress for high summer when the temperature soars.

● Left, Brown and white checked cotton daytime dress designed by Sam Friedlander to bare the shoulders with a cape-bolero zipped under the arms and across the back.

The Australian Women's Weekly, September 2, 1936
—Page 43



● Jacques Fath's not-quite-sleeveless white linen dress from Joseph Halper's collection has interesting black grosgrain trim.

Gary Anderson's Paris Notes



● The linen suit, above, can be interchangeable with the sports overblouse, which will also be worn with shorts, pedal pushers, or slacks, from Paquin, with the new length and the new slimness. Sweater is interchangeable, too.

● For formal wear—town, lunches, the races—a conservative suit in the new line will serve you well. The one at extreme left comes from Patou. It must be in good quality linen. It can be dressed up with black accessories and a touch of jewellery, or dressed down with sandals and a scarf for casual wear. It is smart either way.

● As an alternative to the suit have the pin-striped silk frock, at left, from Marcel Rochas, with the new dicky front and starched bow tie. Choose the casual coat in a good color that will go over anything. With long gloves and a tiny black or white hat it's very smart. With sporty accessories it's right, too.

FOR THE TEENAGER

WHAT to wear is a problem for young girls who have more experience of school uniforms than formal occasions. Plan so that you have something for every occasion. This wardrobe is not necessarily for one girl, there are alternatives for different types of figures.

● Have a variety of blouses for the evening, with a pencil-slim taffeta skirt, as at right, and for cocktails add the boxy coat, far right.



● For the petite or very slim is this organdie frock with organdie flowers stitched to bodice and hem.

● For this linen strapless frock and bolero from Dior you must be tall, slim.

● Lanvin's glamorous evening gown is suitable for any type with its full skirt, strapless top of black or red velvet, tiny cape.

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WHEN

Captain Sugamo woke up that morning, five of his twenty black Leghorns were missing, with a green sack that had once held the mail for the District Commissioner, and was now used to store grain for the fowls.

Captain Sugamo was a very angry man. He called the military police and set them to work; their suspicion fell at once upon the Australian truck drivers who had a record for petty larceny unsurpassed in that district. Moreover, they had considerable opportunities, because the nature of their work allowed them a great deal of freedom; trucks had to be serviced and refuelled, often in the hours of darkness when it was difficult to ascertain exactly where each man might be.

Their camp was searched for any sign of tell-tale feathers, or the sack, but nothing was discovered but a cache of tinned foods and cigarettes stolen from the quartermaster's store.

Captain Sugamo was not satisfied and he became more angry than ever.

He ordered a search of the entire town of Kuantan; on the following day every house was entered by troops working under the directions of the military police to look for signs of the black feathers or the green sack. It yielded no result.

Brooding over the insults levelled at his uniform, the captain ordered the barracks of the company of soldiers under his command to be searched. There was no result from that.

There remained one further avenue. Three of the trucks, driven by Australians, were up country on the road to or from Jerantut. Next day Sugamo despatched a light truck up the road manned by four men of his military police to search these trucks and to interrogate the drivers and the guards and anybody else who might have knowledge of the matter.

Between Pohoi and Elat they came upon a crowd of women and children walking down the road loaded with bundles. Ahead of them marched a Japanese sergeant with his rifle slung over one shoulder and a green sack over the other. The truck stopped, with a squeal of brakes.

For the next two hours Jean stuck to her story, that the Australian had given her money and she had bought the fowls from Limau. They put her through a sort of third degree there on the road, with an insistent reiteration of questions; when they felt that her attention was wandering, they slapped her face, kicked her shins, or stamped on her bare feet with army boots.

She stuck to it with desperate resolution, knowing that it was a rotten story, knowing that they disbelieved her, not knowing what else she could say.

At the end of that time a convoy of three trucks came down the road; the driver of the second one, Joe Harman, was recognised by the sergeant immediately, and brought before Jean at the point of the bayonet. The sergeant of the military police said, "Is this man?"

Jean said desperately, "I've been telling them about the money you gave me to buy the chickens with, Joe, but they won't believe me."

The military policeman said, "You steal chickens. Here is bag."

The ringer looked at the girl's bleeding face and feet.

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 40

"Leave her alone," he said angrily. "I stole those chickens and I gave them to her. So what?"

Darkness was closing down in my London sitting-room, the early darkness of a stormy afternoon. The rain still beat upon the window. The girl sat staring into the fire, immersed in her sad memories.

"They crucified him," she said quietly. "They took us all down to Kuantan and they nailed his hands to a tree and beat him to death. They kept us there and made us look on while they did it."

"My dear," I said. "I am so very sorry."

She raised her head. "It was one of those things that seem to happen in a war. It's a long time ago, now—nearly six years. And Captain Sugamo was hung—not for that, but for what he did upon the railway. It's all over and done with now, and nearly forgotten."

There was, of course, no women's camp in Kuantan, and Captain Sugamo was not the man to be bothered with a lot of women and children. The execution took place at midday at a tree that stood beside the recreation ground overlooking the tennis courts. Afterwards, Captain Sugamo had them paraded before him.

"You very bad people," he said. "No place here for you. I send you to Kota Bharu. You walk now."

They stumbled off without a word, in desperate hurry to get clear of that place of horror. The same sergeant that had escorted them from Gemas was sent with them, for he also was disgraced as having shared the chickens.

It was as a punishment that he was ordered to continue with them, because all prisoners are disgraceful and dishonourable creatures in the eyes of the Japanese, and to guard them and escort them is an insulting and a menial job fit only for the lowest type of man.

An honorable Japanese would kill himself rather than be taken prisoner. Perhaps to emphasise this point the private soldier was taken away, so that from Kuantan onwards the sergeant was their only guard.

So they took up their journey again. They left Kuantan about the middle of July. It is about two hundred miles from Kuantan to Kota Bharu; allowing for halts of several days for illness Jean anticipated it would take them two months at least to get there.

They got to Besaroh on the first day; this is a fishing village on the sea, with white coral sand and palm trees at the head of the beach. It is a very lovely place but they slept little, for most of the children were awake and crying in the night with memories of the horror they had seen.

They could not bear to stay so close to Kuantan and travelled on next day another short stage to Balok, another fishing village on another beach with more palm trees. Here they rested for a day.

Gradually they came to realise that they had entered a new land. The north-east coast of Malaya is a very

lovely country, and comparatively healthy. It is beautiful with rocky headlands and long, sweeping sandy beaches fringed with palm trees, and usually there is a fresh wind from the sea.

Moreover there is an abundance of fresh fish in all the villages. For the first time since they left Panong the women had sufficient protein with their rice, and their health began to show an improvement at once.

Most of them bathed in the warm sea at least once every day, and certain of the skin diseases that they suffered from began to heal with this salt water treatment, though not all.

They all improved, in fact, except the sergeant. The sergeant was suspicious of them now; he seldom carried a child or helped them in any way. He seemed to feel the reproaches that he had been given very much, and he had now no companion of his own race to talk to. He moped a great deal, sitting sullenly aloof from them.

By now the women were a very different party to the helpless people who had started off from Panong nearly six months before.

Death had ruthlessly eliminated the weakest members and reduced them to about half the original numbers, which made all problems of billeting and feeding in the villages far easier.

They were infinitely more experienced by that time, too. They had learned to use the native remedies for malaria and dysentery, to clothe themselves, and wash and sleep in the native manner.

The march of ten miles every other day was now no longer a great burden; in the intervening day they had more time for the children. Presently Mrs. Warner, who at one time had been an elementary school-mistress, started a class for the children, and school became a regular institution on their day of rest.

The final horror at Kuantan was a matter that they never spoke about at all, each fearing to recall it to the memory of the others, but each was secretly of the opinion that it had changed their luck.

With Mrs. Frith this impression struck much deeper. She was a devout little woman who said her prayers morning and evening with the greatest regularity.

It was Mrs. Frith who always knew when Sunday was: on that day she would read the Prayer Book and the Bible for an hour aloud to anyone who came to listen to her. It was their rest day she would hold this service at eleven o'clock as near as she could guess it.

Mrs. Frith sought for the hand of God in everything that happened to them. Brooding over their experiences with this in mind, she was struck by certain similarities. She had read repeatedly about one crucifixion; now there had been another.

The Australian, in her mind, had had the power of healing, because the medicines he brought had cured her dysentery and Johnnie Horsefall's ringworm. It was beyond all doubt that they had been blessed in every way since his death for them.

God had sent down His Son to earth in Palestine. What if He had done it again in Malaya?

Please turn to page 74

Interesting People



DOUGLAS ANNAND

... murals for new ship

PAINTING murals in restaurant-lounge of new Orient liner Oronsay has fallen to charming Australian designer Douglas Annand, of Killara (Sydney). Annand leaves for London this month with his wife and will spend six months there. One of Australia's top-line designers, Annand has two Sulman Prizes for murals (1941 and 1947). He was Art Director of Australian Pavilion at New York Fair in 1939 and at New Zealand Exhibition, 1940. Plans to paint unusual external murals on new home at Killara on return.



MISS ELEANOR WITCOMBE

... young playwright

WITH a record of three popular children's plays produced, 25-year-old Eleanor Witcombe has a great following among school-children. "Pirates at the Barn," "The Bushranger," and "Smugglers, Beware!" are set in different periods of Australian history. The first play, written for the Mosman Children's Theatre, deals with early whaling days in Mosman (Sydney). Miss Witcombe has been writing plays since she was seven, likes action, and says "fairies are only for adults."



DON LISLE

... youngest footballer

RUGGED young farmer, 20-year-old Don Lisle, of Walcha, N.S.W., is youngest player to be chosen to play Interstate Rugby Union for many years. Two years in Knox Grammar School First XV was sufficient experience to win his Interstate honors. A true sportsman, Don is also an ardent athlete. He says his mother likes the honor and glory his football brings but thinks the game is too rough. During the football season Don takes a job in Sydney and plays first grade with St. George Club.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



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every chance he gets. Underclothes to shooting jacket—he insists on Grippers. They're so efficient!



BETTY has them...
on lots of things... her tennis frock and, incidentally, her racquet cover, too. She thinks they're tops!



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TEENA

BY Linda Terry



ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Your progress should be good, and, although not a spectacular week, many little unexpected happenings tend to break the usual routine. September 1 and 4 are your luckiest days.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): The best day to trust your luck this week is on September 1. New enterprise, speculation, or affairs of the heart tend to take on interest, and you could easily have some unexpected gains that day.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Friday starts a good week to attend to matters regarding your home, family, property, or housing. Things tend to run smoothly and more efficiently with a change for good.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): A good week to take advantage of all new ideas and opportunities, also to improve surrounding conditions and be active mentally. You could take some short journey or in some way widen your horizon.

By WYNNE TURNER

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Business and financial affairs seem keener early this week. New resources could open up, and you will be wise to make the most of them quickly.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A feeling of renewed energy should help you to turn on your charm this week, also help you with some new and original ideas, particularly on Friday.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): A better week in which to meditate than to act. A certain amount of hindrance is about, and you should make your plans carefully. Patience will be rewarded.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Friends and associates can be quite interesting this week. September 1 could fulfil an old wish, and, for some, start a new romance. Your personal charm should help you.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Good luck may be around on August 31 and September 1, when you should have some excellent opportunities to help your career. Ambitions may be realised suddenly.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Restlessness and a desire for change could start things moving over the next three days. Push ahead with any travel plans, publishing, writing, government, or legal affairs.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): A slight uplift is possible before the week-end. Gifts, money gains, or investments could bring a surprise. Make a point of adjusting any outstanding debts.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): A good week to further your interests with partners or associates. Business relationships could result in mutual gain, while romance and marriage prospects are bright.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

As I Read the STARS

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 2, 1950

Page 49

From grey to

GAY

in a single day

An illustration of a man in a white shirt and green trousers standing on a wooden ladder, painting a wall with a roller. The wall is partially painted green and yellow. To the left is a window with a red and white striped awning and a green cabinet below it. On the floor, there is a can of Kem-Tone paint, a can of water, and some newspapers. A black sign with yellow and white text is in the foreground.

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ONE GALLON DOES AVERAGE ROOM

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, with lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Meet **TOR:** Ruler of Mechana, a city of machines, in which he is the only living person. He tells the trio how he watched a television screen

which showed them escaping from the land of Flora, ruled by lovely **DR. FLOREL:** Who, like all Florians, is an enemy of Mechana. Tor tells Mandrake that a million people once lived in his city, and machines were invented to do all work. **NOW READ ON:**



"WE HAD MACHINES THAT BATHED US, COMBED US, AND DRESSED US--WITHOUT OUR LIFTING A HAND!"



"WE FINALLY EVEN STOPPED WALKING, AND RARELY STOOD UP! THE MORE WONDERFUL OUR MACHINES BECAME, THE LAZIER WE GOT. THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF MY RACE!"



"SOMEHOW, I HATED THAT LIFE. I EXERCISED, I PLANTED MY OWN FOOD. PEOPLE LAUGHED, THOUGHT I WAS CRAZY. I'D HAVE BEEN PUNISHED AS A REBEL, BUT MY FATHER WAS RULER."



"ONE DAY, A YEAR AGO, I WENT OUT ON A HUNTING TRIP. ONLY TWO OF US WERE LEFT--THE RULER AND MYSELF. AND I COULDN'T STAND HIM."



"MACHINES THAT DREW NOURISHMENT OUT OF THE AIR AND GROUND--TRANSFORMED IT INTO LITTLE PILLS--WHICH WERE PROPELLED INTO OUR MOUTHS--WHERE THEY MELTED! WE DIDN'T HAVE TO CHEW OUR FOOD--MUCH LESS GROW IT."



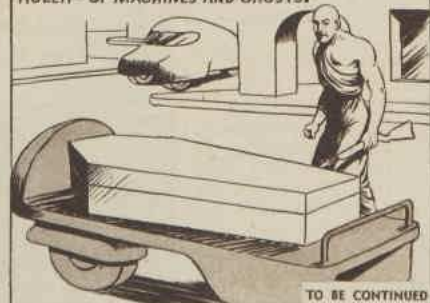
"OUR ENERGY AND AMBITION DIED. THE DEATH RATE WENT UP, BUT NO ONE CARED. LIFE WAS SO EASY."



"BY THE TIME I REACHED MANHOOD, THERE WAS ONLY A HANDFUL LEFT. MY FATHER HAD DIED. BUT BECAUSE OF MY QUEER NOTIONS, ANOTHER BECAME RULER."



"WHEN I RETURNED, I SAW A BURIAL MACHINE CARRYING AWAY THE LAST SURVIVOR. THE CITY WAS EMPTY--SAVE FOR THE BUSY MACHINES. NOW I WAS RULER--OF MACHINES AND GHOSTS."



TO BE CONTINUED

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Hollywood Stars

as seen by
PORTRAIT, CANDID
and
STUDIO CAMERAS

COMEDIAN Bob Hope clowns with director George Marshall on the set of "Fancy Pants," the Paramount film in which he co-stars with strawberry-blonde Lucille Ball.



HEDY LAMARR (above), playing her first Western role in Paramount's technicolor "Copper Canyon," is yet another languorous beauty temporarily to relinquish glamor for outdoor adventure. Ray Milland and Mona Freeman are in the cast.

JOSEPH COTTEN and Joan Fontaine (left) photographed on the set of "September Affair," the Hal Wallis production which was partly filmed on Italian locations.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR and Montgomery Clift are shown here in a scene from "A Place in the Sun" at the moment when billiards expert Clift shows how to hold a cue.



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BARBARA BRITTON (above) plays the part of Ronald Colman's sister in United Artists' wacky comedy "Champagne for Caesar," which is a topical take-off of radio quiz shows that hand out prizes freely to contestants. In the film Barbara is seen as an intellectual girl who finds romance with the M.C. of the show on which her brother appears.



MACDONALD CAREY and Gloria Winters in a scene from "The Dividing Line," a documentary-style film with a Mexican-American background, in which Carey plays a newspaper editor. Gail Russell co-stars in the role of a reporter.



ARLENE DAHL, M.G.M.'s fascinating young star, considers the part assigned to her in "Three Little Words" one of the most exciting in her film career. In this movie she appears with Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen, and Red Skelton, a trio of established screen favorites, and is teamed with robust laugh-maker Skelton in romantic moments.

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					1	2
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10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30



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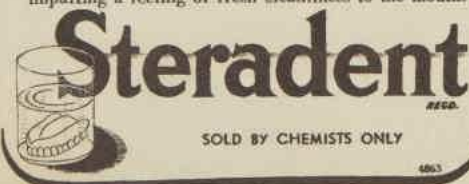
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1 POLICE recruit Andy Mitchell (Jimmy Hanley) strikes up friendship with old-time policeman P.C. George Dixon (Jack Warner) and wife. They invite him to become their lodger and Dixon takes Andy under his wing.



2 ARREST of Alf Lewis (F. Piper) on wife-beating charge leads to disclosure that Lewis' daughter Diana has run away and parents are worried.

THE BLUE LAMP



3 RECOGNISED by Andy Mitchell, Diana Lewis (Peggy Evans) refuses advice to go home. She is friendly with Tom and Spud, two crooks.

MICHAEL BALCON'S Ealing Studios production is the story of the uniformed policeman on the beat. P.C. Dixon is representative of all policemen throughout England, steady going, tolerant, unarmed, carrying out a multitude of duties.

"The Blue Lamp" shows what happens when a constable finds himself involved in a cinema hold-up, the film tracing the activities of Scotland Yard in bringing the culprit to justice.

Filming took place at several police stations, particularly at the Paddington Green station, and technical points were supervised by Inspector Leonard Pearcey, instructor at Peel House Training School.

Every detail in the script was passed before filming by Scotland Yard experts, who later confirmed the film's accuracy.



4 HOLD-UP of cinema is carried out by Tom (Dirk Bogarde). When confronted by Dixon, Tom shoots him.



5 INTERROGATION of child who finds revolver by Inspector Cherry (Bernard Lee) and Sergeant Roberts (Robert Fleming) is part of meticulous police search for Tom and Spud, who lie low.



6 SCOTLAND YARD intensifies hunt for men when P.C. Dixon dies of wounds. Valuable clue is old mackintosh identified by Alf Lewis as one lent to boy-friend of his daughter.



7 CHASE narrows after Tom attempts to kill Diana, now terrified. Crooks steal car, smash it up, and Tom continues flight on foot with Andy Mitchell coming ever nearer his quarry.



8 HUNTED through London streets, the old White City exhibition grounds, the Greyhound Racing stadium, and Underground, finally retribution catches up with the exhausted gunman.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 2, 1950

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PATSY BYRD IN ACTION

"Most days are sunny — but in bad weather I always have some Small's Club Chocolate handy when I take a class. During two hours or more of teaching the quick nourishment of Small's Club Chocolate is really needed."



"You need to travel light and quickly when you make a main range tour," says Patsy. "I never leave the Chalet without Small's Club Chocolate in my rucksack. And, on one-day trips, it's often the only thing to eat that I take along. It's more than enough to keep me skiing all day."



Small's make Great Chocolate

The Widow of Windsor— Irene Dunne

By cable from BILL STRUTTON
in London

Imagine walking down Whitehall in the sunshine, past the Cenotaph, in a London now at the height of the tourist season, when around the corner comes Queen Victoria.

THIS happened recently, and no doubt many visiting Australians saw it.

The Queen was wearing ermine robes, black gloves, and carrying a bouquet. She was accompanied by a Queen's Escort of fifty Household Cavalry, white-plumed, their breastplates flashing in the summer sun.

The clue lay over the other side of the Thames, near County Hall, where the streets were lined by men of the Coldstream Guards, in full dress. And there, in the middle of it all, was a film camera and a squad of characters garbed strangely enough to be identified as film-makers.

The Queen was Irene Dunne. Her transformation, for the purposes of 20th Century-Fox's "The Mudlark," into the round-cheeked, ageing Queen Victoria is one of those minor miracles of make-up which the backroom boys in filmdom perform daily.

On this film—since it's a period picture—there are piles of work for the make-up wizards to do.

The director has ordered mutton-chop whiskers all round, and the queues of extras waiting to be made-over into Victorian citizens stretch endlessly across the lot of Sound City.

Most of the make-up miracles are worked a little after dawn. The job has to be finished before filming starts.



A RECENT PORTRAIT of Irene Dunne, slim and gracious 46-year-old American actress, whose selection for the role of Britain's Queen Victoria brought forth a stream of criticism.

But if this queue is their steady chore, Irene Dunne is their Magnum Opus. Every morning, earlier than you or I are thinking of getting up, Irene arrives in a Rolls at Sound City for a comprehensive two-hour make-up session.

Irene's slim figure is then padded. She climbs into a black bustle dress, winds a rope of pearls round her neck, slips on a cameo on a velvet cord, frowns into the mirror—and sees Queen Victoria, or such a likeness as still surprises her, every day.

The make-up lasts just long enough for one day's filming.

This role is perhaps the most exacting of her long career, for the English are jealous of how their history is presented on the screen.

There has been much criticism that an American actress should be chosen to play a British Queen; not all of it has been fair. The actors' trade union here called it "ludicrous." But most of the argument seems a little narrow-minded. Nobody in Hollywood cares very much what English actors arrive there to play which parts in what American pictures; they are concerned more with their ability to act.

Shortly before she sailed for England, Irene met the former French Premier Paul Reynaud in New York.

"When I told him I was going over to England to play Queen Victoria, he nearly had a fit," she said. "He asked me, 'How can you? You are not a bit like her!'"

Irene was worried about her accent. Ever since her arrival she has been "talking English" to get into practice. That is, in between swotting up on her

historical research—biographies of the Queen, old records, fashion histories, Lytton Strachey's "Albert and Victoria."

She had a slice of luck in her search for detail before leaving Hollywood. "In Hollywood one day a little old lady came to see me who was once in Queen Victoria's household."

"She told me many interesting things about life in the Palace and the way Queen Victoria used to behave," Irene said.

"Although history gives few glimpses of it, she told me the Queen had a sense of humor, but kept it for her children."

"This is an aspect of her character I want to bring out in 'The Mudlark.'"

This makes Irene Dunne, in acting terms, Queen Victoria the Fourth. In 1936 Jenny Jugo played Queen Victoria in a German film called "Girlhood of a Queen."

In 1937 Pamela Stanley played the Queen on the West End stage. Anna Neagle was Queen Victoria in "Sixty Glorious Years" and "Victoria Regina."

Till she is joined by her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, a dentist, and their daughter, Mary Frances, Irene is a solitary inhabitant of one of the largest and most luxurious apartments in Claridges.

Her husband and daughter are the strongest critics of her accent, which she practised on them on the way over, and on a tour of the Continent they made before Irene was due to film.

Her technical advisers have told Irene: "You should speak English with a slight German accent to imitate the Queen's speech accurately."

And she says, "After all, it shouldn't be so hard. I achieved a Norwegian accent for a film once, and found afterwards that I just could not stop using it."

"I get carried away with the part I am playing."

"It's a question of concentration—but I know that Queen Victoria would turn in her grave if I portrayed her with an American accent."

"I am fascinated by the character of Queen Victoria as I have come upon it, piece by piece, in my research on the part."

"I'm so glad that the criticism of my selection has died down. I look upon this part as one of the most important roles of my career."

QUEEN VICTORIA to the life, but inside the make-up is American film favorite Irene Dunne, who plays the British monarch in "The Mudlark."



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dressy long-wearing
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French girls invade Hollywood

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

● The captivating manner of mademoiselle from Paris has won her a new place in the post-war movie world in Hollywood as well as in London and Rome.



THIS LOVELY GIRL is Anne Vernon — pronounced "Vair-noh" — one is reminded in a French-conscious Hollywood. She is a budding star for Universal Studios.

ELEGANT Micheline Prelle (right) was changed into a stinky beauty for Hollywood cameras. This is how she appears — glamorous, seductive, and sultry — in one of her films.

MOST recent addition to Hollywood's French colony is Leslie Caron, of the Ballet De Champs Elysees, 18-year-old ballerina from Paris, who co-stars with Gene Kelly in a big musical named "An American in Paris."

Gene Kelly happened to see her when in France last spring looking for an actress to play in the film. His search ended when Leslie Caron underwent a dramatic test, which was flown across the Atlantic to Hollywood.

In a darkened projection-room deep inside M.G.M.'s fortress-like studio city the moguls smiled and applauded Kelly's discovery, and Leslie was brought to Hollywood with her mother within six weeks.

The shapely figure of Gaby Andre set Hollywood a-flutter last winter, and although she has been absent for several months her name, face, and figure are still prime topics of conversation here.

Gaby, a star in her own country before coming to Hollywood, left after appearing in one picture, observing, "It seems I spent more time posing in a bathing-suit than I did acting." Which may or may not be a tribute to the green-eyed girl who arrived in the U.S. the war bride of an American Army colonel named Eli Smith and was labelled "the most beautiful G.I. wife."

A member of Hollywood's French colony who remained but briefly is 19-year-old Cecile Aubry, protégée of the renowned French director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, who was selected without so much as a screen-test for the role of Tyrone Power's leading lady in the three and a half million dollar technicolor film, "The

Black Rose," which is shortly to be released in Australia.

A mild panic broke out when a slender blonde named Anne Vernon arrived in Hollywood last spring for a film career and proclaimed herself a modest Parisienne shocked by the way Hollywood "has gone crazy over legs."

Anne refused to pose in bathing-suit, slit gowns, or low-cut dresses, but Hollywood perceived that the young actress had real glamor. She also appears to have a bright future in spite of a lack of pin-up pictures.

Then there are four other Gallic ladies who might be credited with setting off the furore over the French type of beauty.

Micheline Prelle first set American critics a-dither with her provocative performance in the prize-winning French production, "Devil in the Flesh," back in 1948, and the year after she was named best actress in French filmdom.

Micheline is 28, brown-haired, blue-eyed, shapely, and married to an American producer, William Marshall. She has appeared in two Hollywood films.

She was preceded by a smouldering, dark-eyed beauty who sent in-

terest soaring with her performance opposite Burt Lancaster in "Rope of Sand," a desert melodrama. Corinne Calvet was the name, and femme fatale the appropriate title conferred on her smooth shoulders.

Since her debut in 1948 Corinne has appeared in three other films, is the wife of American actor John Bromfield.

Last year a great deal of attention was focused on a buxom young French girl named Denise Darcel, a voluptuous blonde who jumped from obscurity into the lone female starring role in "Battleground," with Van Johnson and John Hodiak.

The glitter of Hollywood palled, however, and because Denise wanted to sing more than she acted, she abandoned the film capital for record successes on the American night-club circuit.

A war refugee is Paris-born Suzanne Dalbert, the slender young brunette who appeared impressively in two Hollywood productions. First she portrayed a tragedy-stricken schoolgirl with Loretta Young in "The Accused" of two years ago, and more recently appeared in the Warners war epic, "Breakthrough."

PETITE Leslie Caron and her American-born mother arrive in Hollywood for the young ballerina to star in "An American in Paris."

DARK-EYED Suzanne Dalbert made an impressive debut with her appearance opposite Loretta Young in a crime thriller.

SHAPELY Corinne Calvet has had four starring roles in Hollywood, and is credited with more oomph than most local belles can muster.



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When you need First Aid fast for the pains of a headache, take Alka-Seltzer. Its bubbling, effervescent action helps Alka-Seltzer's pain-relieving agent to go to work fast. Not a laxative—you can take Alka-Seltzer at ANY time. Drop one of two tablets in a glass of water. Watch it fizz and dissolve into a sparkling, pleasant-tasting drink.

GENUINE IMPORTED
Boxes of
12 & 30 tablets
At all Chemists
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Alka-Seltzer

ENTER THE RINSO/LIFEBUOY

£6,000

Big Spring
Double

3
BIG FIRST PRIZES

OF A 12 H.P.
VAUXHALL SEDAN



See how the prizes double up!

- 3 VAUXHALL 12 H.P. SEDANS
- 6 MALVERN STAR REFRIGERATORS
- 12 SIMPSON WASHING MACHINES
- 24 HOTPOINT VACUUM CLEANERS
- 48 SUNBEAM MIXMASTERS
- 96 HAWKINS PRESSURE COOKERS
- 192 HOTPOINT ELECTRIC IRONS

381
prizes
in all

GET FREE ENTRY FORM
FROM YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE

Free entry - easy to win

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

1. Get a free entry form from your usual chemist or store. It contains the rules which govern this contest . . . but you have, in this advertisement, all the information you need to get started.
2. Study the six facts about Rinso listed below and ask yourself which fact appeals to you most. Put the figure 1 in the square beside it. Place the figure 2 against the fact which appeals to you next, and so on, down the whole list of Rinso points until you have placed them all in what you consider their correct order of importance from 1 to 6. Then do exactly the same for the facts about Lifebuoy, putting them in what you consider their correct order of importance from 1 to 6.
3. Complete the sentence about Lifebuoy using no more than an additional 12 words.

DO NOT SEND IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT but use the official entry form, obtainable from your chemist or store, and post to "Rinso/Lifebuoy Spring Double Contest," Box 4984, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE RINSO FORM GUIDE

- ☐ Rinso saves work in the kitchen as well as in the laundry.
- ☐ Rinso has magic in its thicker, richer suds.
- ☐ Rinso is used by more women than any other washday soap in the world.
- ☐ Rinso gets greasy dishes sparkling in a jiffy.
- ☐ Rinso washes whiter and brighter than brand new.
- ☐ Rinso is best for everything.

THE LIFEBUOY FORM GUIDE

- ☐ Lifebuoy's rich, creamy lather contains a special health ingredient.
- ☐ Lifebuoy protects kiddies from the dangers in dirt.
- ☐ Lifebuoy has a new, refreshing fragrance.
- ☐ Lifebuoy stops "B.O." before it starts.
- ☐ Lifebuoy helps you make friends.
- ☐ Lifebuoy gives all-over protection that lasts all day.

I always use New Refined Lifebuoy because

(complete this sentence in no more than 12 words.)

*Contest closes
Oct. 19th. 1950*



CORRECT ORDER OF PLACING
AND MAJOR PRIZEWINNERS
WILL BE ANNOUNCED
ON AUSTRALIA'S
AMATEUR HOUR
NOVEMBER 16TH

Hear This Woman! ★

By . . .

BEN and ANN
PINCHOT

ILLUSTRATED BY FISCHER

AFTER the failure of her marriage to MARK HOLMES, FAITH throws herself passionately into the cause of women's freedom. Working for HOMER SWEET, she launches a vigorous campaign, as a result of which CHRISTINE, wife of oil magnate ERIC OSTBERGH, is elected to Congress.

Ostbergh chooses Faith as the speaker in a big weekly broadcast sponsored by one of his biggest companies, International Petroleum. Others in her life include VREST MACKLIN, outspoken editor of "The Observer"; CORRIGAN, sardonic newspaperman; MRS. LATHAM, wealthy owner of the Latham Flour Mills, whose son PHILLIP, killed in a plane accident, had been in love with Faith.

In loneliness, Faith marries easy-going HARVEY JESSUP, advertising agent, but as war draws closer, they quarrel over his isolationist attitude.

Now read on—

PART 4

IN August, Harvey Jessup was working feverishly to stir up new accounts. Business was sluggish. The ten-year non-aggression pact between Russia and Germany had knocked the wind out of everyone, and there was even greater confusion as all eyes turned to Europe.

During the week, he sat in on two important and secret meetings with Eric Ostbergh and Homer Sweet. Only one other man was present, a Mr. Emerby from Detroit, who spoke vehemently and as great length on the sorry state of the union.

Harvey brought Mr. Emerby home to dinner. And during the entire meal, the guest accentuated his hearty appetite with a monologue on neutrality, isolationism, and the absolute necessity of keeping America out of the impending war.

To Faith, his blank, guileless face was an evil deception. Only with the greatest difficulty did she refrain from speaking her mind.

When he finally left, she took a deep breath. "Hank, where in the world did you pick up that mongrel?"

He flushed. "That mongrel, as you call him, is one of Black's most trusted men."

"You mean the head of the American Isolationist movement? What's he doing here?"

"Making contacts," evasively.

"Hank, you aren't going overboard for those crackpots?"

He managed to smile. He put his arm around her, and said cajolingly, "Darling, I'm not going overboard for anything or anybody. And I hope you won't, either. We mustn't get involved in something so distant it doesn't even exist for us."

She stared at him in faint surprise. She couldn't stay angry with a man whose soul was reflected in the slogans he created and

the products he advertised. She could neither quarrel with him nor reason with him, for she saw him as he was, a man happily bound by his own narrow limitations, a man whose God and goal were success.

The first of the new series of concerts sponsored by International Petroleum was scheduled for Sunday, September 3.

On Friday, Faith was working in her library, putting the finishing touches to her talk, when she heard the announcement over the air that Hitler had marched into Poland.

She dropped her pen and sat there, momentarily stunned. The strident gong of the telephone aroused her.

Hank was calling, his voice crisp and urgent. "Faith, get some things packed. We're driving out to Twilight Hill immediately. Ostbergh just called me. Homer's coming, too. Your speech is out. We'll have to draft a new one!"

After he hung up, she wondered curiously why the revision of her talk should entail a trip to Twilight Hill.

She found no other guests at the Ostbergh place this week-end. A cloud of secrecy enveloped the three men as they gathered in the library. Faith was not called in for the first conference, but Saturday afternoon both she and Christine were summoned to the room.

"Christine," Hank said bluntly, "how do the men on the Hill feel?"

Christine gazed into her highball as if it were a crystal globe. "I don't believe Congress will ever give the President all the powers he demands."

"That's our answer," Ostbergh declared.

"The Neutrality Act."

Please turn to page 62

Faith stood at the microphone, uncertain and hesitant. "I'm betraying my own convictions," she thought.



101 uses —



☆ Use as a handkerchief

☆ Gentle on babies' soft skin



☆ For removing cosmetics

ANDREX

Cleansing Tissues

In the handy dispenser carton from all Chemists and leading Department Stores



SEE HOW IT RUNS!
PLAIN OR IODISED



After your shampoo
AMAMI WAVE SET
for Waves and Curls

Friday night is AMAMI night

—the night for your regular Amami shampoo. Your hair will then be radiant with the lovely qualities of youth — without the tiniest suspicion of the hard brittle sheen which comes of using the wrong shampoo. For 26 years — think of it, nearly 1,400 Amami Nights! — beautiful women all over the world have been regularly using Amami Shampoos. Here is proof that Amami does not rob the scalp of its precious natural hair foods but keeps it clean and healthy... the hair softly shining, perfectly behaved.

Amami No. 1 for Brunettes, No. 5 for Blondes

AMAMI Shampoos

For full fitness...

"What am I supposed to be doing? Why, getting two of the three ingredients for health and happiness — fresh air and correct exercise. The third...? I had that at breakfast — so had George my husband and the children — so I hope did you. We had our protein, vitamins and minerals all at once... Complicated? Not at all — we take Bemax at breakfast just as many of the world's finest athletes do."

Take
BEMAX
many of the world's
finest athletes do.

From Chemists & Stores
Distributors: Fyson & Johnson Ltd., 38-40, Chalmers Street, Sydney.



Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 61

had arrived unexpectedly for the day, and they planned to have tea together. She packed her bag and went out to the car.

Hank kissed her on the cheek. "It's a good speech, darling. Put it over with a bang. Don't forget it's our bid against war!"

Seven-forty-five. Ushers were herding the stragglers into Studio X. Now every seat was taken. The doors closed silently. A strange restlessness pervaded the audience.

What was happening in Europe? How far had the invaders plunged into Poland?

Two minutes to eight. The conductor, a small tense Spaniard who had fled his country when Franco came into power, marched out with a quick, mincing step. He lifted his baton, and the first gay notes of the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" lifted over the air.

Seated in the wing, Faith was not conscious of time. Her mind was in a turmoil, for she was back in the tiny restaurant, listening incredulously to Corrigan's terse revelation.

"This morning," he said, "I heard about a meeting that took place in a Park Avenue office last week. Two leading members of the American Isolationists were present—they're here to establish Eastern headquarters for their party—and three other men. Ostbergh, Homer Sweet, and your husband!"

"What about it?" she asked. "Personally, I dislike those American Isolationists intensely; Hank and I have quarrelled about them. But they're entitled to their opinions. I fail to see why a meeting of theirs should be considered such a flagrant..."

"Don't be a fool!" he interrupted angrily. "Those men are doing their utmost to tie the hands of our Government. And to mislead the honest, well-meaning Americans who have been fooled by them. Faith, you know Ostbergh! Why do you think he's a prime mover and contributor to this movement? For love of humanity? No! Selling oil—that's all he's interested in!"

"He's all out to keep America neutral—so he can sell oil to the aggressors through his subsidiary companies in Argentina. Now, do you understand why he wanted his wife in Congress? When the Neutrality Act comes up for revision, she'll fight against it." He paused.

"At this meeting, Ostbergh put up the dough for a prodigious publicity job. Before you know it, thousands will be picketing the White House, millions will be petitioning their congressmen to keep the U.S. out of war. You know what a job Homer will do!"

"Corrigan, what proof have you?" "You met a couple of my pals in Washington," he said significantly, taking a paper out of his billfold, and handing it to her.

It was a photostatic copy of a cancelled cheque.

"Pay to the order of Hans Emerby fifty thousand dollars," she read. "It's signed by Eric Ostbergh. Why, Corrigan, Emerby's the man Hank brought home to dinner!"

Corrigan lit a cigarette. His face was sombre and intense. "I'm not working for Homer any longer. My resignation's in the mail."

And, his eyes demanded, what are you going to do about this?

The men in black were no longer playing gay melodies above the dirge of a world on the brink of disaster. The announcer turned to her. "And now, our intermission speaker, Miss Faith Holmes."

She stood up, and approached the microphone in a slow measured tread. Her fingers were gripping

the typed script. The announcer stared at her, puzzled, his brows raised, signalling, for heaven's sake, snap out of it!

And she heard a voice, it must be her voice, saying:

"It is September third in the Year of Our Lord, 1939.

"In Europe, once again, the hands of Mars are steeped in blood.

"In our own land, we stand at the crossroads, uncertain, bewildered. We still have blessed peace, and it is our duty to guard that peace."

What am I doing? she thought, standing there uncertain and hesitant. I'm betraying my own convictions.

"We must heed the warning of our first President, who advised us, 'To keep the United States free from political connections with every other country, to see them independent of all and under the influence of none.'"

"We must hold fast to the words of Thomas Jefferson, who said, 'I deem it fundamental for the United States never to take active part in the quarrels of Europe.'"

She was looking at the audience, and she spied Corrigan in an aisle seat. Her voice died. Her eyes stared at the printed words, but her lips would not function.

But abruptly the paralysis lifted. She started again, and this time the very impetus of her emotion lent a dynamic fervor to her tone:

"Ladies and gentlemen, America is not at the crossroads!

"As a nation passionately devoted to fair play, we have only one choice: to align ourselves on the side of Right and Justice!"

Her impulsive words were not part of the speech. She hurried on:

"There are groups in our land, motivated by greed, selfishness, hypocrisy, who are trying their best to blind us!"

"But we must not be blind—"

The announcer rushed to pull the microphone away. But she was already cut off the air.

At Twilight Hill they finished a buffet supper and were sitting by the radio. The butler brought in a pot of fresh coffee, and Christine refilled the large Spode cups.

The antique clock over the fireplace chimed eight. The announcer came on the air. Presently Faith's voice came:

"In our own land, we stand at the crossroads..."

Hank thought, What the devil's the matter with her? She sounds like a school kid giving a recitation. He saw Ostbergh glowering, and he tried to signal. It's nothing, she'll warm up.

She's warmed up, all right, he thought the next minute, horrified. But what was she saying?

"... America is not at the crossroads!"

"As a nation passionately devoted to fair play..."

Eric Ostbergh's face was suddenly distorted with fury.

"Of all the insolent, impudent creatures!" Homer struggled from his chair to get to the radio.

"What's wrong with the control room?" Hank Jessup shouted.

"Why hasn't she been cut off?" The radio went dead.

Twenty seconds of silence, eternity, during which they were rooted in their places, like wax figures. Then the music broke the spell.

Eric Ostbergh gripped the telephone.

"Get me the broadcasting station," he ordered...

Corrigan sat on the hard seat in Studio X and felt he was on a cloud. He had made no mistake. That fool marriage hadn't ruined Faith, as he had originally feared. He couldn't wait to tell her how proud he was...

Please turn to page 63

TOP OF HIS CLASS!



GRAHAM ELITH of St. Leonards, N.S.W., is top of his class in English and Maths. —and is a star cricketer and footballer, too! Graham's mother told us: "Graham's health has never given me a moment's worry ever since his first birthday. Vegemite has been a constant part of his diet—and one of his favourite foods, too." Vegemite is the delicious yeast extract that's nearly three times richer in Vitamin B₁ than other similar extracts! Rich in niacin too, and contains no starch, no wonder Vegemite is so important in kiddies' diets.

V97

ARE YOU SLOWLY POISONING YOURSELF?

Remove the Cause

WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanness their slogan.

Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autoxims—from the words auto (self), toxin (poison)—by inducing better internal cleanness.

Coloseptic is the product of intensive research to find a remedy which would combat constipation at its source, the colon.

A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

COLOSEPTIC FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNES

At all chemists and stores.

423

SUCCESSFUL CAREERS

The ONLY way to achieve Success is to work for it. STOTT'S can train you in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Here are a few of more than 300 STOTT Modern Home-Study Courses.

Accountancy	Handwriting
Bookkeeping (Pencil)	Commercial Art
Station, M'entails	Drawing, Sketching
Story writing	Nurses' Entrance
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Shorthand	Designing
Typed Writing	Backward Adults
Salesmanship	Motor Mechanics
General Education	Radio (Amateur)
English, Arithmetic	Diesel Engine
Dairy Farming	Electrical Engng.
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Teachers', Graders'	Shoe Clerks
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Stott's Correspondence College

100 Rutland St., Melbourne 148 Chalmers St., Sydney 280 Adelaide St., Brisbane 21 Grenfell St., Adelaide 24 Murray St., Perth.

MAIL THIS COUPON—CUT HERE

TO STOTT'S (see list of addresses): I should like details of your courses in:

Please send full particulars, free and without obligation.

MY NAME

ADDRESS

I.A.W.W. 1939 AMP

THE

switchboard of the broadcasting station was jammed with outside calls. What had happened? Why had Faith Holmes been cut off the air? Why had she suddenly changed sides in the middle of her speech? Had she stumbled on some information she wasn't supposed to reveal? And who were the people she was trying to denounce?

City editors snapped, "Get hold of Mrs. Harvey Jessup. Get a statement."

Radio managers mopped their brows. What a horrible precedent!

Telegrams were pouring in for Faith, from hotbeds, crackpots, admirers. The American Isolationists threatened to boycott the station.

During the autumn and winter Mark Holmes never went out to dinner Sunday night. For at eight o'clock, he awaited his weekly meeting with Faith. To-night, he was disturbed. She isn't herself, he thought. Something's happened.

Unexpectedly, then, her voice came alive, grew urgent, pleading. He leaned forward, mesmerised, to catch every word.

"There are groups in our land, motivated by greed, selfishness, hypocrisy . . ."

"Yes, that was Faith; those were her words!"

"But we must not be blind!"

The radio went dead.

He whispered tenderly, "Finish your sentence, Faith."

Hank Jessup was fuming with rage, facing Faith in the brightly lit drawing-room.

"Have you any idea what you've done to me?" he burst out.

She said nothing. Her passive silence drove him to greater fury.

"Ostbergh's ripping mad! Have you no idea how dangerous a man he is when crossed? Your mad act will be my ruin. You're nothing but a publicity-crazed woman!"

She regarded him with acute distaste, as if he were an objectionable stranger. Aloud she said carefully, "Hank, I was a gullible fool too long. But now I have the facts. Ostbergh is underwriting the American Isolationist party. And you've been tied up with him."

"What affair is it of yours?"

"It's every decent citizen's affair."

"And who set you up as a crusader?" he demanded in disgust. "You were paid to do a job. Well paid. Instead, you knifed your sponsor in the back. And ruined your husband. Even Peggy wouldn't have done that!"

Still he could not rouse her.

"Hank," she said quietly, "I don't want you to be hurt because of me. I had to say what I did—and I make apologies to no one! However, I do think your behaviour is ridiculous. Worse than that, it's blind and stupid. Still, I'll take the full responsibility for my deed."

"Little good it'll do. I've already lost the Ostbergh account—thanks to you. And it probably won't be the last."

It had been a short marriage, and for the past six months a miserable

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 62

one. Clearly now she saw that her ties with Hank were only an escape. She couldn't possibly remain under the same roof with him. The sooner she got out, the better!

She went up to her room and packed hurriedly. Hank had gone out, his anger still blazing. She left a note for him, saying that she could not justifiably live with him any longer. By the time he returned at dawn, she had already registered at a residential hotel.

The incident of the Symphony Hour programme exploded into spectacular repercussions.

Faith was the subject of much gossip and speculation. Newspapers and magazines scheduled stories about her.

She turned down offers from two lecture bureaus and one theatrical producer, who wanted to capitalise on her sudden prominence.

Corrigan dropped in to see her. "You've sown some pretty sound ideas," he said.

She smiled ruefully. "And reaped quite a whirlwind."

"Sorry?"

She shook her head serenely.

Corrigan told her he had been offered a job in the Attorney-General's office. He had found a niche. But she was at loose ends.

At this time, Vrest Macklin wrote her, asking if she would lend her name and active support to the Committee for the Revision of the Neutrality Act.

"Unless we wish to see the end of our civilisation," he wrote, "we must throw in our lot with the Allies. We need volunteers, Faith, for this is a crusade in which women like you can be invaluable to us."

FAITH put all her energy into the new task. She travelled from one town to another, addressing women in auditoriums, clubs, and churches, pleading with them to resist the influence of the Isolationist movement, and to demand that Congress revise the Neutrality Act.

It was a task neither simple nor encouraging, for she was often heckled, denounced, and vilified. But many women heeded and did bombard their Congressmen. And early in November, the cash-and-carry plan, to aid the Allies, became a law.

It was shortly after that that Mrs. Latham arrived in New York for her annual visit. She was surprised at first to learn that Faith and Harvey Jessup had separated, then took the news in her stride with her customary calm, inviting Faith to lunch with her.

"What are your plans?" she asked Faith over lunch.

"I really don't know. I haven't thought about it."

"You started something with that denunciation over the radio," the older woman continued shrewdly. "Aren't you going to follow it up?"

"There's nothing I can do."

Nevertheless, despite her denial, a faint note of interest quickened her voice. "I'm convinced, however, that some action should be taken—immediately—to counteract the dangerous influence of men like Homer Sweet and Eric Ostbergh. If one could show up their evil intentions by broadcasting directly to the people . . ."

Mrs. Latham nodded.

"Radio is one of the most

powerful mediums in the world to-day," Faith went on. "If someone could address the listening audience . . ."

"Who better than you?" Mrs. Latham suggested slyly.

For a good many years, she had admired Faith extravagantly; not only because Phillip had loved her, but because she considered the young woman a counterpart of herself. She thought: Why shouldn't there be a spot in radio for Faith, so she could project her ideas to millions of listeners?

After all, in these days, it was most imperative to interpret and clarify for women the troubling events of the times.

That was how Mrs. Latham explained it to herself. Before the board of directors of the Latham Flour Mills, however, she pointed out realistically that Faith might possibly sell more flour than the soap operas.

A month later, Faith had her own programme.

It was a half-hour programme, which Faith filled wittily and adroitly with subjects pertinent to women's interests, and bringing to the microphone as her guests those men and women of national importance who spoke freely and informatively on current political events.

The highlight of each programme was a trenchant character sketch, either of a "Man of Good Will" or a "Man of Evil Intent." Here, without mincing words, Faith called names and named facts.

Some of those named, brought suit for libel against Faith Holmes and the Latham Flour Mills. The Mills were also bombarded with hundreds of letters demanding Faith's removal, and threatening a boycott against the Latham products. A vicious smear campaign was spread against Faith, the origins of which she immediately suspected. Homer Sweet, the Great Illuminator, did not easily forgive.

The board of directors wavered. But Mrs. Latham stood firm. Faith was in the right, and she was supporting her to the limit.

During these days, Corrigan often proved of inestimable help to Faith.

Then one day, he brought her the news that Christine Ostbergh meant to run for re-election.

"She'll make it," he said glumly. "The voters have been impressed by her much-publicised abilities. Thanks to the job you did, my dear."

Faith flushed. "I'm not very happy about that chapter in my life, Corrigan. I wish I could do something to make up for it."

"Quite possibly you can," he said, and gave her one of his rare smiles. When she went on the air the Friday before Election Day, Faith set off a bombshell.

She announced that Eric Ostbergh was chief backer of the infamous No-European Wars Committee, which had the tacit support of the Klan, the Bund and the Night Shirts. Then she described to her radio audience a photograph which had just come into her possession.

There were three men in the picture: the Argentine head of the International Petroleum subsidiary, a notorious Nazi official, and Eric Ostbergh, who was supplying the Nazis with oil.

"And it is Ostbergh's wife who is asking the constituents to return her to Congress, where she can carry out the malevolent bidding of her husband."

Then, with Corrigan's permission, she released the print to the Press. When the Democratic party returned to office, Christine Ostbergh was missing from the halls of Congress.

Vrest Macklin was shivering under his heavy robe. With an effort he pulled himself out of the chair and shuffled over to his desk.

"Mr. Macklin," the nurse protested, "the doctor ordered bed rest."

Please turn to page 64

"You're wonderful!"



Susan Hayward as she co-stars with Dana Andrews in the Samuel Goldwyn production "My Foolish Heart."

"I'm a Lux Girl" says SUSAN HAYWARD

"Daily active-lather facials bring quick new loveliness," says Susan Hayward. Tests by leading skin specialists support Susan's statement. They have proved that, with Lux Toilet Soap, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improve in a very short time.

"I love the big new bath size Lux Toilet Soap," adds Susan. Buy this economical new tablet tomorrow, and, every night take a luxurious beauty bath with the new bath size Lux Toilet Soap.



9 out of every 10 Film Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—Lux Girls are Lovelier



**It's Amazing!
It's Easy!
It SAVES
pounds!**

**GIL SEAL
CARPET
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**YOUR
CHEMISTS
ADVICE IS—
FREE**

**Wean Baby easily
with "NEVER SUCK"**

A drop of "Never Suck" on the bottle-test will check the dropper to suck. "Never Suck" is safe and hygienic.

2/6 at all chemists



How Much Do Women Know About Investments?

The answer is—considerably more than most men imagine. Last November, over 700 women invested in the Sydney County Council's Electricity Undertaking Loan. Now you have an opportunity to invest from £50 or upwards in multiples of that sum in a similar Loan which closes on 16th September, or earlier, if fully subscribed.

Interest is £3/5/- % per annum—appreciably better than bank interest, you'll notice—and can be paid into your savings or current account every six months.

WHY NOT THEN TRANSFER SOME OF THE MONEY IN YOUR BANK ACCOUNT TO THIS LOAN AND MAKE YOUR SAVINGS EARN A BIGGER DIVIDEND FOR YOU EACH YEAR? There is no question about the security offered—both principal and interest are fully protected by the income of Sydney's £31,000,000 electricity supply undertaking. Another advantage is that you can sell your holdings, should you so desire, at any time during the currency of the Loan.

There's nothing difficult about investing. Your nearest branch of the Commonwealth Bank has a prospectus and application form ready for you, or you can apply at the Council's Head Office, Queen Victoria Building, George Street, Sydney, or through any member of a recognised Stock Exchange.

Every Day Counts

Invest To-day in the

**Sydney County Council
Electricity Undertaking Loan**

Underwritten by J. B. Ware & Son, Members of The Stock Exchange of Melbourne.

BY21-24

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 63

VREST nodded impatiently. He took a deep breath and was instantly tortured by a coughing spasm.

"Mr. Macklin, if you please." The young nurse was annoyed as she led him back to his bed.

All this fuss about a cold, he grumbled.

"Where's my pipe?" he demanded. "You're not supposed to smoke, Mr. Macklin."

He remembered now where he had lost his pipe. Three nights ago, rowdies had broken into "The Observer" office. They had beaten the watchman and demolished the plant. On Vrest's overturned desk they left a hastily scrawled note:

"This is what happens to warmongers! Beware!"

The police summoned Vrest. As he knelt beside the interne who was working desperately over old Mike Halloran amid the frightful wreckage, he was sickened with despair. Not for the loss of material possessions, but for the wantonness, the wickedness, the sadistic cruelty of men who struck, like rats, under cover of darkness.

He lifted his weary head to the grey dawn, and he thought, why bother? Why keep on fighting? It's a losing battle.

A cold rain was falling. The interne stood up.

"How is he?" Vrest asked. The interne shrugged. "It's a bad head wound. And he's old."

Yes, Vrest mused when he finally returned to his rooms, wet and chilled. Mike is old, I am old, and it is no fight for the aged.

He was ready to quit. But the world wouldn't let him. There were

letters and messages from Great Falls, from Detroit, from Chicago, from New York, offering help, money, the use of presses. We're back of you, Vrest Macklin. The good fight must go on.

Mark Holmes came to see him. "I've arranged credit with the Lumberman's Bank, Vrest. There'll be ample to cover your needs. You must carry on!"

He was making tentative plans for publication that evening, when he collapsed with a high fever. He refused to stay in bed; but grudgingly he promised the doctor not to leave his rooms, which were, however, cleared of his staff and his friends.

As soon as she heard the news, Faith had wired him that she would come to St. Croix to be with him. He longed to see her, but he answered by asking her to remain where she was. He knew she was busy, fighting in her own way, and that was sufficient for him.

The following day he listened, as was his custom, to her broadcast. The profile of the Man of Good Will was a newspaper editor. She related the story of his life, picturing his unending battle against greed, bigotry, corruption.

She spoke admiringly of his refusal to sell out to a syndicate in the tough years. And how, at a time of life when most men retire, he girded himself for a new battle—only to be routed by the hired minions of his enemies, and the enemies of his country.

"But Vrest Macklin's valiant head is unbowed," she ended, "and it is our duty to give him courage. For what happened to him, can happen to us. Like the Nazi Storm Troopers who come in the dark of the night, they can destroy your home, your very way of life . . ."

AFTER Faith had finished, Vrest Macklin sat silent and brooding in his chair. He was too deeply moved to speak, and the nurse was tactfully silent. He picked up his pencil and pad and began writing. His face was damp and pallid. But he wrote on steadily, his hand as firm as his heart.

But he was writing for the last time. That night, Vrest Macklin died.

Tod sent Faith the copy of "The Observer" containing his last editorial. From the front page, his photograph, outlined in black, leaped out at her. My good friend, she thought. The mentor of my youth. Oh, Vrest, the world can ill afford to lose a man like you . . .

She read his final words.

"In Europe, the lights of civilisation are flickering, which is all the more reason why we, in the cradle of democracy, must keep our light eternal. For one day, the survivors of a ravaged Europe will sorely need this last beacon of hope."

Closing her eyes, she recalled another day, long ago, almost in another world, when she had returned to "The Observer" office, crushed and weeping, after the fire in Lewis Trout's plant.

"Vrest," she had sobbed wildly, "men have died needlessly! They never had a chance! Why should such things happen in a civilised world?"

And Vrest had said compassionately, "Open your eyes slowly, Faith. The birth of the spirit is every bit as agonising as the birth of the flesh. Open your eyes slowly so you won't be shocked by what they see."

Now she cried silently, "My eyes are open, Vrest. And they do see the danger that is imperiling the human spirit!"

Her task would be to carry on where Vrest had left off.

On that fateful day in December, the blow fell. And the misguided, who were the tools of the foes of democracy, were suddenly robbed of their most persuasive arguments.

Many of them repented, hastily donning the cloak of patriotism like sackcloth and ashes. Others scurried to their holes and then came out again, transformed into quasi-patriots. The foes of democracy are adept at changing their disguise.

During the first year of the war, Faith went off on an extended tour of the East and the South, selling War Bonds.

It was during this tour that she hit upon an idea for a new session, "Home Town," in which she would visit small towns, describing their typical features for the benefit of homesick boys abroad.

The broadcasts were a sensation. She was swamped with requests from the boys. The U.S.O. arranged her itinerary. She barnstormed through the country, all her tremendous energies focused on her work.

In March, 1944, the U.S.O. sent her to England. Here she would reverse the pattern, bringing news of the boys to their families in America.

After D-Day, she spent all her time in the English hospitals, moving from wards to rest camps, always maintaining her high spirits, kidding the boys and being mercilessly kidded in return. She was bringing them not only news of home, but the very essence of home. She was better for them than the pin-up girls.

The brass hats recognised her value as a morale builder, and fought for her services. And as more towns and villages were freed, Faith followed the liberators into Paris.

Mark Holmes arrived in Paris two days before Christmas. The Commission of which he was a member had spent a hectic fortnight in England, and planned to rest in Paris several days before flying to the Near East, and then back to Washington to report to the President.

The war years had churned up the American scene, bringing to the fore the gallant and durable character of the home front, the courage and endurance of the American fighting youth, and the resourcefulness and ingenuity of the supermen of production, who were turning out the planes, tanks and ammunition for the insatiable maw of war.

Mark was one of these brilliant young men. The Holmes-Griswold engine was being used by the Air Force; Wolverine Motors was expanded for wartime production, and Mark himself was requisitioned by the administration for his extraordinary talent in grating up production.

Like old Eben Holmes, Mark found self-expression in his work. After the break-up of his marriage he grew more reserved than ever before.

"Why don't you marry again?" Allan Griswold asked. "You've got so much to give a woman!"

Marry again? The very thought offended his sensibilities. For in his heart, Faith was still his wife; he was still dedicated steadfastly to their union. He had hoped that after Charlotte's death the inexplicable bond between mother and daughter—a bond which exerted such an evil influence on Faith—would be severed at last.

But when he met Faith at Mrs. Hussar's the day of her mother's funeral, he had been shocked by her behaviour. It was as if Charlotte's fanatic domination had reached out from the grave.

Nevertheless, the announcement of Faith's marriage to Harvey Jessup was a bitter blow. How could she have done it, he wondered wrathfully. Was she so insensitive?

After that, he told himself bluntly it was over, and he'd better learn to forget her once and for all time. He tried hard; yet despite his resolution he found himself drawn to the radio as to a magnet Sunday night. And when the announcer still introduced her as Faith Holmes, he told himself wryly that something of their marriage had remained with her.

Please turn to page 65

Did you PROTEX yourself this morning?



I ENJOY THE
CLEAN BUSHLAND TANG



PROTEX IS
MY CHOICE AS A
DEODORANT TOILET
SOAP



BOY-PROTEX MAKES
YOU FEEL GOOD

Stay as fresh as a breeze
with Protex, the deodorant
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bushland fragrance. Protex is
medicated to guard against
offending, and infection.



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5⁰

FAITH was unable to shake off a feeling of presentiment that enveloped her. She sat down at a desk, at the canteen that was her headquarters, and sorted her mail.

I've taken about all I can, she thought drearily. I'm tired.

Restlessly, she pushed the letters aside. She looked round the spacious room curiously, seeking a friendly familiar face. She hated being alone to-day; too many persistent memories nagged at her.

I must get out of here, she decided. She picked up her greatcoat as the big door opened, allowing a gust of wind to rush in. She turned her head, conscious of the cold air on her flushed cheeks. Then abruptly she grew rigid.

I'm more tired than I realised, she told herself wildly. I must be seeing things!

It couldn't be Mark coming towards her. It couldn't be—and yet it was!

"Mark," she whispered, still unbelieving. "Mark—what are you doing here?"

He reached her side, his hands outstretched, a warm smile on his sensitive lips.

"I had always hoped," he said, "that I would be the first to show you Paris."

Afterwards, they never remembered leaving the canteen, they never remembered where they walked, or the words of explanation he had spoken. They might have been strolling down Manistee Drive, the two of them, young, passionately in love, with the world ahead of them.

"Mark, how did you know I was at the canteen?" She was suddenly appalled by a new idea. "Was it by accident that we met?"

"It was not by accident, Faith."

Her emotions strained at the leash of self-control; for she saw that Providence was holding out to them

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 64

what it so seldom offered—a second chance.

They walked on, arms linked. They turned into the courtyard of an old stone house. Faith searched for her key.

The concierge greeted them civilly.

"Emilie," Faith said, "this is Monsieur Holmes."

The concierge looked after them, climbing the uncarpeted stairs. So Madame had a husband! One would not have thought it.

Faith awoke with a start. She opened her eyes slowly. The thin winter sun touched the frayed carpet with pale-gold fingers. Mark—where was Mark?

She saw him standing by the window in silhouette, his shoulders drooping, his dark fine head bowed.

She sat up, terrified. She had been dreaming of their last bitter quarrel.

She sat in her bed, in the chilly room on the Boulevard Raspail, twelve years and four thousand miles removed from that agonising scene in St. Croix. And she burst into tears.

"Faith!" Mark wheeled round. He came to her, and took her hands in his, seeking to reassure her.

The morning light revealed the gauntness of his narrow, sensitively modelled face, exposed the deep lines around his grey eyes. The old, proud, and stubborn air had been tempered by understanding. My darling, she thought, I've never loved you as I do now.

"Twelve years," she whispered, "twelve years out of our lives, never to be recaptured. Oh, Mark, all the days we have lost!"

"We'll make up for it," he promised. "The future will be doubly sweet now."

She turned her head away. "For the first time in my life, I know

pure happiness. I don't deserve it, Mark. I've been such a fool!"

"Please Faith. Recriminations are only for the very young."

"I know. But I can't forget how much harm I've done us. And there's no way to undo it!"

"You mustn't blame yourself, Faith. You must understand that in the early days you were the victim of too many inner conflicts."

"That's no excuse, darling."

No, she could not let herself off so easily. Her own restless spirit had been at fault. For she lacked the single-minded devotion that motivated Mark. She loved him, but she could not shut out the world. She had coveted both.

"Darling," she said sorrowfully, "I'm afraid my greatest fault is that I lacked the qualities that make for a good, devoted wife."

MARK shook his head. "But see how far those qualities have carried you, Faith. By your very own efforts, you've become a great woman—a public figure."

"That's no justification!" she denied passionately. "Because I was too stupid to understand that a woman's work must never conflict with her wifehood. That's where I was blind, darling. That's where I missed up!"

"I was to blame, too," he confessed. "I expected the impossible."

"Perhaps if we'd had another child," she said. "Oh, Mark, I let you down so badly!"

He took her into his arms and silenced her lips. What does the past matter, he thought exultantly, since we are together again at last, with so much to look forward to.

Later in the morning, Faith suggested they have coffee in her room. But Mark insisted on a hearty breakfast.

"You're much too thin. I don't think you eat enough."

"I haven't had much desire for food."

Nevertheless, she found herself eating heartily of the scrambled eggs and bacon, toast and coffee served them at the G.I. mess. When she had finished her second cup of coffee and Mark lit a cigarette for her, she sighed contentedly. This was like old times, only better. She'd never before possessed this rich capacity for happiness.

"Mark," she asked, "what's happened to 'The Observer'?"

"Vrest's heirs sold out to the Rentschler Syndicate."

"How awful! Vrest would have hated that! He'd been fighting Rentschler for years."

"The staff tried to buy it and keep it going on Vrest's principles. But the heirs—a couple of cousins from Ohio—sold out to the highest bidder. Unfortunately, I was in Washington at the time. I didn't hear about it until it was too late."

He added, "Rentschler put in Steve Pringle as editor."

"Oh, no! What a pity a man like Corrigan couldn't get the job!"

"Corrigan?"

She smiled. "He's a newspaper chap, a good friend of mine. In a way he's always reminded me of Vrest—and even of grandfather Holmes—except that he has so little faith in humanity. Or so he says. Actually, he's a cynic of high purpose, and I do hope you'll like him."

"If you like him," Mark said confidently, "I'm sure to."

He went on to tell her about St. Croix, the expansion of the plant, and his postwar plans. He spoke enthusiastically of Allan Griswold and Joyce, adding that they were the parents of three now.

SMILING, Mark

said, "Remember Junior? Joyce always babied him, but he finally broke away from her apron strings. He isn't a lump of dough any more, either. He's almost six feet and skinny as a rail. He towers over Allan, who hasn't gained a pound or grown an inch since you last saw him. The middle boy, Bob, can't make up his mind whom to take after—he's really like Joyce. But Eddie, the youngest, is Allan in miniature. And smart as they come!"

The affectionate gleam in his eyes sent a sharp pang through her. Mark should have had sons—he'd have made a fine father! I've deprived him of so much, she thought.

After breakfast he said he had to get back to the hotel for a meeting of the Commission.

"When will I see you then?" she asked.

"About two."

"Good. I'll wait at the canteen."

When he left, she prodded time to keep it moving. Fortunately, there were letters to be answered, notes to be elaborated, and as she worked, she tried to ignore the watch strapped to her narrow wrist. She was light-headed and giddy, and it took the most resolute self-control to keep from confiding in the girls at the canteen.

By the time Mark finally returned, she was sitting by the fire, outwardly composed, her eyes luminous, her lipstick bright. He helped her into her greatcoat, and as they got out of the building, she said soberly, "These two hours have been worse than a month of Sundays. I hate time when we're not together—and I'll hoard every precious moment when we are."

"We'll turn into misers," he promised cheerfully.

Please turn to page 66

At last I'm free to look after my little family —thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids



If you are suffering, this human story will interest you—

"The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment.

"Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful, wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on . . . for the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family. Many thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for my new happiness."



Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you are suffering, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and start a course of this famous treatment to-day.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

A large proportion of drugs and medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are greatly reduced. In order that Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream, the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help to drive out the poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Hot Flushes, Loss of Energy, Rheumatic Aches, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Lumbago and similar ailments.

Start a course to-day of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and let Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, that loss of energy, those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful vigour.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a tried and proven family treatment for the painful rheumatic ailments that cripple thousands of otherwise healthy people every year. You can get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids
6/6 and 3/6 Everywhere



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LOST in their happiness, Mark and Faith strolled past the Luxembourg Gardens on the Boulevard St. Michel.

They had aperitifs at his hotel, and dinner at a G.I. mess, a very festive dinner during which they reminisced endlessly about all the Christmases in St. Croix. Do you remember, Mark? Do you remember, Faith?

The festive mood still clung to them when they returned to her rooms, but it was rudely broken by the appearance of the concierge with an urgent message. M. Holmes was to call the Ritz immediately.

"Thank you," Mark said.

Faith grew pale. She waited nervously for his return.

"I'm sorry, Faith," he said.

"Must you leave now?" she asked haltingly.

"I've got to be at the airport by seven."

"Oh, Mark! All our plans..."

She had no recollection of their return to the hotel, nor of her efforts to help him pack. They were talking quickly now, a little incoherently, trying to crowd in all the things left unsaid.

"Faith, when will you be back in the States?"

"Soon, darling. I'm due for a rest. In a month, perhaps."

They had to say good-bye. They clung together. I mustn't cry, Faith thought. If I cry, Mark will feel worse.

"Don't lose heart," he begged. "It won't be for long. And as soon as you can get a divorce..."

The lobby was dim, deserted except for the men in Mark's party, who were moving towards the door.

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 65

"Well, Faith..."

"Darling!" she said huskily. And found herself inarticulate.

Two months later, Faith returned to the States. As the giant plane circled the field, and she caught a glimpse of the New York spires, she found herself trembling with excitement. She had been away a year. All she had seen, the sufferings of the fighting youth, the anguish of the subjected and uprooted, would remain in her heart forever.

She was besieged by reporters, smothered with invitations she could not accept, because in the short time before leaving for St. Croix she must see Hank Jessup.

It was not a meeting she anticipated with pleasure. Yet, as she was ushered into his office, and Hank greeted her with cautious civility, she thought, Perhaps it won't be as difficult as I anticipated...

"Hello, Hank."

"Hello," He stood up, handsome and self-possessed. "You're not looking well," he announced, not troubling to hide the cold satisfaction in his tone. His small round eyes measured the thinness of her figure, noted the unbecoming shadows under her cheekbones, the streaks of grey in her chestnut hair. You're old! his insolent stare shouted: You're old and finished. And no man will want you again!

"I am rather tired," she admitted casually.

His vindictive glee did not disturb her. She had no feeling at all about him. She could not believe that he had been part of her life.

"Hank," she said, "I'd rather tell you this myself than have you get it first from my attorney. We've been separated for five years. But we're still tied legally, which is a farce. So I feel a divorce..."

"A divorce?"

EYEING Faith shrewdly, Hank leaned back in his leather chair, outwardly relaxed, but alert inside, figuring out the angles. "Why so sudden?" he demanded.

Her cheeks colored and she appeared quite young again, young and vulnerable.

"I'm going back to Mark."

Immediately she realised that her candor was a mistake, a grave mistake. For now the bland indifference disappeared from his handsome, self-indulgent face. His mind was preparing to strike a bargain.

"I'm satisfied," he said suavely, "with conditions as they are."

"But I'm not, Hank! That's the reason I've been honest with you. I want to be free—and you should, too. We should have been divorced years ago."

"You walked out on me," he reminded her venomously. "I still have the letter you wrote to me that night. I'm the aggrieved party—and I'm certain that no court, hearing my story, will ever grant you freedom without my consent!"

He stood up, the bland mask stripped, the bitter resentment and malice he bore her revealed. Doubtless, he had been anticipating some moment like this, rehearsing it in his mind, hoping it would one day become reality. He was paying her back now—and he meant to make the most of his revenge.

"That's the way it stands, Faith. Far as I'm concerned, it'll never change. Never! That's the message you can take back to your Mark Holmes. You'll never get a divorce. I'll fight you tooth and nail!"

It was useless to plead further.

On the plane flying westward that night, she could not rest. What could she tell Mark? How could she tell him.

When she greeted him at the St.

Croix airport, Mark read the news in her benumbed manner, her trembling lips. He listened, head bowed, while she related the story of her meeting with Hank.

"I don't see how he can hold you—against your will," he said.

Mark, who had been too proud to hold her against her will; who had stood by, sick with despair and longing, yet refused by word or gesture to sway her decision.

"I deserve this," she whispered. "But why should you be made to suffer?"

Mark's lips set stubbornly. "We're not giving up. We'll get a good lawyer. Meanwhile," he added, "you need a rest, Faith. The most essential thing is your health."

"I'll perk up soon enough, darling. Just being with you."

She was home again, in St. Croix, among her friends, her father and Mrs. Hussar, but she found it was Mark and Mark alone who gave her days their rich and exquisite significance.

For Mark she allowed herself the luxury of sleeping later, of facials and hair treatments and new clothes. As she gained a little weight, her nerves relaxed, and her mood was cheerful and ebullient once more. She was still confident Hank could not keep her and Mark apart for long. They would find a way out!

She saw how richly Mark had fulfilled the great promise of his youth. Calmly but tenaciously, he had clung to his course, and now he was such a great success with his fellow men because he had always been true to himself.

She found time to read a good deal; to visit her father and Mrs. Hussar, who was confined to her bed. Tod was older, a little more stooped, but more spirited than she remembered him.

Of course, he was curious to know their plans, but with his customary tact, he refrained from questioning them. Mrs. Hussar, however, fretted.

"Why aren't they married again? What's holding them up?"

Neither Faith nor they mentioned her second husband.

Mrs. Hussar was not alone in her curiosity; the town was equally inquisitive. But Mark and Faith were impervious to all this. The sheer joy of being together again held them in a spell that conclusively shut out the prying world.

There was a tenor of richness and abundance in their companionship that had been absent in the earlier, ardent days. Time lost all meaning, daily life had no substance; only in each other did they find reality.

They came down to earth when Mark heard again from their lawyers, who were involved in long, drawn-out negotiations with Harvey Jessup. The news was discouraging. They were getting nowhere. Harvey was adamant.

Faith refused to face the gloomy facts. Harvey was the only obstacle to their happiness. Surely, in time, he would give in!

Since the Rentschler interests had brought Steve Pringle back to St. Croix, the new editor of "The Observer," the paper had rapidly deteriorated, taking on the typical Rentschler pattern at the expense of former individuality and policy.

A reporter from "The Observer" had sought an interview with Faith on her arrival, but she had refused to see him. So she was considerably surprised when, a month later, Steve Pringle himself came for a call.

He had visibly changed. The thick, wiry red hair had thinned to a few straggling locks plastered on the high bald dome. His former air of ribald good humor had given way to one of indulgent self-importance.

Please turn to page 67



Taste

these big whole almonds coated with rich milk chocolate!



They look different in their charming orange and black box—gay with almond blossom—and they are different—MacRobertson's Scotch Almonds.

Scorched Almonds



Taste

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The only chocolate block with these four creates—Strawberry Cream, Cream Caramel, Fruit Sundae and Turkish Delight.

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Taste

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As a greeting, Steve held out his arms with theatrical heartiness, and was not in the least abashed when Faith ignored them. "Say, you're still a mighty good-looking gal!" he said. "St. Croix has more reasons than one to be proud of its favorite daughter!"

"Relax, Steve. And don't try to sell me a bill of goods," she said tartly. "If I know you, this call is not merely for old times' sake."

"You're right, Faith." He brushed the ash from his cigar, which had smudged his grey worsted suit. "I'm here on business. The Rentschler Syndicate is offering you a year's contract for a column. Personal observations on the postwar world. We're prepared to offer you..."

"Never mind, Steve. I'm not interested."

"You kidding?"

"I'm not kidding."

"Got something else up your sleeve?"

"Nothing you'd be interested in."

"What about the old school spirit, honey?" His sandy brows lifted.

"After all, you owe plenty to the old paper."

"I'd hate to admit I once worked on that sheet," she said heatedly.

"You've managed to violate everything Vrest Macklin stood for."

He whistled mockingly. "My, aren't we getting high hat?"

Her eyes shone wickedly. "Your scandal sheet is doing the town irreparable harm! Why, the way you're trying to sell Mayor Breedon and his gang to the people..."

He finished his highball. "Get off the soapbox, Faith," he said deliberately. "It'll become you. And sometimes, it's rather dangerous."

"It becomes me as much as pandering to Rentschler becomes you. You should be thoroughly ashamed of yourself, Steve Pringle!"

"Okay, okay." But he was unable to resist a parting shot. "Some day, honey, you may be needing us."

"As long as I remember Vrest Macklin," she retorted, "I have no fear of that!"

After dinner that evening she told Mark of Pringle's visit.

"You're quite right," he said.

"Under Pringle, 'The Observer' has become the mouthpiece for Mayor Breedon, Lewis Trout, and the whole political machine. It's an outrage."

"Mark, I'm sure that even in the old days, Lewis Trout was tied up with Breedon. Do you remember how the explosion in his plant was hushed up?"

He nodded. "But it's been even worse during the war years. The town's filled with migratory workers who've never made as much money as they're making to-day. The red-light district's wide open. And the profits are lining the pockets of Breedon and his gang."

"What a pity Vrest's fight for clean politics came to nothing."

"Vrest is dead," Mark reminded her. "And Steve is hand-in-glove with the party in power. It's a Rentschler policy. The people complain taxes are too high, the town's finances are in a bad way—but they're too apathetic to make a move."

"There must be some way to wake them up!"

Mark shrugged. "It's hopeless."

She recalled his words, when, late in the summer, they were discussing the forthcoming September primaries for the nomination of mayor. The incumbent party was so confident of re-election that it was putting up the most perfunctory campaign. Mayor Breedon was running again, of course. The party was back of him. The powerful paper, "The Observer," was back of him. It was in the bag!

"Mark," she had repeated then, "surely there is some way to defeat Breedon!"

He snuffed out his cigarette with a gesture of frustration.

"Not a ghost of a chance. The party machine's got a stranglehold on our town. It's my fault, I guess. It's the fault of every one of us. We'll fight to death for a free

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 66

democracy abroad, but we won't lift a finger to preserve it at home!"

He finished unhappily. "A fine state of affairs the boys are coming home to..."

In August, Mark was asked to be on the committee to welcome home the first contingent of veterans returning from the European theatre of war. A huge public reception was scheduled. Mayor Breedon was vexed at including Mark, well aware of Mark's dislike and distrust of him, but Lewis Trout insisted.

"Holmes gives the committee dignity," he added cynically. "The town trusts him."

The reception was to take place on Saturday afternoon in Holmes Park.

The speakers included the Reverend Doctor Arnold, who would deliver the invocation, Major Andrew Scott, the brilliant young intelligence officer who was now back at his job at Wolverine Motors, two Bataan nurses on tour through the country, Faith Holmes, the beloved reporter of the G.I. and, of course, His Honor, the Mayor of St. Croix.

Mark asked Major Scott to lunch with him and Faith at the Lake Shore Grille before the ceremonies. And Faith found herself liking the neat personable young man with his long, earnest face, shrewd blue eyes, and affable manner.

From what Mark had told her, she knew the good manners hid a brilliant mind and an extraordinary talent for administration, which he used to great advantage as Mark's assistant at Wolverine.

"This speech has had me stymied," he confessed, as they drove to the park.

"What're you going to talk about?" Faith asked.

"Well, I thought I'd tell the folks of our experiences in Europe. How much those people have suffered at the hands of the dictators. And how lucky we are here in America." He helped Faith out of the car. "What do you suppose the Mayor will have to say?"

MARK was frowning. "If I know the old boy," he said, "he'll give us his customary biennial song and dance. What he's done for the town in the past. How much he'll be doing in the future. But he'll be mum about the vice on Grant Avenue, about high taxes and the corrupt police force."

"Isn't it about time something was done about the filthy local politics?" Scott demanded.

"It's a good old American custom, boss rule," Faith murmured. "The pattern keeps right on repeating itself. When I was young, I used to cry, 'Why isn't something done?' I actually bearded Lewis Trout in his office once. I was going to punish him singlehanded for his evil deeds. Well, look where he is now!"

"Nevertheless, I'm surprised you haven't stepped out this time. You've got so much influence."

"I've retired, Andrew Scott," she said with mock severity. "Henceforth, the only business I shall mind is my own!"

Mark grinned. "Don't let her kid you, Scotty! Faith's a born reformer. Of course, at the moment, she's been slapped round a bit, so she's licking her wounds, thank the Lord. But you can never be certain when she'll make her bow again."

Faith looked at him searchingly. She was suddenly uneasy. If there lingered in his mind any doubts, she meant to dispel them once and for all time.

"Never again," she promised resolutely, clinging to the vision of their small island, hers and Mark's, so far from the mainland. This time the tides would flow by, and never once endanger the foundation of their happiness.

The turnout for the reception in Holmes Park satisfied even Mayor

Breedon. The families of the returned veterans and of the boys still in service, and the town folk milled around the wooden platform.

When the invocation had been delivered, Lewis Trout strode to the microphone and greeted the assembly with brush familiarity.

"Folks, it's sure good to see you here. It's good to be here—on this red-letter day in the life of our community." He turned dramatically to the veterans. "Welcome home, fellas. It's sure good to have you back!"

The crowd cheered enthusiastically. "But words aren't enough," he continued smoothly. "We've got to show our gratitude to our sons in a more tangible form. To the victors belong the fruits of victory—education, jobs, housing—the best of everything is none too good for our heroes!"

He began the job of buttering the veterans. And then Mayor Breedon took over where he left off.

A calculated move, Faith saw, putting the pompous old windbag early on the programme, before the audience was worn out with boredom.

"We are humbled in your presence," the Mayor began in his most unctuous tones, "for we are fully aware of the glorious sacrifices you have made for our great country."

Sitting on the platform, Faith stirred impatiently. The glib meaningless phrases of a professional politician, angling for votes.

He rambled on, offering more and more promises. "There will be jobs for all, good jobs, plenty of jobs—veterans preferred."

Please turn to page 68

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IT was in his last sentence that the Mayor delivered his real message. "Nothing is too good for these boys! The current administration will see that they get the best. Then, in November, the boys and their families will have their opportunity to show their confidence in us!"

He sat down, breathing heavily as he mopped his ruddy face. The applause reverberated through the park, and Lewis Trout clasped his hands above his head with the air of a boxer who had just kayoed his opponent.

Faith noticed the angry lines in Mark's face. And she thought, The old windbag is a nuisance now. . . .

Then Lewis Trout held up his hand for silence, and introduced her. "You all know Faith Holmes. She was born here, she went to school here, she married here. Now she belongs to the nation, but she has come back to us—the same Faith!"

Only she and Mark caught the malice in his words. And as she arose to face the crowd, smiling and at ease, she made up her mind to return the barb.

"I should like to welcome home the young citizens of St. Croix, the vanguard of many more to come, in the name of Vest Macklin, the late, fearless editor of the paper that is still, unfortunately, known as 'The Observer.'"

"I am confident that Vest Macklin would have disagreed strongly with His Honor the Mayor, whose welcome smacks too much of a pre-election campaign."

"The veteran doesn't want a bone thrown to him in gratitude. By fighting a war and winning it, he's earned the right to fight for democracy at home. That means a voice in the government he fought to preserve. And he won't be fooled by a gratuity! He demands first of all an honestly run civic government. Because he knows that education, jobs, homes, and other benefits will then follow automatically. And—"

She paused, wishing she could see the expression on His Honor's face—"in order to have an honest government, it is perfectly obvious to him that he cannot—he must not—support the party in power!"

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 67

When she returned to her seat, conscious of the violence in the Mayor's florid face and the chill, venomous look in Lewis Trout's eyes, there was a pause. The audience, rocked by her blunt words, hesitated, not quite sure. . . .

And then a storm of applause roared over the park, led by the veterans on the platform. They were acclaiming Faith Holmes, the beloved reporter. But even more, they were commending the brave forthright woman who dared denounce the forces of evil, the corrupt politicians, the false prophets within their very gates!

Mark's smile was proud and approving, and Major Andrew Scott saluted her respectfully.

When the ceremonies closed with the playing of "America," Faith was surrounded by men and women, congratulating her. Mrs. Iremine Long, the stout energetic head of the Business and Professional Women's Club, shook her hand enthusiastically.

"You've certainly given us something to think about," she said.

"Thinking isn't enough," a younger woman interrupted. "What can we do about it?"

"It's entirely up to you," Faith answered.

"Tell us how, Mrs. Holmes?"

With a tactful smile, Faith managed to avoid an answer. She wanted to get back to Mark and Major Scott, but Mrs. Long was insistent.

"Mrs. Holmes, will you give us a talk? Some constructive ideas, perhaps. I'm sure our clubwomen will listen eagerly to you. We may even go a step further."

Faith hesitated. She turned to Mark who had made his way through the mob to her.

"Perhaps I should do it," she said uncertainly. "If I can be of any practical help. . . ."

Mark was smiling at her. "While you're at it, you might tell the women that the salvation of the world lies in their hands! They've come of age. During the war, they had a chance to show their worth—and they did it, superbly! It would be a pity for them to abandon the

beachheads they fought so hard to consolidate!"

Faith regarded him apologetically. "Here I go again! What the dickens is wrong with me? After all my good intentions—Mark, why didn't you stop me?"

He made no reply.

"Anyway, darling," she promised, "this will be my very last speech."

A slow smile lightened his face. "Make it the next-to-the-last," he teased. "For you, I'm afraid there'll never be a last one."

The following Friday, Faith was present at the meeting of the St. Croix Business and Professional Women's Club, which took place in the new colonial building on Town Square.

Greeting old friends and new, she thought with a surge of pride. Here they are, alert, intelligent, understanding, surely the logical individuals to initiate civic reform.

After Mrs. Long introduced her, Faith stood up, smiling, with the poise born of experience. She was her old self, radiant and energetic.

SPEAKING with complete, easy assurance, Faith told the women: "You're a select group. And others of our sex should look to you for leadership. Whatever credit has redounded to women is due to you, with your intelligence and leadership in art, science, business. Similarly, whatever acts of omission we're guilty of must fall on your shoulders!"

"For a hundred years, we fought to gain the vote. When we finally made it, the suffragettes were so happy. Equality at last! No longer were women the greatest minority on earth."

"Well, we women have had the vote for twenty-five years. What've we done with it?"

"We're hamstrung!" a voice shouted from the audience. "Men have always considered us their inferiors. And their political machines have kept us from holding office!"

"Very soon," Faith continued calmly, "Mayor Brendon will be running for re-election. We all know his record. It's enough to

convict him in our eyes. Now, if we women are in earnest—if we're serious about wanting to defeat him and the political machine that's ruled St. Croix for thirty years—there's just one way to do it."

"That's to put up a candidate of our own—a man or woman honest, trustworthy, efficient, and free of affiliations with any political machine."

They were captured by her sincerity, by the sheer impetus of her logic and determination. She showed them the possibilities of their new role in an exciting picture.

"If every woman in St. Croix will make this election her very personal crusade, the fight for honest government in St. Croix will be won. I promise you this. And what's more, we'll become an example for the entire country. We'll show them what can be done when the women energetically put their minds to it. It's up to us now!"

Before the afternoon was over, the Business and Professional Women's Club decided to stage a political rally. Faith was chosen chairman, and it was her task to arrange for the speakers, among whom she immediately suggested Major Andrew Scott.

But this time Andrew Scott was less amenable. The reception for the veterans had cured him of all further oratory. And he was not in the least interested in politics.

"But, Scotty, you must help us!" Faith pleaded. "Even if you do nothing more than get up on the platform and tell the women it's a tough job, but you know they can do it!"

He was stubborn in his refusal—until Mark persuaded him.

The sponsors of the rally asked for use of the high-school auditorium. The school board denied the request.

"I see Mayor Brendon's hand back of this move," Faith told Mark. "Is there any way in which you can help us?"

"I'm head of the Endowment Fund grandfather left," he answered. "Perhaps I can get the board to listen to reason."

MARK was always there when they needed him; Mark was generous with his time and money.

He succeeded again, as they hoped he would. And now he, Faith, and Major Scott were driving to the auditorium through the hot, deserted streets. He parked the roadster at the corner of the athletic field, and they walked up the path to the grey stone building, where they were immediately engulfed by a mob of women.

They had anticipated a crowd, but nothing like this! The auditorium was jammed solid and overflowing to the wings.

"Considering this is neither a bingo party nor a bargain sale," Andrew Scott said, impressed, "it's really an extraordinary turnout!"

Faith said smugly, "You don't know the women when they're aroused. That's what I'm counting on to lick the pants off our dear Mayor!"

Here before her, she was thrilled to find the unknown quantity, the X-factor, the hidden potential. And once brought to life, once this inert mass was transformed into a dynamic force, why, there was no telling to what heights women could rise. . . .

"According to the records," she told her audience gravely, "there are potentially more women voters in St. Croix than men. That means we hold the power to break up right now the Brendon-Trout-Costello stranglehold on our town."

She described in detail the tyranny and corruption which the machine had imposed on them for so many years. She mentioned facts and figures on local graft and scandals.

"These crimes against us would never have been committed if we women had taken an active part in our politics!"

After she had goaded her listeners sufficiently, she spoke of the young veterans of St. Croix. To allow the Brendon party to remain in power was to deny these boys their birth-right.

"Major Andrew Scott," she finished, "will speak to you on behalf of these young men."

Please turn to page 69

"Velvet Users in W.A.—Like All Australian Housewives—praise VELVET's gentle care."

says Aunt Jenny

When Aunt Jenny visited Western Australia, she was thrilled to see many Velvet-washed treasures. Here is the actual story of three users who have proved Velvet makes clothes last longer.

"What a beautiful damask cloth!" exclaimed Aunt Jenny. The proud owner, Mrs. Bowman of 46 Campbell Street, Kalgoorlie, W.A., replied, "It's pure Scottish linen handed down to me by my grandfather. Still wonderfully white because I always wash it with pure Velvet Soap!"

"40 years ago I was given this runner as a wedding present," said Mrs. Armstrong, 57 Moran Street, Boulder, W.A. "It is linen with delicate lace insertions, but I don't have a moment's bother washing it—just pop it into a tub with some Velvet suds."

Pure, mild Velvet is so kind to your hands—so gentle to your clothes. Here's why clothes last longer!

Mrs. Bell of 51 Dugan Street, Kalgoorlie, W.A., showed Aunt Jenny this knitted cotton cot cover. "Originally it was knitted as a pillow sham over 100 years ago," Mrs. Bell explained. "But when my grandmother gave it to me, I used it as a cot cover for my three kiddies. Thanks to Velvet, there's not a break in it!"

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard-rubbing is necessary with skimpy, inferior lather. And look how these weary-will suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave.

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new wash after wash, because no hard-rubbing is needed—yet not a trace of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra soapy suds are kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes, too!

PURE VELVET SOAP

TUNE IN EVERY MORNING 10 A.M. MON TO THURS. "Aunt Jenny's Real-Life Stories"

V. 179, 83 W.W.

BEFORE the rally was over that afternoon, the women of St. Croix decided that Andrew Scott was their logical candidate. He was the only one who had a chance to defeat Mayor Breedon.

"The primaries are only a fortnight away," Faith said breathlessly. "And there's so much to do!"

Instantly, the excited women rose to her challenge.

The hand that rocked the cradle and held the saucerpan would sweep the politically greedy right out of their well-feathered nests. The best way to clean house was to wield the broom themselves.

"We'll win!" they vowed. "In union there is strength. And for the first time, we are truly united!"

Faith took active charge of the campaign. Now her experiences with Christine Ostbergh paid off, and she used to good advantage all of Homer Sweet's precepts.

Never had the women worked so hard outside their homes. They organised themselves into small groups, each group covering a specific area, so that, eventually, the entire network of the town was covered. Thus, every voter was canvassed.

No rebuff disheartened them, no insult daunted them. And from the headquarters on the second floor of the Lake Shore Hotel, Faith unflinchingly spurred them on to greater efforts, never letting down for a moment.

Whenever Mayor Breedon caught sight of a brace of women on their self-appointed rounds, flaunting their Non-Partisan cockade, his ruddy face grew purple.

"Isn't there some way," he demanded wildly, "to stop these crazy women?"

"The only way," Trout retorted, "is to strangle Faith Holmes!"

Young Major Scott put all his energy and enthusiasm into the campaign. He pledged the voters an honest, efficient administration. He told them they were the stockholders of a vast enterprise, and the executives whom they elected were accountable to them not only

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 68

at election time, but every day of the year.

"You're doing fine!" Faith encouraged him. "I think we've finally got Breedon worried."

It rained on the morning of Election Day, a bleak windy downpour that washed the streets of all signs of life, and whirled the dying leaves before it in angry little gusts.

No one could foretell how the rain would influence the election results. For the first time, Faith was showing signs of strain.

"We mustn't even think of defeat," she told her committee. "We've got to put it over to-day!"

The early hours saw the women at their assigned posts. Those who were ward captains checked on their subordinates, and saw to it that each one, in turn, checked on the voters for whom she was responsible.

The chill depressing downpour never slackened during the day, and the women requisitioned cars and chauffeurs to bring in voters from the isolated areas where the turnout was usually light.

During the day, Faith, accompanied by Mark and Major Scott, toured the polling places, from the fashionable Heights, where Joyce Griswold was a watcher for the Non-Partisans, to sorry Ontario Place, where Tod Andrews was doing his bit.

"Dad," Faith hugged him proudly, "I wish we had a few more men like you!"

Twice, during the day, she returned to the Lake Shore to change into dry clothes. Mark had arranged for the Grille to send baskets of sandwiches and

vacuums of coffee to the polling places, where the women were spelling each other for a rest.

When the polls closed, Mark returned Faith to headquarters, where they sat around with Major Scott and the "omnibus," drinking too much coffee, smoking too much, as they waited tensely for the first reports.

Mark put his hand firmly over Faith's. "Now, relax," he admonished.

She managed a flimsy smile. "I wish I could. The last half-hour is the hardest," she sighed.

Just then, the first reports came over the radio.

The Heights gave Major Andrew Scott a sweeping plurality.

"It looks good to me," she said, brightening instantly.

Mark drained his fourth cup of coffee. "I'm anxious to hear how the West End votes. As Main Street goes, so goes the city."

At eight o'clock, a bewildered Mayor Breedon conceded the election.

When Faith awoke the following

morning, punch-drunk but elated, it was to national acclaim. The St. Croix Plan, whereby a group of inexperienced but determined women swept out a political machine, was the topic of the day, front-page news, a lead story for radio commentators.

Even "The Observer" announced reluctantly:

Women the Victors.

As head of the St. Croix Plan, Faith was news again. Among the mail she received were letters from people who had listened to her overseas broadcasts.

"You've done a swell job again," they wrote. And many added wistfully, "How can we clean house in our own town? Could you show us the way?"

The note which touched her the most came from Corrigan.

"I've been wondering what kind of a rash you'd break out in next," he wrote. "You're doing fine!"

She showed it to Mark, and he said generously, "Why don't you ask Corrigan to spend Thanksgiving with us? I'd like very much to meet him."

"He'll like you, too," Faith promised happily.

They both met Corrigan at Union Station and drove him directly to Mark's apartment, where he would stay. Faith was enchanted with the way the two men took to each other. Mark responded to Corrigan's blunt, cynical candor, while Corrigan's dour nature warmed under Mark's generous, tactful hospitality.

At dinner, Mark excused himself, saying he must get back to the office for some extra work. And Faith and Corrigan then caught up on the news.

ON Thursday morning, Faith arrived at the apartment early and helped Mark's maid prepare the turkey dinner. And the results were so savory that even Corrigan, who was usually bored with food, did ample justice to the festive meal.

Afterwards, they sat smoking and talking idly. Corrigan was slumped in an easy chair.

"Personally," he said, pushing a lock of lank black hair from his eyes, "I would never have believed women could rise to such heights. They're certainly unpredictable!"

"On the contrary, they run true to form," Faith corrected him. "The trouble is that the men have always underestimated them."

"If you'd have seen the way the women of St. Croix worked during this campaign, you'd have been impressed," Mark said. "I know I was."

They were silent a while, lost in thought.

"We've done such a good job cleaning house in St. Croix," Faith mused. "If only we could repeat it nationally. If all the women united . . ."

"That's your salient point, Faith," Corrigan broke in interestedly. "Getting women around the country to follow the lead of St. Croix. Waking them up to their responsibilities."

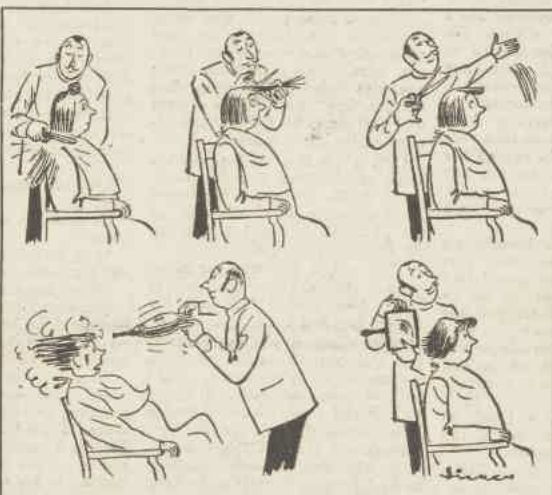
Then he added sadly, "But I suppose you're through with politics."

"I should be stepping out," she glanced apologetically at Mark. "But I must answer the many women who've been asking me for practical advice. Corrigan, I wonder if you'd be willing to help me map out a universal plan of action?"

That evening, they sketched out their tentative plans. They were forming a Women's National Committee for Political Participation, with Faith as its head, and the St. Croix election as practical proof—and an inspiration to others.

During her travels in the early spring of 1946, Faith gave her feminine audiences practical suggestions for making their voices heard politically. And before finishing, she went beyond local politics to world affairs.

Please turn to page 70



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DETERMINEDLY, Faith told her audiences: "Always, men made war and negotiated the peace. Women were never consulted when wars were launched nor allowed to participate at the peace table. Yet women are the natural proponents of peace. They are the creators—not the destroyers."

"And that is the reason," she finished, "that there can be no permanent peace until woman has been granted a voice in world affairs!"

This she told them in schools, churches, colleges, auditoriums through large towns and small. This was the gist of her address to five thousand women in the auditorium in Washington. And everywhere, she inspired them with her own faith and fiery conviction. Never retreat, keep going forward, fighting, always a step ahead.

Sitting at the breakfast table in his apartment in the East Seventies, Homer Sweet scanned the morning papers. His coffee grew cold. Curse that woman! Every paper in the country would be quoting her!

He dreaded Eric Ostbergh's reaction to her speeches. And just as Ostbergh was making ready to emerge from the anonymity of the war years. And Christine, now a prominent member of the Women's National Democratic Club, wouldn't like it a bit!

It might be an idea for Christine to reply to her tirade, he reflected. He made notes on his memo pad. Consult Harvey Jessup. He might have an angle.

At any rate, she must be silenced.

Corrigan's cronies thought he was crazy. Why tie himself up with a bunch of hysterical females? What had got into the old boy?

Corrigan retorted icily that nothing had got into him. Corrigan said, "Did you ever see a drowning man clutch at a straw? Well, that's me."

After all the nuddling, selfishness, hypocrisy, what's-in-it-for-me he had witnessed, was willing to try anything possessing a vestige of sincerity.

While Faith was on tour, he remained in St. Croix, where the plans for the Women's National Committee for Political Participa-

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 69

tion were progressing. Mark donated space for headquarters in the new Holmes Building off Town Square, and supplied the initial funds. And Mrs. Latham mailed Faith a generous cheque.

"My dear, I am so happy you didn't retire. For I was confident you would one day make a vital contribution to the cause of women," she wrote. "I am so proud of you! Please do feel free to call on me for extra funds."

Wherever Faith lectured, the women organised into a group for action. By midsummer, there were several hundred branches of the new organisation. Always, Faith made it clear that the Committee advocated the candidacy only of people of high character, integrity, and capability.

"It doesn't matter on what ticket a candidate runs," she repeated. "We women are above party lines. We ask only that the candidate's qualifications meet with our exacting standards. When they do, we'll back him to the limit!"

She was on a full-time schedule now. Although St. Croix was her home port, she was seldom there. For periods she didn't even see Mark for a week or two at a time. No matter how patient he seemed to be, the very fact that there were such interims caused her concern.

But Corrigan was inexorable.

"You've started something that's more important right now than your private life," he would remind her relentlessly, whenever he felt she was weakening. "And until you've finished it, you have no right to a private life!"

She stared at him, brought up suddenly, terror in her eyes. Was she getting out of hand again? Had this new project crept up so insidiously that it had trapped her before she could escape?

Mark was concerned about her. The hot weather had set in, and she returned from trips wan, listless, exhausted.

"Can you take off a couple of weeks?" he suggested. "We'll run up to the northern camp."

Instantly, she came alive. "Darling, I'd love it!"

She turned to Corrigan, who was present as he usually was these days. "Will you rearrange my schedule?"

"Absolutely not!"

Her brows lifted. "Aren't you being too much of a taskmaster?"

"Maybe. But next week-end you're going to New York. Friday you have an appointment with Mrs. Russell Burton, one of the most powerful newspaper publishers." His moody dark eyes lit up with rare excitement. "If you can persuade her to sponsor the Women's National Committee, I'll wager the next election produces the finest bunch of officials this country's ever had!"

Faith shrugged wearily. She had no desire whatever to go to New York, but she couldn't refuse.

"I'll do my best," she told Corrigan, her voice flat.

And to Mark she said silently, "You see the way it is, my darling."

AT eleven o'clock on Friday morning, Faith was shown into the New York office where Mrs. Burton awaited her.

"A good many people who throw themselves into the fight for good government are unworldly idealists," Mrs. Burton said crisply. "But you, Mrs. Holmes, make sense. You are practical. You can do a great deal for American women, and indirectly for our country."

Over a lunch of melon, chicken salad, and iced tea, served unobtrusively in the office, she questioned Faith minutely about the aims of the Women's National Committee for Political Participation.

They talked late into the afternoon. When Faith stood up to leave, Mrs. Burton held out her fragile, jewelled hand.

"Mrs. Holmes, you've convinced me. All my publications and radio stations will throw their entire weight back of your Committee. It is my contribution to the cause of worldwide democracy!"

Faith was elated. This was precisely what they needed—something to lend prestige to their movement.

How pleased Corrigan and Mark would be!

Before going home, she determined to have a showdown with Hank. This time, she would not allow him to demoralise her; this time she would not leave until he agreed to reason. She knew Hank's character well; he had his price. Whatever he wants, she thought, I'll pay willingly.

Mark parked his roadster and strode over to the administration building of the St. Croix airport. The spring sun was a spotlight which brought into sharp relief the new blades of grass pushing up through the rich, moist earth.

He walked round the building restlessly, his hands thrust in the pockets of his worn grey tweed jacket, a deep line between his dark brows. He was too early; there was still a fifteen-minute wait.

When at last he spied the plane in the blue sky, and heard the first sound of its engines, his face brightened. Faith, he thought, how can I ever tell you what you mean to me?

And there she was, walking down the ramp, tall and slender in her blue woollen reeler, a small blue beret with a jewelled clip tilted over her forehead, a fur scarf slipping from her shoulders.

He hurried forward to greet her, and then he caught sight of her set and bloodless face.

"No luck," she said woodenly. "This time Hank wouldn't even see me."

He took her arm. "You went to Hank?"

"Yes. I couldn't be in New York and not even try."

"What happened?"

She closed her eyes. In the brilliant sunshine, he noted the fine veins on her temples, the deep lines around her eyes.

"I telephoned Hank Friday afternoon. He wasn't expected until morning, so I tried him again Saturday. I tried a half-dozen times. Finally, I realised his secretary was giving me the brush-off. Hank had nothing to say to me."

SUDDENLY, Faith's luminous eyes were haunted and her voice was trembling. "The secretary referred me to Hank's lawyers."

"Faith, you must take it easy," Mark put in quickly.

"How can I?" Her voice broke. "What are we going to do with the rest of our lives? Stall, mark time . . ."

He must get her away from this open field, from the interested spectators in parked cars.

"Let's get out of here. We'll talk in the apartment."

"There's nothing to talk about," hopelessly. And as he helped her into the car, she whispered, "Oh, darling, what shall we do?"

"We'll figure out something. Just hold on to your courage."

She shouldn't have gone to see Hank, he thought. She shouldn't have done it.

"I've been trying, Mark. All the way home, I kept repeating, 'What a selfish beast you are, Faith Holmes, concerned only with your own problems.' But it didn't help, darling. I wasn't ashamed. All I want is to be with you. I don't care what people will say! Gossip won't hurt me."

"We'll find a way," he answered grimly.

The gloom accompanied them to his apartment. Fortunately, Corrigan was in Great Falls for the day, so there was no need to discuss the Women's National Committee. Under the maid's reproving eye, they managed to eat a bit of lunch. Then Faith moved away from the table and sat down on the sofa.

Mark switched on the radio. The moving strains of the "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger" fell poignantly on the quiet air. She recalled the Sunday afternoons of their childhood—the two youngsters sitting stiffly on the gilt-legged chairs, beside Eben Holmes, listening to his beloved Bach.

We were safe then, she thought. But since, we've lost the way . . .

After a while, Mark came to her. "Maybe it is smarter to live for the moment," he said in a torment, with the desperation of a man who's tried all else and found it wanting. "Let life take its course . . ."

Please turn to page 71

August READER'S DIGEST* reports the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According To Published Reports!



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TF14 82 02

FAITH wanted so much to console him. But for both their sakes, she dared not raise false hopes again. She closed her eyes in anguish. And suddenly she put her hands to her face, and she wept without restraint.

After that, it seemed harder than ever that she should need to go to New York to press on with her committee work under Mrs. Burton's patronage.

The day she went to say good-bye to her father and Mrs. Hussar, Tod sat on the porch swing, in the cool shade, "looking mechanically."

It was on a day like this that he and Lotte had come to St. Croix, forty years ago. Forty years.

Tod Andrews stared at his gnarled hands. I'm old, he thought with mild surprise, these liver-spotted, veined hands are mine. When did it happen? Where did time go?

He heard the sound of steps on the porch. Faith was coming to towards him from Mrs. Hussar's bedroom.

"Mrs. Hussar seems more cheerful to-day," she said.

"She always perks up when you come."

They were silent. Then she said, "Well, dad, I'd better be going."

"What time do you leave?"

"Four-thirty."

"Oh."

He took her hands in his, and regarded her with eyes over which wisdom and age had drawn a film of humility.

"Dad, Mark will be seeing you every day."

Mark! He shook his head, as if to clear it. It was of Mark that he had wanted to speak. She and Mark

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 70

were growing older. They, too, had missed the bus. Time was racing past and where were they heading? Was this to be the perpetual pattern of their life—uncertainty and indecision? Would they ever pin down happiness? She kissed him and opened the gate.

He turned slowly and went into the house. Who was he to judge the path she was to follow? The decision had been made for her. And he thought, "What shall I profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his soul?" Only for Faith, he substituted "happiness."

When Faith left for New York, Corrigan and three of the staff accompanied her.

In the following months, whenever Mark managed a week-end in New York, he was worried and upset over the problems of reconversion at Wolverine. Between his problems and Faith's increasing responsibilities they saw their hopes of an ultimate life together growing more and more dim. This is it, Faith told herself starkly. I've left Mark again.

And Mark, worried in St. Croix, remained silent.

For Faith, there were fresh complications. As the Committee grew in scope and power, it made fresh enemies among the hide-bound politicians who feared women's sudden awakening. She hit back just as boldly at the men of evil intent, among them Eric Ostbergh, who were seeking to use peace as they had used war to further their own ambitions.

"We need fresh blood in politics," she said. "Just as we developed the flower of our youth at West Point for war, so we should establish training centres to develop potential leaders in the government—for peace!"

As her influence increased, reporters flocked to Faith, wanting to probe her past, to delve into her private life. Recently a young chap named Charlie Turner had turned up for information.

Faith refused to divulge her private life.

"It's the Women's National Committee that matters," she insisted. "If you want to write anything, write about the Committee."

Because she was so reticent, the reports about her were often based on conjecture and speculation.

"It's a very human failing to jump at conclusions," Corrigan said wryly. "And to want to accept the obvious. Besides, gossip lends itself so much more dramatically to a story than a simple unvarnished truth."

Mark was in town the day Faith received a summons from Homer Sweet. They were having roast-beef sandwiches and coffee at her desk in the offices of the Committee, when Corrigan joined them.

"What do you suppose Homer wants of you?" he asked glumly.

Faith shrugged. "I wouldn't be surprised if my little speech on Eric Ostbergh last week hasn't something to do with it."

"Ostbergh wants the public to forget he was on the wrong side during the war. And you keep reminding them."

"He's still on the wrong side," she was suddenly earnest. "And still a very dangerous man."

"Faith," he said, "there were a couple of guys round the other day, making pests of themselves—trying to check on your early days."

Mark spoke up. "What did they want to know?"

Corrigan lit a cigarette in the corner of his mouth. "They were asking a number of things. If Faith knew some guy named Trout, I think the name was. We finally got rid of them with the same spiel as we give the Press—Mrs. Holmes does not want any personal publicity!"

Mark stood up. "Think it's anything to watch out for?" he asked nervously. Everything concerning Faith worried him, the crackpot letters in the mail, the threatening phone calls, the prying reporters.

"Well," Corrigan answered slowly. "I really don't like it. Homer isn't asking Faith over to pin an orchid on her. He and Ostbergh have it in for her. And he's not one to let sleeping dogs lie."

Mark turned to Faith. "Must you go? If he wants to see you, let him come here!"

"Then he'd think I'm afraid of him," Faith said. "He'd like that."

"I'm coming with you!" Corrigan said.

"Thanks. But I'd really rather see him alone." She adjusted her small feathered hat and picked up her white gloves.

"Will you walk up with me, darling?" she said to Mark.

The October sunlight gave Fifth Avenue a luminous quality. "What a lovely day!" she said, pushing the thought of Homer Sweet to the back of her mind. She linked her arm with Mark's. He had flown in from St. Croix this morning on his way to Washington. They planned to dine together and go to the theatre tonight. "He hadn't felt so fine in a long time."

At Forty-ninth Street she stopped. "This is where I leave you, darling."

"Look, Faith," he said. "I feel the same as Corrigan does. Those prying men the other day—and now Homer asking to see you—I don't like it. I don't feel easy about it."

"It's nothing Mark."

"Then let me come up with you. If he tries any funny business..."

"Mark, darling, your imagination is running away with you. I can take care of myself. Really I can."

"Shall I wait for you here?"

"Well, I don't know how long I'll be tied up."

He glanced down at his watch. "Suppose you meet me at the Plaza. About four?"

"Good."

She stepped into the elevator, and on the thirtieth floor she walked swiftly along the air-conditioned corridor. Her heart pulsed against her ribs. She kept reminding herself of Mark's admonition to take it easy.

Finally, she stopped before an opaque glass door marked: Homer Sweet, Public Relations Counsel. She opened the door and walked into the reception room, which was just as it had been always.

She announced herself.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Holmes," the girl said with flattering deference. "Mr. Sweet is expecting you."

This time she did not have to wait long. From the door invisible behind a rare old screen, Miss Kelly emerged, seven years older, a little thinner, showing the ravages of diet and dye.

"Why, hello, Mrs. Holmes!"

Faith smiled. "It's nice to see you again, Miss Kelly."

"Thank you." Poor Miss Kelly, torn between loyalty to her boss and admiration for her old co-worker!

"Mr. Sweet will see you now," she said uncomfortably.

Faith followed her through the corridor and past the General Operations Room to the threshold of the Sanctum. How many times she had followed this path! She could retrace it blindfolded.

Miss Kelly opened the door.

Faith stepped in gingerly. "Good afternoon, Homer."

The man in calculated shadow behind the vast Chippendale desk moved slightly. A reflex action, as if he were taken back by her appearance. Seven years.

"Come in, Faith," he said softly. "We've been waiting for you."

He was not alone. The hostile stares of three other people were focused on her, Eric Ostbergh and Christine, and Harvey Jessup.

Please turn to page 72



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FOR WOMEN IN THEIR THIRTIES

(and forties)

Read how this practical, time-saving
HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT
keeps you "young-looking as ever"



This is important news for the woman who is starting to blame those early thirties. You can keep your skin fine and soft as ever with this widely-used home beauty treatment. It's the kind of skin care you could spend hours on at expensive Beauty Salons, but now so easy to do yourself.

What you do is give yourself a quick beauty-facial every night with Skin Deep Facial. It takes only a few minutes in your own home. This entirely new kind of facial cream is winning almost fanatical devotion from those who find out about it.

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No woman in her thirties, whether she runs a business or a home, can escape that fatal tired look. If you let this become a permanent state, your skin will soon lose its attractiveness and show the march of years.

Just smooth this life-giving beauty cream lightly over your face and neck every night at bedtime. Skin Deep Facial is so nice to use because it disappears into

the skin quickly and doesn't leave a greasy layer on the surface. And so refreshing! All the tiredness and tautness leave your skin at once.

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Start your home beauty treatment to-night. Thousands of women in England and Australia already use Skin Deep Facial regularly. You can get it at any chemist or department store. 5/- for a large treatment-size jar.



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F AITH was conscious of a prickling sensation in the region of her spine. The air of self-assurance about Homer warned her this was no impromptu session. Obviously it had been planned, and just as obviously the others meant to use him as their mouthpiece.

He motioned her to a chair placed in the centre of the room, conspicuous in the bright sunlight. How ridiculous of him, she thought, as if I were the defendant.

"I'll stand, if you don't mind," she said quietly. The air was charged with bitter, unforgiving hatreds, and the chill impassive faces reminded her sharply of a group of inquisitors, standing in terrible judgment.

Homer cleared his throat. "Faith Holmes," he began pontifically, "you are the head of an organisation that is deliberately misleading thousands of gullible women. You've made accusations you cannot substantiate. You've sullied the reputations of innocent people who have done you no harm. You turned traitor to your old friends—"

He saw that Eric Ostbergh was restless and decided it would be wise to eliminate embellishments.

"When you attacked politics and politicians," he continued, "we were silent. But when you flung your scurrilous dirt at us—and the institutions we represent—as you did in your recent radio address—it is time to call a halt! We haven't forgotten that seven years ago you brutally betrayed the confidence we placed in you. Now, you are playing Judas again..."

Faith was standing behind the chair, as if it were a shield. She turned her head to look at Eric Ostbergh, impatient and arrogant, at the window; a monolith of a man, his heart as stony as his exterior. And Christine, aloof yet wary, the disdainful smile playing on her thin lips. She blamed Faith for her defeat at her last election, and she was right. And Hank Jessup, who was convinced that his misfortunes began when he met her. Hank could be an implacable enemy, too.

It's just as well Mark and Corrigan have no idea what I'm up against! she thought.

"Homer, don't waste the double talk on me," she said coolly. "It falls flat. Nobody in this room—neither Ostbergh nor Christine nor Hank—has the right to accuse me of anything. So just tell me simply: What do you want?"

Homer Sweet cast a triumphant signal to Ostbergh. He had been right. Despite her bold talk, she was frightened. The entire matter would now be settled quickly.

"Our demands are quite simple. Give up this hare-brained idea of yours. After all, you know as well as we do that women don't want a political consciousness! They're far better off where they belong—in the kitchen!" He stood up on the balls of his feet.

"After you have resigned from your organisation, you will present the Press with a retraction of your vitriolic attack on Eric Ostbergh. You will admit you erred—that your information was biased and false. Better still, confess you chose him as a target because the publicity would contribute to your egomaniac pursuit of glory."

She remained undismayed.

"Suppose I refuse?"

A smug expression puckered his pale thick lips.

"We didn't summon you here to bargain with you. We're dictating. You see, we can force your hand. We have decided that you are retiring from public life. For good!"

For the first time, a spark of anger flared in her dark eyes. "Homer, you are being presumptuous. And you know perfectly well you have nothing on me."

"Indeed?" With a triumphant gesture, he opened the manila folder. "How do you suppose your loyal followers will react when they learn about the sex life of their beloved leader? How she inveigled a rich young man into marrying her—"

Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 71

and dropped him when he went broke. How she sent her husband's best friend to his death. How she robbed another woman of her husband—and how she climbed on the backs of other men—even old men like Vrest Macklin—to attain success. Would you like to hear more, Faith? We have the complete dossier."

She watched him in silence.

"The whole messy story is here—in detail, all facts substantiated! We could very well have broadcast this deadly information without warning you. That's the underhanded way in which you'd have done it. But we're being fair. We're giving you the opportunity to make amends by retiring gracefully. The choice is yours. If you refuse..."

He paused significantly, then concluded, "Then we shall be compelled to reveal to the American Press the story of your past—including, of course, your present relationship with your former husband. That in itself will ruin you!"

The others were watching her intently.

"Homer," she said softly, "you can do your darndest—it still won't intimidate me!"

"I have no intention of intimidating you. I'm merely presenting you with the facts." He hid his chagrin and continued, "Your trouble has

NEW KIDNEY SURGERY

THREE months ago, for the first time, American surgeons removed a kidney from a woman who had died 10 minutes before and transferred it to another woman who suffered from a diseased kidney.

The operation, which was successful, took 90 minutes.

Another new advance in the battle against kidney disease is the artificial kidney.

Artificial kidneys, machines which filter the blood outside the body, may be used to tide people over a sudden shutdown. Such an emergency often follows severe haemorrhage, surgical shock, bad burns, or some poisonings.

The story of how doctors are striving to conquer kidney disease is told in A.M. for September, on sale everywhere on September 1. A.M. is the magazine for men and women. Price is still only 1/-.

always been that you're obsessed with a wild imagination. No doubt, you are now picturing yourself as a modern Joan! I wouldn't even be surprised if you think you hear voices!"

"If I do," she retallated, "they're the voices of the American people, who've been the fall guys for men like you and Ostbergh..."

Harvey Jessup jumped up. "Don't let her sidetrack you!" he shouted. "This time she isn't going to talk herself out of her predicament. Because now I'm holding the trump card!"

There was an electrifying stir. For the first time, Eric Ostbergh addressed him directly.

"What are you babbling about?"

Hank was in command of the situation, ready for his moment of precious revenge.

"For a year, she has been begging me for a divorce. Because she wants to go back to Holmes—he's rich and successful now. Well, I held out on her. I let her stew. But if she'll renounce her political aspirations—if she'll retire the way we want her to—I'll agree to an uncontested divorce!"

Faith regarded him quietly. Her anger was gone, she was conscious now only of a deep and ironic sorrow.

"I came back from Europe wanting only to be married again to Mark. I returned to St. Croix

hoping I'd never see another newspaper or radio station again. Only Mark mattered to me. But when we found we could not re-marry, and this political situation arose..."

She was talking to herself, rather than to them. But her words were an impetus to Christine Ostbergh.

"What a fool you've been, Hank Jessup," she cried out, her voice harsh with fury. "What an utter fool! Why didn't you give her the divorce when she asked for it? Why didn't you let her marry this Mark Holmes, and retire to that awful little town and anonymity? The world would never have heard of her then. And she'd have left us alone, too! It's your stupidity that has made her the dangerous political figure she is!"

She stood up, her pale oval face blazing with contempt.

"For heaven's sake, give her the divorce—without reservations. And I only hope for all our sakes, it isn't too late!"

Faith was on the Avenue again, walking north. She couldn't remember how she got there. Her head was whirling, and she felt she was not the same woman who had entered the Rockefeller Center building an hour ago.

An hour ago, walking up here with Mark, her hand clasped in his, she had been afraid to dream—of long dark nights and the logs burning brightly in a stone fireplace, of white lamps like beacons at the picture windows overlooking the fragrant sleeping gardens.

The snug harbor, the peaceful haven; Faith and Mark together at last, protected by a ring of fire that shut out all intruders...

No longer was it the impossible dream, to be wept over and shut away in mothballs. She was going to make the dream reality.

She was going home again, as Mark's wife.

Then, insidiously, the shadow of duty cast its gloom over her spirits, reminding her that she could not make such a drastic decision because she did not belong to herself.

Resentfully, she pushed it from her. Hadn't she waited long enough? Let another take up the torch.

Her eyes were shining, her head erect, her feet winged, as she hurried on.

Mark was waiting for her. He listened quietly as she gave him the good news.

"Isn't it wonderful, darling? He is setting me free! At last, we'll be together again—on our little island."

His fine head was bent; he did not give way to his emotions easily. Finally, he said, "Faith, there's no going back to the past. I'm afraid the island is closed to mature people. We've grown beyond it. From now on we can be together in the midst of the whole world."

She smiled tremulously.

"Oh, Mark, if anyone intrudes now, I'll say, 'Please don't bother me. I'm busy and content being Mark's wife!'"

He shook his head.

"No, Faith. You have your job to do—and I have mine. But they won't conflict because now, at last, we understand each other."

She was quiet a while; then she spoke up with new enthusiasm. "You know, Mark, I have a fresh idea for a radio talk." She grinned, remembering another day. "And this one will be my swan song, my very last."

His features relaxed in a tender smile. They were safe at last, he and Faith, because they had found each other.

"Make it the next to the last," he suggested lightly, "because for you, darling, there'll never be a final one."

She took his hand. "Do you remember, Mark, what Grandfather Holmes always said? 'The longest journey begins with the first step.'"

"Yes," he said. "And I'll be there beside you." (Copyright)

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(September 3rd.)



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DR. 27.10

MOST of the women had been churchgoers, and deep in their hearts they had been longing for the help of God. As their physical health improved throughout these weeks, their capacity for religious thought increased, and, as the weeks went on, accurate memory of the Australian began to fade, and was replaced by an awed and rosy memory of the man he had not been.

If this incredible event that Mrs. Frith believed could possibly be true, it meant indeed that they were in the hand of God; nothing could touch them then; they would win through and live through all their troubles and one day they would regain their homes, their husbands, and their Western way of life. They marched on with renewed strength.

Jean did nothing to dispel these fancies, which were evidently helpful to the women, but she was not herself impressed. She had formed a very different idea of Joe Harman. She knew him for a very human, very normal man.

It had been a subconscious measure of defence that had led her to allow him to continue to refer to her as Mrs. Blooming; if the baby on her hip had misled him into clasping her with all the other married women, that was just as well.

Towards the end of August they were in a village called Kuala Telang, about half way between Kuantan and Kota Bharu. The Telang is a short, muddy river that wanders through a flat country of ricefields to the sea; the village stands on the south bank of the river just inside the sand bar at the mouth.

It is a pretty place of palm and casuarina trees and long white beaches on which the rollers of the South China Sea break in surf. The village lives upon the fishing and on the ricefields.

There is a sort of village square with wood and palm-leaf native shops grouped round about it; behind this stands a godown for the rice beside the river bank. This godown was empty at the time, and it was here that the party was accommodated.

The Japanese sergeant fell ill with fever here. As the women had grown stronger so he had grown weaker and they arrived in the village as a queer procession, Mrs. Warner leading the little yellow man, clad only in his trousers, stumbling along in a daze. Behind them came the other women, carrying all his equipment as well as their own burdens.

Jean found the headman, a man of about fifty called Mat Amin bin Taib, and explained the situation to him.

"We are prisoners," she said, "marching from Kuantan to Kota Bharu, and this Japanese is our guard. He is ill with fever, and we must find a shady house for him to lie in. He has authority to sign chits in the name of the Imperial Japanese Army for our food and accommodation, and he will do this for you when he recovers; he will give you a paper. We must have a place to sleep ourselves, and food."

Mat Amin said, "I have no place where white mems would like to sleep."

Jean said, "We are not white mems any longer; we are prisoners and we are accustomed to living as your women live. All we need is a shelter and a floor to sleep on, and the use of cooking pots, and rice, and a little fish or meat and vegetables."

"You can have what we have ourselves," he said, "but it is strange to see mems living so."

He took the sergeant into his own house and produced a mattress stuffed with coconut fibre and a pillow of the same material.

The women took turns all that day to sit with the sergeant and bathe his face, but he grew weaker and weaker, and two days later he died in the night.

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 46

They buried him in the Muslim cemetery outside the village.

The death of the sergeant left them in a most unusual position, for they were now prisoners without a guard. They discussed it at some length that evening after the funeral.

"I don't see why we shouldn't stay here, where we are," said Mrs. Frith. "It's a nice place, this is, as nice as any that we've come to. That's what He said, we ought to find a place where we'd be out of the way, and just live there."

Jean said, "I know. There's two things we'd have to settle though. First, the Japs are bound to find out sometime that we're living here, and then the headman will get into trouble for having allowed us to stay here without telling them. They'd probably kill him."

She paused. "The other thing is that we can't expect this village to go on feeding seventeen of us for ever just because we're white mems. They'll go and tell the Japs about us just to get rid of us."

Mrs. Frith said shrewdly. "We could grow our own food, perhaps. Half the paddy fields we walked by haven't been planted this year."

Jean said: "That's quite right—they haven't. I wonder why that is?"

"All the men must have gone to the war," said Mrs. Warner.

Jean said slowly, "What would you think of this? Suppose I go and tell Mat Amin that we'll work in the ricefields if he'll let us stay here? What would you think of that?"

Mrs. Frith laughed. "Me, with my figure? Walking about in mud and water up to the knees planting them little seedlings in the mud, like you see the Malay girls doing?"

Jean said apologetically, "It was just a thought."

"And a very good one, too," said Mrs. Warner. "I wouldn't mind working in the paddy fields if we could stay here and live comfortable and settled."

NEXT morning Jean went to the headman. She put her hands together in the praying gesture of greeting, smiled at him, and said in Malay: "Mat Amin, why do we see the paddy fields not sown this year? We saw so many of them as we came to this place, not sown at all."

He said, "Most of the men, except the fishermen, are working for the Army." He meant the Japanese Army.

"Are they coming back soon to plant paddy?"

"It is in the hand of God, but I do not think they will come back for many months."

"Who, then, will plant the paddy, and reap it?"

"The women will do what they can. Rice will be short next year, not here, because we shall not sell the paddy that we need to eat ourselves. We shall not have enough to sell to the Japanese."

Jean said, "Mat Amin, I have serious matters to discuss with you. If there were a man among us I would send him to talk for us, but there is no man. You will not be offended if I ask you to talk business with a woman, on behalf of women?" She now knew something of the right approach to a Mahomedan.

He bowed to her, and led her to his house. There was a small rickety verandah; they went up to this and sat down upon the floor facing each other.

He was a level-eyed old man with a small, clipped moustache, naked to the waist and wearing a sarong; his face was firm, but not unkind. He called to his wife within the house to bring out coffee.

Jean waited till the coffee ap-

peared, making small talk for politeness; she knew the form after six months in the villages.

The coffee was served in thick glasses, and the wife remained deferentially in the background to wait on them. Jean bowed and lifted her glass and sipped, and set it down again.

"We are in a difficulty," she said frankly. "Our guard is dead, and what now will become of us is in our own hands—and in yours. If we go on until we find a Japanese officer and report to him, he will not want us. Nobody in all this country wants us. They will march us on to some other place, perhaps into a country of swamps such as we have come through. So we shall grow ill again, and we shall all die."

He replied, "It is written that the angels said, 'Every soul shall taste of death, and we will prove you with evil and with good for a trial of you, and unto us shall ye return.'"

She thought quickly; the words of the headman at Dilit came into her mind. She said, "It is also written, 'If ye be kind towards women and fear to wrong them, God is well acquainted with what ye do.'"

"Are you of the Faith?" he asked incredulously.

She shook her head. "I do not want to deceive you. I am a Christian; we are all Christians. The headman of a village on our road was kind to us, and when I thanked him he said that to me. I do not know the Koran."

"You are a very clever woman," he said. "Tell me what you want."

"I want our party to stay here, in this village," she said, "and go to work in the paddy fields."

He stared at her, astonished. "This will be dangerous for you."

She said, "We know that very well. If Japanese officers find us in this place before you have reported to them that we are here, they will be very angry. And so, I want you to do this. We will work all day for our food alone and a place to sleep. When we have worked so for two weeks I will go and find an officer and report to him."

He was silent, and she went on, "You shall come with me, as headman of this village, and you shall tell the officer that more rice will be grown for the Japanese if we continue to work in the fields."

"I have never heard of white mems working in the paddy fields," he said.

She asked, "Have you ever heard of white mems marching and dying as we have marched and died?"

He was silent.

"We are in your hands," she said. "If you say, go upon your way and walk on to some other place, then we must go, and going we must die. That will then be a matter between you and God. If you allow us to stay and cultivate your fields and live with you in peace and safety, you will get great honor when the English Tuans return to this country after their victory."

She added vehemently, "Because they will win this war in the end; these Short Ones are in power now, but one day the English Tuans will come back."

He said, "I shall be glad to see that day."

They sat in silence for a time, sipping the glasses of coffee. Presently the headman said, "This is a matter not to be decided lightly, for it concerns the whole village. I will think about it and I will talk it over with my brothers."

To be continued

All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

MOTHERS!

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WITH HER PATER, BY THE CRATER
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WEARING BOXES ON HER SOCKSES,
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F 182 — Boys' and Youths' Tan Yearling Sandal. Sizes 11—17.



G093—Tan Calf Court Shoe. Also in Tan and Fawn, and White Buck. Sizes 10—7.



19 — Baby Mocc. Sandal in White Buck, also in Red Patent, Black Patent, all Tan, Tan and Fawn. Sizes 2 — 11, with three fittings.

PEGGY sneaked the Hat back on to the stock shelves when one of the girls whispered that Mr. Allardyce was coming back.

His black moustache twitched tinyly, but he said nothing as he stalked by her, and for one irrational moment she thought of offering him the small amount of money in the bank, along with her promise to pay off the rest.

"Miss Burton! Miss Burton!" It was Mr. Allardyce, and Peggy jumped to the snap of his voice. "If you think you could spare some time—"

Peggy walked quickly, trying to look brisk and efficient, towards the couple with Mr. Allardyce.

The girl was unlike any of the other customers of that morning. She had red hair and beautiful green eyes.

"What kind of a hat do you think it should be, Greg? It's such an important hat, I can't make up my mind." The girl questioned her escort as Peggy showed them to a vanity table fronted by a stiff chair.

It wasn't until she had another chair brought for the man that she began to pay attention to him. Then she realised that his face was intelligent and good humored. He was altogether pleasing, so precisely the kind of man who would be at home in anybody's modern fairy tale, that Peggy found herself staring without envy; it was so inevitable that he should belong to the girl with him.

"A black hat," the man said to the girl with red hair. "Definitely a black hat. Something really startling—something like a song!"

Peggy made up her mind. "We have the very hat," she said lightly, just as if she were not relinquishing her very soul. "Every time someone puts it on, it starts singing by itself—in four-part harmony."

The girl laughed. "I'll try it," she said.

Peggy got the Hat and placed it deferentially on the girl's head.

The black feathers fell into place over the red hair. The girl frowned and took it off.

"But for a trousseau—don't you think black's a little severe, Greg? . . . I don't know . . . Of course, I'd be wearing it on the plane first."

"Fine," said Greg. "You'll stun the other passengers. And the next day," he added admiringly, "you'll startle everyone even more when you're wearing white."

The girl studied the Hat distantly, pursing her pretty lips. "Well, maybe with my black suit . . ." she mused.

Peggy was never sure afterward whether it was the girl's lack of appreciation or her own stabbing realization that Greg as well as the Hat was to belong to this red-haired stranger—who obviously had everything else—which caused the thing that happened next. At any rate, Peggy grabbed the hat just as the girl was saying, "Oh, well, I suppose I'll take it. If it isn't right for my suit, it will go with something or other, I suppose."

Anger spurred into Peggy's heart. "That's what the girl said," she told herself fiercely. "It will go with something or other." Which means she'll take it home and throw it on a shelf and forget about it. No, not this hat, she won't. I was all wrong about you, Red. I thought you'd give me a good home."

Aloud, she said, "I'm sorry. I'd forgotten. This particular hat is already sold. I've made a mistake." Then, in horror, she saw Mr. Allardyce's face, too close for him not to have overheard, turn a deep red. Before he could emit steam, Peggy

said, "But I have a lovely green hat which will match your eyes perfectly."

She ran to get the green hat, murmuring to Mr. Allardyce as she passed him, "I'll explain later!"

Red didn't like the green hat, unfortunately. Nor did she like the navy-blue. "Nothing looks quite so well on me as that first one," she complained.

Greg smiled at Peggy. "That's because none of them can sing! You couldn't sort of forget that you'd sold it, could you? You know—the lady who bought it that one of the other salesgirls made an error and sold it while you were out of the room? Something original like that?"

Peggy smiled nicely back at him. "I couldn't do that," she said. "I'm very sorry."

APOLOGISING profusely, Peggy showed them out of the department and then was left to face Mr. Allardyce. "Well!" he sputtered.

"Well—" she said faintly, "well—I really did sell it to someone else, while you were off the floor, Mr. Allardyce. To a—Mrs. Somervale, I think it was. Anyway, I have it in my sales book. It's to be delivered. I never made a mistake like this before, Mr. Allardyce . . . I'm afraid I don't feel well," she added.

Mr. Allardyce melted before the sight of her small, woebegone face. "All right, all right," he said. "But get it off the stock shelves, please, Miss Burton. Send it to the delivery desk."

"Yes, sir!"

Now she had done it, now she really had done it, Peggy upbraided herself, while she packed the hat out of sight. It was possible for her

to make out a false ticket to a Mrs. Somervale, and then the hat would be hers.

But there would still be the nine guineas to turn in at the end of the day. Ten guineas! The mythical Mrs. Somervale would not, of course, be entitled to the employee's ten per cent. discount. What had she done? Life, she told herself, shouldn't have to depend on money. Yet without it she would probably lose her job—and the Hat, too.

Chuck! That was it! He always seemed to have money for the things he wanted. All those suits and gaudy neckties he was forever buying. Maybe he wouldn't mind loaning her the money, just for two weeks. She could have it by then. She'd go without lunches; she wouldn't spend a penny for anything.

In the telephone booth at the rear of the floor she poured her troubles into an unsympathetic mouthpiece.

"I couldn't help it, Chuck," she said. "I didn't really mean to buy the hat. It—well, it was fate, so to speak. And now I have to have ten guineas. Before the store closes to-night."

She heard Chuck's disparaging opposition, pleaded again, and finally won his grumbling assent. "It's not that I mind loaning money," he said in a voice that was uncomfortably superior, "but I have expenses. In my profession I have an impression to make. People think—"

"Of course, Chuck. I understand." She'd heard the speech before. "I hate to ask you, Chuck, but please help me. If you could meet me, with the money, at the stationery counter on the main floor, I'd never forget it, Chuck. And I promise to pay you back in two weeks."

WITH a mixture of triumph and relief, Peggy left the phone booth. She owned the Hat.

At first the Hat seemed to possess all the magical powers with which Peggy's lively young imagination had endowed it. When Mr. Allardyce had gone home she went to the washroom and there donned the black velvet, now paid for and all hers—almost all hers—approving her reflection in the smudged wash-room mirror.

So filled was her mind with her new magic hat that it seemed altogether fitting that a prince should be waiting for her, his brown hair nicely rumpled in the wind, at the employees' exit. For one bewitched minute it seemed natural that her dream of herself should be reality, and she smiled captivantly at him.

"Hello," Greg said. And that was part of the dream, too. "I've been waiting for you."

"You have?" she said. "How nice."

"I thought perhaps you'd do me a favor."

"I'd love to," she said.

"I know it's asking a lot—"

She grinned at him. "My friends consider me a kindly type," she said. "Good to children, polite to old ladies—"

"Nice to look at," he supplied. But his face took on a look of worry. "It's about that hat," he said, and with those words Peggy's dream burst.

"My—I mean the girl who was with me this morning was so disappointed about not getting the black hat—you remember the one I mean, I'm sure—that I thought perhaps you'd tell me whom it was sold to."

Please turn to page 77

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 2, 1950

The Black Velvet

Continued from page 76

IT was difficult to find the right words, it seemed, but he went on, "I realise it's not common practice, but I thought I might go to the person who owns it and perhaps persuade her to sell it to me. You see, it's for a trousseau, and Ellen's grieving for that particular hat, the way women do, you know."

His nice brown eyes had fastened themselves on Peggy's head. "Good grief!" he said. "You're wearing it!" For one horrified second Peggy looked appealingly up at him, and saw him regarding her with what seemed to be cold reproach.

This, then, was what happened to Peggy, hat or no hat, when she came face to face with a nice man—a really nice man, and not one of the members of the Oh-Yeah bracket. In his eyes she was the deceitful purloiner of the very hat his fiancée desired.

She turned to run headlong down the street, clutching the Hat protectively to her head.

Behind her she could hear his voice pursuing her: "Wait! Just a minute! Please, if you'd just let me talk to you!"

She ran on until she had reached the underground station and stood quivering in the wide platform, waiting for her train. "Oh, no, you don't," she announced to the out-distanced Greg. "You don't get any hat. You can just go get your Red another hat. So there!"

Peggy was still arguing it out with Greg the next morning when, with the Hat pulled down snugly over her blonde curls, she disembarked from the train and began the walk down the street towards Carstairs.

She was just explaining to him what the Hat meant to her and why she just couldn't give it up when her antagonist materialised in fleshly reality, blocking her way into the store.

"Hello," he grinned at her. "Go away," she said firmly. "You look pretty in the morning, too," he said.

She tried to dodge past him. "No, you don't," he said. Peggy was surprised at the feeling of anger which swelled inside her. "Look, you," she said. "You leave me alone." She charged him frontally, and he gave way before her attack.

For the next two days, Peggy spent most of her off-duty hours dodging the hat-lover. It seemed to her that he possessed all the instincts of a hunting dog.

On Wednesday her cousin Mary phoned her to say that she was coming into town to do some shopping, and could they have lunch together?

Not until she had finished her desert did she see Greg. He was sitting alone, and he smiled and partly stood up, bowing slightly. Peggy groaned.

"What's the matter?" said her cousin.

"It's that man, Mary, over there. The one that's standing up. He's been following me for two days."

"M-m-m-m," said Mary appreciatively. "What's bad about that?"

Peggy might have had difficulty explaining, but even before she could try, Greg had begun to steer his way through the crowded room toward their table.

"Hurry up!" Peggy hissed fiercely. "We have to get out of here."

"Uh-uh," said Mary negatively. "If you don't want him, maybe I can use him. I think he's sweet."

Greg was as affable as ever. "It's a small, wonderful world," he said equably, standing over their table.

"Small, anyway," said Peggy.

"Now if the waiter would just bring us another chair . . ."

Peggy stood up abruptly.

"You can have mine," she said. "Mary, I'm leaving. As for you, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is, this hat is mine and it's the only really pretty hat I'll probably ever own and I'm not going to give it up. You can

probably buy any hat in the city, and I'll never be able to afford another like this one as long as I live. Besides, it looks better on me than it does on—on her. And you can't have it!"

Lunchers at the other tables were turning to stare. Checks flushed, Peggy fled tearfully from the room.

After half an hour, when Mary drifted into the French Room and pretended to be buying a hat so that she could talk to her cousin, Peggy had recovered somewhat and was able to conceal the hurt gnawing at her. Lethargically she brought out a grey sombrero and fitted it to Mary's black hair.

"This is one of our newest creations," she said, loudly enough for Mr. Allardyce to hear.

Mary pretended to examine it critically in the mirror. "Not quite my type, I'm afraid," she said, also loudly. Then, in an undertone, she added, "He is, though. He's sensational."

"Who?"

"That man in the restaurant. An absolute dreamboat," Mary purred. "I think his people are pretty rich."

"I daresay."

"Not that it means anything to him. He says he's just making a start—civil engineering or something. He says he'll probably starve for a few years, like any young engineer. Me, I'd be perfectly willing to take my chances."

"Mary! You didn't say anything to him!" Peggy exploded, and then lowered her voice at the surprised look discernible across the room on Mr. Allardyce's face. "You may as well give up that idea," she whispered. "His plans are all made—and there's a beautiful redhead in them."

Mary looked up at her with dark, startled eyes. "Oh!" she said disappointedly. "That's what he meant about a honeymoon trip. She put down the grey sombrero. "When I think—why, I wanted a whole half-hour talking to him!"

AT home that evening Peggy dressed feverishly yet dispiritedly for her regular Wednesday night date with Chuck. As they began to stroll to the local picture show, Chuck glanced up and said, regarding her beret with surprise, "Where's the hat? Or am I not good enough for you to wear it with?"

"Oh, Chuck," Peggy said. "The thing's haunted."

"Well, all I hope is that you'll have that money for me by tomorrow night. I have to make that payment I was telling you about first thing Friday morning."

"Friday! But, Chuck, it was supposed to be for two weeks. I said I'd have the money for you in two weeks!"

"Well, I wasn't figuring right, or something. Anyway, I don't see how you're going to be able to get it in two weeks if you—"

"Chuck!" Her voice sunk to a place that was low and wretched and utterly hollow. "How can I, Chuck?"

Chuck was staring at her sullenly.

"That's what my mother said," he announced cryptically.

"What?"

"That you weren't the reliable type a man like me ought to consider marrying."

"Is that what she said?"

"Yes, she did. She said any girl who borrowed six pounds to pay for a ten-guinea hat was selfish, and probably that's just the way she'd act after she was married."

Peggy stood still, almost paralysed. "Have you ever stopped to wonder, my football hero, whether I considered marrying you, in the first place?"

Savagely she turned and began to retrace her steps up the street, her heels clicking against the pavement.

"Oh, yeah?" Chuck hurried after her.

"Precisely," Peggy said. "And you don't have to worry about your six pounds, either. I'll have it for you to-morrow night, no matter what. And then I hope I never have to see you again."

Next day Peggy fought the feeling of real despair inside her. She would have to let Greg have the Hat. That was all there was to it. She would sell it to him, and that way at least she would be free—she would redeem herself. In the end she would have lost everything, even the Hat.

Sadly she gave in to the inevitable and waited for Greg to make his appearance. But, for the first time since Monday, he failed to appear. Peggy told herself that it was just like him—like all men—to be absent when she really needed him.

That evening, lunchless and tense with the day's frustrations, Peggy trudged out of Carstairs' to the street. Because she had given him up, she failed to see Greg standing on the pavement, waiting for her. Without lifting her eyes she began the weary walk to the station. "Please," she heard a voice in her ears, "if you'd just let me talk to you—"

Peggy turned to face him, and was ashamed to feel her eyes swelling with tears again. She removed the Hat and held it out to him. "Here," she said huskily. "You can have it. All I want for it is six pounds."

Then she began to cry. The week had been just too much. She felt his arms go around her and found her head resting easily against his shoulder.

"I don't want the hat," he said flatly.

"But you have to," Peggy mourned against his shoulder. "Now I want you to want it!"

"I'd look awfully silly in it."

Peggy leaned her head back to examine his face. His steady eyes were looking down at her quizzically. "You used to want it," she said. "I was counting on it. Only, now I suppose your fiancée bought another hat, didn't she?"

"If you mean Ellen, she's not my fiancée. She's marrying my brother. But she did buy another hat."

"Marrying your brother? But you said—I'm sure I heard you say—"

"You never gave me a chance to say anything. You just made up your mind. I've been trying to reach you to tell you not to be afraid for your hat any more—I wasn't going to try to match it away from you. Only, every time I got close enough to tell you, you ran away."

Peggy sobbed louder.

"If it's the six pounds," he said, "would you consider a loan?"

"No," she said.

"Strictly business, in a friendly sort of way, that is. I'll tell you what: I'll act as your banker on condition that you let me keep tagging around, to protect my investment."

Peggy began to laugh with him.

"We could try out the arrangement to-night," he suggested, "when I take you to dinner. We can sit and talk. Would you like that?"

"I'm willing to find out," Peggy said bravely. She began to rummage in her purse. She found her compact and thrust it at him. "Hold it," she said, "while I put on my hat." Carefully she adjusted the black velvet, letting the feather fall to caress her cheek. "There," she said. "Do I look all right?"

"Wonderfully all right," he said, gravely considering the Hat.

They started down the street together, and Peggy felt suddenly that everything was wonderfully all right, indeed. Her hat had, after all, justified her faith in it.

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JC.1.3

Stern action won't curb child's strong feelings

How many times do we consider the feelings which lie back of our own or a child's behaviour?

How many times do we try to manage a child's behaviour without doing anything about the feelings which may have caused it?

WHAT would you think of a man who carefully mended an inner tube after a "flat," but did nothing about taking out the nail which caused the puncture? Behaviour like that sounds a bit ridiculous, but is it very different from the way a parent behaves when he punishes an unhappy, jealous three-year-old for being "mean" to his baby brother?

He is punishing the child for what he has done, but he's doing nothing about the feelings which caused the child to act as he did.

Parents sometimes try to reason away the feelings that have caused unpleasant behaviour as though feelings were like problems in arithmetic.

Reasoning often produces "unreasonable" behaviour when applied to emotions! In arithmetic, 2 and 2 always equal 4; but in behaviour a tremendous urge to explore, plus Mother's make-up drawer, plus a firm "no," don't give the same answer every time.

Why? Because the urge to explore is a matter of emotion, not logic.

It's not logic that makes the child step in every puddle on his way home from school when he knows that his goloshes have holes. It's feeling the joy of stepping in oozy mud, the fun of splashing. Is feeling like this best controlled by an appeal to reason?

If the child's behaviour were based on reason, we might be successful when we said: "You know better than that. I explained to you that your goloshes leak. Why do you do such stupid things?"

But words like these don't bring about a change in behaviour. They just create more feelings, and bad ones at that, in the child and in oneself.

How can we reach the feeling back of an act? Well, in this case, we might say when we discover the wet shoes and cold feet, "I know that it's fun to wade in puddles. I used to like to do it, too. (Let's hope you did!) Every time you see a puddle you want to step in the deepest part, don't you?"

This is step number one in handling the feeling—recognising it and accepting it, really accepting it. This doesn't mean approving of it. It just means appreciating that the feeling exists. Acceptance must be genuine; try to remember the joy you felt playing with those oozy mud pies.

This step brings a change in your child. He realises you understand. He feels accepted. Perhaps what you say clarifies for him how he feels. One can't control a feeling until one recognises it, even a feeling about mud puddles!

Step number two comes when you help him find an outlet acceptable to him. He knows his goloshes have holes in them, but let him know that you think it's fun to splash in muddy water.

Tell him until he gets new goloshes he mustn't play in the mud, unless he is at home and can change his shoes quickly.

When you buy him a new pair of goloshes tell him he can wade in the puddles if he wants to.

A big step towards handling feelings successfully is just facing and accepting them. Accepting the fact that they exist seems to lessen their force.

But there are all kinds of feelings. Can we accept them all? There are feelings of wanting to hurt, angry feelings, hostile feelings, as well as good feelings about enjoying things.

Acceptance just means bringing a feeling out into the open. It does not mean approving or disapproving of it. If a feeling exists, it is better to know about it if we expect to do something about it. Surely we can accept all feelings.

The mother who accepts the fact that her son feels jealous of the baby is in a position to help. She can say, "I know you don't like it because I am spending so much time with the baby when you want me to do things with you. It makes you angry with baby."

"Let's have some time that is yours and some time that is his. We'll do just what you want in your time. It will be all yours." She can add, "Now that you are a big brother, you and your father go to



SMALL BOY behaves badly at first visit to barber if told he must be still or barber will snip ear. Reaction to such injustice is to want to wriggle.

town by yourselves. That is fun, too, isn't it?" She can help him by understanding and she can look for ways to relieve him of his feelings—acceptable ways.

The teacher who accepts the emotions children feel can help them. "I don't like you, I don't like you," said Billy angrily to the teacher who had told her nursery school group that they could not go for a walk because of the weather. The teacher accepted Billy's feeling. "I know, you don't like me because I couldn't let you go for a walk."

"You wanted to go and I'm sorry you can't. Do you suppose there's something we could think of to do here that would be fun?" Together they thought of getting some marching started with the group—a walk inside as long as they couldn't go outside.

But you ask, doesn't Billy have to learn to be polite? Yes, he does, and didn't the teacher accomplish that? No more angry words, a friendly, better-behaved child resulted from her acceptance of his feelings.

Tommy's mother, on the other hand, handled the same kind of situation by saying indignantly, "Tommy, you can't say that to me. Go to your room until you can be polite." Tommy kicked and cried, "I hate you!"

After a session in his room he emerged, pouting and resentful, to meet an annoyed and discouraged mother. Only the behaviour and not his feelings had been considered.

Does considering feelings mean "mollycoddling" a child? One answer might be to ask ourselves whether we need to go looking for ways of making life harder. Aren't there enough hard things in life without trying to create more?

In fact, isn't it worth while to reduce difficulties. Take yourself.

Are you a better person on a day when you have to face more major and minor crises than you are equal to handling, or on a day when you pile up a lot of satisfying experiences which you have met adequately?

If you didn't have these satisfying days, could you face the difficult ones with composure? We might conclude that the child is better able to face denials and limitations if his feelings have been respected and he has been helped to pile up good feelings.

The tight-lipped mother who says, "He can't talk like that to me," may be expressing her own fears and insecurities about whether she is acceptable to the neighbors. What would they think if they heard her child being rude? She feels her success as a parent threatened and she is always afraid of being wrong.

These feelings go back to her own childhood. She often felt ashamed and humiliated. Nothing she did seemed really acceptable to her parents. Her uncertainty, her resentment spill out when she punishes her child for making her seem wrong again.

She cannot allow that behaviour. She must protect herself. Maybe she could, if she understood her own feelings and could build herself up into the kind of person who was free to help her child in ways best suited to his needs.

We should feel suspicious of ourselves when we react strongly to something as absurdly simple, for example, as a child calling us names! We need to get our feelings out into the open and see what stands between us and reasonable responses.

By KATHERINE H. READ,
Nursery School Director



Bracing, sparkling Andrews is pleasant to taste and wonderful for health. First: Andrews refreshes the mouth. Next: Andrews settles the stomach and corrects digestive upsets. Then: Andrews tones up the liver. Finally: Andrews gently clears the system of trouble-making impurities. Try a sparkling glass tomorrow!

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Hand Beauty Cream

Swift LUNCHEON BEEF

FOR *EVERY* MEAL



BREAKFAST

Cut in slices about $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick, grill or fry lightly and serve with bacon or eggs.



LUNCHEON

Slice thin and serve with hot boiled or mashed potatoes, and greens. As a salad base it will add taste and colour to every plate.



DINNER

Cut in thick slices, roll in egg and breadcrumbs. Fry in hot dripping or butter until golden brown. Serve with mashed potatoes, peas, and baked stuffed tomatoes. Garnish with crisp lettuce.



SUPPER

Cut in slices about $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick, grill lightly and place on lightly buttered toast. Add thin flat slices of cheese and grill again until the cheese melts forming a coat over the luncheon beef. Also delicious in Jaffles.

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GROGER SAM SAYS..



Swift *FOOD PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD—*

SPAGHETTI AND ★ MACARONI

THE bland flavor and smooth texture of macaroni and spaghetti call for judicious addition of piquant ingredients to make them tempting and palatable. Cheese, tomatoes, garlic, sweet red or green peppers, meat, fish, ham, sausages, sauces, and mushrooms may be added to any macaroni or

spaghetti dish. Quantity of flavoring added is largely a matter of taste; don't be afraid to experiment until you arrive at the flavor combination which best suits your taste! The recipes suggested here may be prepared with macaroni, spaghetti, or noodles, provided equivalent quantities are used.

SPAGHETTI CASSEROLE

Four rashers bacon, 1 very thick slice ham, 1 medium onion, 1 small green pepper, 1 clove garlic, 1 teaspoon salt, 1lb. minced raw beef, 1lb. tomatoes, 2 cups broken uncooked spaghetti, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup white table wine (sauvignon or chablis), parsley to garnish.

Remove rind from bacon, cook in heavy pan until crisp and lightly browned; remove, chop or crumble into pieces. Dice ham or cut into strips and fry in the bacon fat. Remove, add chopped onion and green pepper and crushed garlic to pan. Cook gently until onion is soft. Add minced meat, and cook gently until meat changes color. Stir in bacon, ham, salt, skinned, chopped tomatoes, wine. Cover, simmer 1 hour. Meanwhile, cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until almost tender. Drain, rinse with water, fold into meat mixture with half the cheese. Turn into casserole, sprinkle with balance of cheese. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes, removing lid for last 15 minutes to allow topping to brown. Garnish with parsley, serve piping hot.

BAKED MACARONI WITH SAUSAGE AND TOMATO

Six ounces macaroni, 2 small onions, 1 egg, 1 pint milk, pinch cayenne pepper, 4oz. grated cheese, 3 sausages (pork or beef), 1lb. tomatoes, parsley to garnish.

Drop macaroni and sliced onions into boiling salted water. Cook quickly until macaroni is tender. Drain, mix with beaten egg and milk, season with cayenne pepper. Add half the cheese. Place half the mixture in a greased ovenware dish. Prick sausages well, cover with hot water, bring to the boil and simmer 10 minutes. Drain, remove skins, cut into rings 1/4 in. thick. Spread over macaroni in dish, add balance of macaroni. Cover top with peeled, sliced tomatoes, sprinkle with salt, cayenne, and balance of cheese. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 350deg. F. electric) 30 to 35 minutes until set and top is golden brown. Garnish with parsley, serve hot.

STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS

Eight small sweet green peppers, 1 cup cooked macaroni, 1/2 cup white sauce, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup chopped tomatoes, 1/2 cup soft bread-crumbs, salt and pepper, 1/2 cup cooked peas, 1 tablespoon diced, parboiled red pepper, 1 dessertspoon grated onion.

Remove stems from peppers, drop into boiling water, simmer 4 or 5 minutes. Cut a slice from top of each, invert on flat plate to drain. Remove seeds and fibre. Trim base of each pepper slightly (without cutting a hole) so that it will stand upright. Combine macaroni and sauce, add cheese, tomatoes, crumbs, peas, red pepper, and onion. Season to taste with salt and pepper, fill into green pepper-cases. Arrange on greased oven tray, bake in moderate oven until filling is thoroughly reheated. Serve hot.

Continued on page 82



SWEET GREEN PEPPERS or red peppers make delicious savory cases for creamed macaroni flavored with tomato, onion, and cheese. Other dishes illustrated above include meat balls simmered in a rich home-style tomato sauce, and an old favorite, macaroni cheese, served in fancy dress as macaroni creme de luxe! Macaroni makes decorations.



Father pockets a winner..

Dad's smile as he pockets his new Biro is one of pride. He's proud you remembered his day—Father's Day—and he's proud to own a Biro Ballpoint Pen. And you can be proud, too, that you chose such a handsome, useful gift for him—a gift you can buy at a price to suit your pocket.

There are five attractive models in the Biro range, at prices from 6/- to £6/10/0. This Biro, for example, is smart, streamlined and businesslike, and costs 23/-, with Magnum refills at 3/9. Obtainable in grey, maroon or black.

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sandwich spread
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Sanitarium PEANUT BUTTER

—milled FRESH, while the peanuts
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There are never any left-overs when you make sandwiches with tasty, appetising **SANITARIUM Peanut Butter**. Milled FRESH while the peanuts are hot from the ovens—before any of their delicious goodness can be lost—it has the kind of flavour that 'young' appetites can't resist... that grown-ups enjoy, too! Include Sanitarium Peanut Butter* in your next grocery order!

*Known as Peanut Paste in some States.



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Prizewinning recipes for

Spring menus

FIRST prize this week in our popular recipe contest goes to an unusual luncheon dish of corn, tomatoes, eggs, and bacon.

Why not send some of your family favorites to us? Cash prizes are awarded every week. Write on one side of the paper only; be sure to add full name and address (including State) to each page. Let your choice range over all types of menus.

The sharing of ideas by the passing on of good home-tested recipes is a great help to others.

Remember, all spoon measurements are level.

CORNPATCH TOMATOES

Four large, firm tomatoes, 4 eggs, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons grated onion, 1 cup diced bacon, 1 cup grated cheese, 2 cups cooked or tinned sweet corn, parsley.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut slice from stem end, scoop out centres. Dust inside lightly with salt and pepper, pour 1/2 of the Worcestershire sauce into each. Break an egg into each tomato, place on greased baking-tray. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes, until eggs are set and tomatoes softened. Fill sweet corn into greased ovenproof serving-dish, top with grated cheese. Remove tomatoes with egg-slice and arrange on top of corn. Top each tomato with onion and bacon mixed together. Return to oven until cheese is melted and bacon cooked. Serve garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Mitchell, 14 Ashby St., Fairfield S.3, Brisbane.

CORNEED BEEF ITALIENNE

Four ounces spaghetti or macaroni, 6oz. sliced, cooked corned beef, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper, 1 large apple, 1oz. fat.

Wash spaghetti, cook in rapidly boiling salted water until tender (20 minutes). Coat corned beef with seasoned flour, fry lightly, turning to brown both sides. Drain on kitchen paper. Peel, core, and slice apple; fry in remaining fat, turning during cooking. Arrange beef slices in centre of heated serving-dish. Place an apple slice on each. Drain spaghetti, rinse with cold water, reheat in boiling water, drain again and place round meat on dish. Serve with barbecue sauce.

Barbecue Sauce: Mix together 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon sugar, dash paprika, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon marinade or apple jam or jelly. Heat in frying-pan in which meat and apple were cooked, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Serve over spaghetti or in sauceboat.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. Harding, 46 Goodlands Avenue, Thornleigh, N.S.W.

BANANA-AND-NUT SHORT-CAKE

Two cups self-raising flour, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1/2 cup milk, extra 1 dessertspoon butter (softened), 3 bananas, 3 tablespoons chopped nuts, lemon juice, whipped sweetened cream or substitute, cherries.

Sift flour, add sugar. Rub in butter or margarine. Fold in sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Divide in two and press each half out to fit 8in. cake-tin. Grease tin, place one half in, spread lightly with softened butter and place second half on top. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Cool

HERE'S a tempting way to serve egg-filled tomatoes and corn. Chopped cooked bacon tops each tomato, and adds a delicious flavor. So nourishing, too. See prize-winning recipe on this page.

on cake-cooler and when cold split where layers were joined. Spread bottom layer with cream, cover with sliced bananas (dipped in lemon juice to prevent discoloration) and nuts. Place top layer in position and spread liberally with cream. Decorate with sliced bananas (coated with lemon juice), chopped nuts, and halved cherries.

Consolation Prize of £1 to R. Egan, 58 Ryot St., Warrnambool, Vic.

SPAGHETTI AND MACARONI

Continued from page 81

MACARONI CREME DE LUXE

Two cups cooked macaroni, 1 1/2 cups white sauce, 1/2 cup grated cheese, 1/2 cup chopped ham, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 tablespoon chopped parboiled red pepper (may be omitted), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 2 eggs, extra grated cheese, parsley and strips of red pepper to garnish.

After draining macaroni rinse well with cold water to thoroughly separate pieces. Add to sauce which has been mixed with cheese, ham, mustard, red pepper, and parsley. Season to taste with salt and cayenne. Fold in egg-yolks, reheat without allowing to boil. Turn into greased ramekins or casseroles. Beat egg-whites stiffly with pinch salt and cayenne pepper. Spoon around edge of each ramekin. Return to oven to set and lightly brown topping. Serve piping hot garnished with extra cheese, parsley, and strips of red pepper.

Note: Fingers of toast, piping hot and freshly buttered, or crisp, dry Melba toast may be served with the ramekins. If liked, cooked or finely chopped raw celery or par-boiled green pepper may be used in place of the red pepper.

MEAT BALLS WITH SPAGHETTI

One and a half pounds topside steak, 1 dessertspoon salt, 2 tablespoons flour, 1/2 cup coarsely grated carrot, 1 egg, cooked spaghetti, grated cheese, browned bread-crumbs, parsley.

Sauce: One tablespoon fat, 1 small chopped onion, 1 or 2 rashers chopped bacon, 2 cups skinned chopped tomatoes, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon blended cornflour to thicken (or more according to taste).

Put steak through mincer after removing excess fat. Leave a small amount of fat to improve flavor. Mix minced meat with flour, salt, and carrot. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Shape into balls. Prepare sauce. Brown onion in hot fat, add bacon, and brown lightly. Stir in tomatoes and water, simmer 5 minutes. Add meat balls, simmer 1 hour. Thicken with blended cornflour. Serve sauce and meat balls with spaghetti border. Spaghetti should be thoroughly rinsed with cold water after draining to separate pieces. Reheat with boiling water and drain again. Sprinkle spaghetti border with equal quantities grated cheese and browned crumbs mixed together. Garnish with parsley.

KRAFT SPAGHETTI RING WITH VEGETABLES

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Kraft Cheese is rich in high quality proteins, vitamins A, B₂ and D, plus the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus. Saves you money too — no rind, no waste.



"All the family loves the mellow flavour of Kraft Cheese,"

says ELIZABETH COOKE, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert

"The creamier texture and tastier flavour of Kraft Cheese make it first favourite with young and old," says Elizabeth Cooke. Kraft Cheese in the kitchen opens the door to a treasure house of exciting recipes, because no other cheese is so good in cooked dishes. Grate, shred, toast, or melt it, cook it any way you please, Kraft Cheese never loses that true cheddar flavour. And what's more, Kraft Cheese stays fresh to the last delicious slice in its hygienic foil wrapper. Kraft Cheese is pasteurised for purity and flavour.

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Kraft Cheese is eleven times richer in calcium than cream; has more protein than meat, and is a rich source of phosphorus and vitamins. All Australia prefers it — order Kraft Cheese now!



KRAFT CHEESE

tastes better because it's BLENDED BETTER

Sold everywhere in the 8 oz. carton or the economical 5 lb. loaf

RECIPE

KRAFT SPAGHETTI RING WITH VEGETABLES

2 cups hot white sauce; 1½ cups cooked vegetables (peas, carrots, beans, cauliflower); 1 cup warm milk; 1 cup soft breadcrumbs; 2 eggs; 1½ cups cooked spaghetti; 1 cup finely grated cheese; 2 teaspoons grated onion; dash Worcestershire sauce; 1½ teaspoons salt; 1 tablespoon butter or margarine; dash cayenne pepper.

Combine hot white sauce with vegetables. Combine all remaining ingredients and pour into well greased 6½ inch ring mould or loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 35 minutes or until firm. Unmould on serving dish and pour hot creamed vegetables into centre and around outside of the ring.

P.S. All cheese cookery is more economical with Kraft Cheese, because it has no rind — you can use every bit right down to the last golden slice.



Kraft Cheese makes sandwiches more nourishing!

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SEE how quickly your features take on
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CANNAS MAKE a colorful addition to the herbaceous borders if planted in clumps, or they can provide the whole splash if their various shades are carefully arranged, as in this picture.

Herbaceous borders

• While we are waiting for the sun to come nearer and for the soil to start warming up we can set out herbaceous plants to brighten the garden during summer and autumn
... Says OUR HOME GARDENER

THE herbaceous border is so called because it is planted chiefly with hardy herbaceous perennials—plants of which the rootstock or underground portion is hardy and lives from year to year, though the leaves and flowering stems grow afresh each year and die down in autumn.

These perennials are extremely useful garden plants, for the reason that, once established, they need very little attention for several years.

They have been more or less labelled in the past by being called "ideal plants for lazy gardeners," but even the laziest will find that from time to time herbaceous perennials develop into big clumps and have to be lifted and divided.

A few plants—the bearded or flag iris, carnation, pink primrose, polyanthus and others—are perennials, but they are evergreen, not herbaceous, as they do not lose their leaves when summer goes. Include them in the border, as they are most useful for brightening up the beds in season.

It seems a pity, indeed, that as a result of our mild winters gardeners have more or less dropped the herbaceous perennials because of their drabness or nudity during winter, and instead are using hardy annuals, biennials, and evergreen perennials.

Most of the herbaceous plants possess a fascination for all lovers of a garden. They include so many of the old-fashioned flowers that have been favorites for generations.

They give freely of their long-stemmed blooms of many colors, they are invaluable for cutting or decorative purposes in the home, many of them are cut-and-come-again flowers, and people with little knowledge of gardening can manage them successfully.

I feel, therefore, that because the herbaceous perennial gives so much in return for so little it should always be a popular feature of the Australian garden. It is truly the sheet anchor of the beginner and the delight of the experienced gardener, to whom it offers endless opportunities for the exercise of skill in the grouping of plants and the creation of color schemes.

Aspect, fertile soil, climate and latitude, an assured water supply, and garden environment are all important factors when setting out to establish the herbaceous border or bed.

An old stone wall, a well-built dry wall or rockery, or a tall natural outcrop of rock forms a perfect background for herbaceous flowers.

A well-weathered, moss-stained paling fence is probably the next best background, but new brick walls or concrete-plastered walls need something else, such as a self-clinging climber, as a disguise.

And when it comes to what to plant—we naturally select the true herbaceous perennials first.

For the background are golden rods, hollyhocks, helienums, perennial sunflowers, coneflowers, delphiniums, and for the middle distance lupins, michaelmas daisies, statice, lilies, day lilies, perennial phlox, chrysanthemums, Oriental poppies, eryngiums, campanulas, and so on. For front positions, one would naturally use heucheras, geums, violas, pinks, catmint, shasta daisies, lilies, and dwarf irises.

In every case the gardener should learn the color of his materials before he takes them from the "palette" to set them out permanently on his garden "canvas."

Old favorites

Muscular support in pre-natal period

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

DURING the pre-natal and nursing periods special care should be taken of the figure, which changes rapidly during pregnancy.

Exercises and massage tone up the muscles, but it is often felt that a support is necessary to relieve abdominal pressure.

A simple maternity belt (or sling), which can easily be made, is recommended.

Instructions for making and adjusting this support are given in a special leaflet which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

Embroidery inspired by film



FREDRIC MARCH as Columbus, with Kathleen Ryan as Beatrice de Arana in a scene from the film "Christopher Columbus," costumes are beautifully embroidered.



● Hand-worked embroidery is used on exclusive models this spring, and those who are clever enough to do it for themselves can give a distinctive touch to their clothes.

HOUSEHOLD linens, too, can be made distinctive, particularly if original designs are used.

Embroidery on the day and evening blouse and on the table linen shown on this page were inspired by the medieval costumes worn by Fredric March, as Columbus, and Florence Eldridge, as Queen Isabella, in the J. Arthur Rank film, "Christopher Columbus."

Queen Mary, who does exquisite needlework, attended the world premiere of the film in London.

Patterns for the day and evening blouse and all embroidery transfers shown are available now from our pattern department. See address on page 22.

EVENING BLOUSE (illustrated above) has a flattering off-the-shoulder neckline and wide bishop sleeves gathered into a cuff. For sizes 32 to 36in. bust you require 2½yds. of 36in. wide material. Paper pattern costs 1/8. Embroidery transfer 1/6.

AFTERNOON BLOUSE (illustrated top right) features back buttoning, rounded collar, and wide three-quarter sleeves. For sizes 32 to 38in. bust you require 2½yds. of 36in. wide material. Pattern costs 1/8. Embroidery transfer is 1/6.

The embroidery

Evening Blouse—Diagram A: Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton. Two skeins 873 (peacock-blue), 1 skein each 417 (grey), 503 (coral),

739 (cardinal), 874 (peacock-blue), white for stitching beads. (Use 2 strands throughout.) Silver sequins for centre of all daisy flowers, small white beads for centre of all sequins; Milward's Gold Seal crewel needle No. 7.

Apply transfers of designs round neckline and cuffs. Follow diagram A on this page and number key for embroidery, colors, stitches, and materials.

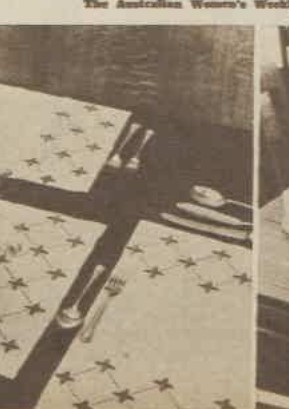
Number Key for Diagram A: 1—silver sequins, 2—white beads, 3—417, 4—739, and 5—873 (stem stitch), 6—503, 7—739, and 8—874 (daisy stitch), 9—873 (straight stitch), 10—873 (fly stitch).

Press finished embroidery well on wrong side.

Afternoon Blouse—Diagram B: Use Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton. Two skeins 946 (chartreuse), 1 skein each 382 (geranium), 443 (gorse yellow), 638 (terracotta), 820 (beige), 878 (turquoise), white. (Use 2 strands throughout.) Milward's Gold Seal crewel needle No. 6.

Apply transfer of design from centre neck down to side seam on left side of blouse and round sleeve edges.

Number Key for Diagram B: 1—(white satin stitch), 2—382 (French knots), 3—443, 4—820, 5—946 (stem stitch), 6—443, 7—638, 8—878 (daisy stitch), 10—946 (fly stitch).



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SKETCH and photograph of the delicately embroidered evening blouse shown above. When ordering from our pattern department ask for blouse pattern No. 6133, with transfer No. 6133. See article for details.

Table linens

LUNCHEON SET: Required, 1½yds. 36in. wide linen in natural or green, and transfer No. 424, which costs 3/6.

Cut 4 place mats 19in. x 12½in. and the centre mat 22in. x 16in. Apply transfers carefully at each end of mats, the two larger transfers being for centre mat.

Color Scheme for Green Linen: Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton. Shades: 839 (crimson), 838 (crimson), and 407 (gobelin green). (Use three strands throughout.) Crewel needle No. 6.

For the embroidery follow the diagram and number key: 1—839, 2—407 (satin stitch), 3—838 (stem stitch).

Color Scheme for Natural Linen: Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton. Shades: 409 (gobelin green), 821 (beige), 796 (amber-gold). (Use three strands throughout.) For the embroidery follow the diagram and use this number key: 1—409, 2—796 (satin stitch), 3—821 (stem stitch).

When the embroidery is completed, press well on wrong side and then turn back ½in. hem all round, mitre corners, and slip-stitch invisibly.

AFTERNOON TEA CLOTH: Requires 1yd. of green or natural linen and No. 426 transfer, which costs 2/3.

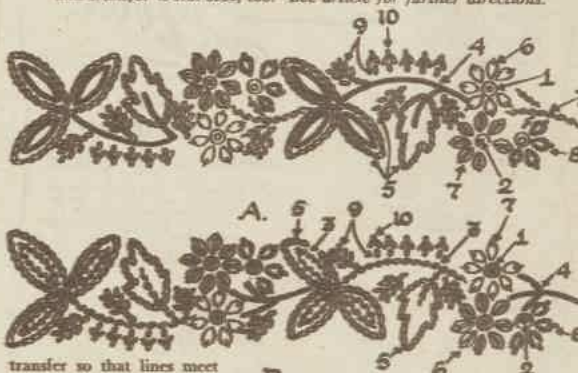
Fold linen in two, both ways. Lay



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AFTERNOON BLOUSE with embroidered bodice and sleeves may also be obtained from our pattern department. Blouse pattern is No. 6134, and transfer is No. 6134, too. See article for further directions.



transfer so that lines meet to make a square, taking care transfer does not move while applying.

For the embroidery follow the same color scheme, diagram, and number key for stitches as given for luncheon set. When embroidery is completed, press well on wrong side and then turn back ½in. hem, mitre corners, and slip-stitch invisibly.

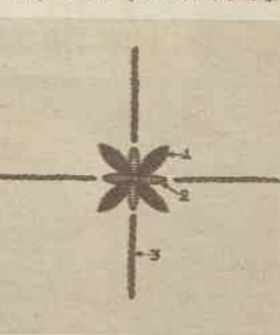
CUSHION COVER: Requires two pieces green or natural linen, each 20in. square, cord, and No. 425 transfer, which costs 1/6.

Apply transfer evenly on to one piece of linen, and for the embroidery follow the same color scheme and number key for stitches as given for luncheon set.

After embroidery is completed, press carefully and join the two pieces of linen on wrong side, leaving space for insertion of cushion. Turn cushion cover right way out and sew on cord all round.

Both blouses, as well as the embroidered linens, are being displayed in the Needlework Section at David Jones', Sydney.

DETAIL of embroidery for blouses above and for house linens below. See article for key to numbers which gives suggested colors and simple stitches for the embroidery.



TRANSFERS are available for luncheon set, afternoon tea cloth, and cushion shown below. When ordering from our pattern department ask for transfer No. 424 (luncheon set), No. 425 (cushion cover), and No. 426 (afternoon tea cloth). See article for prices.



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"and she used to be the girl who wouldn't clean her teeth!"

It's the Kiddles favourite-
NEW lolly flavoured
Gibbs
DENTIFRICE

Now that children have their own special sweet-tasting Gibbs in their own specially coloured container, they run to clean their teeth! Children just love New Gibbs' fresh foamy, aniseed flavour! And what's more, mother knows Gibbs is so good for teeth—it cleans them thoroughly, helps keep them sound, leaves mouths fresh and sweet! Gibbs' is economical, too! A solid dentifrice, it easily outlasts two tubes of ordinary toothpaste—children can't leave unsightly trails of toothpaste decorating the bathroom.



A DIFFERENT COLOURED CONTAINER FOR EACH MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

Gibbs now comes in bright-coloured containers—red, blue and green. There's one for each member of the family—one for each kiddie to call his very own.

Buy Economical New Gibbs Dentifrice Today

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DESIGNED by Russel Wright, this vitreous china luncheon set for four people takes the minimum of space on the table, is easy to stack.

New designs for home equipment in U.S.

AMERICAN Russel Wright, who won prizes for sculpture as a youth, has used his artistic talent in the commercial world for the design and manufacture of dinner ware and other articles in modern shapes.

The plates and saucers are simply flat discs, with slightly curled edges to hold liquids. Handles have no angles. A swish of the dish-cloth leaves any article sparkling clean.

Made of vitreous china that is chip proof, and of amazing strength, this ware has the advantage of being so heat resistant that it may be used for cooking.

Another important point is that the new ware is moderately

priced. A luncheon set for four costs 7.95 dollars (£3/11/0).

Furniture design in America shows a similar space and labor saving trend, while a maximum of comfort and efficiency is aimed at.

At the New York Museum of Modern Art is a perpetual exhibit showing household appliances which have passed rigid tests, and which are on display for manufacturers to see, and perhaps produce. The Chicago Furniture Mart has co-operated in the project.

Designs must be sturdy and capable of mass production. Some are shown here.

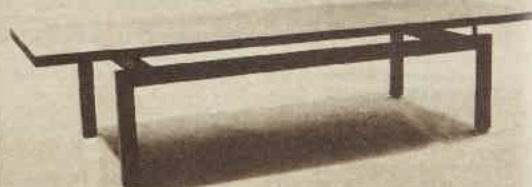
In the exhibit are two types of design, classic, or traditional, and expressionist, or experimental.



METAL SIDE CHAIR with detachable foam-rubber cushion, from exhibit at New York Museum of Modern Art.



SEPARATE moulded shapes are used for the back and seat of this chair (left), making it easy to upholster. This is a U.S. expressionist piece. Below: Coffee table, traditional in design, still has the new lightness. It is one of the pieces from the New York Museum of Modern Art exhibit for manufacturers.



FRAGILE-LOOKING because of slender legs, this modern "love seat" is really a sturdy piece because of its design and strong aluminium base. Foam-rubber cushions are dustproof.



TRADITIONAL in line, this upholstered armchair has new lightness in wooden base. Plastic webbing is used for back.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

NO. 418—APRON.

Traced ready to embroider on British headcloth in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Work in contrast colors to material chosen. Bias binding to finish not supplied. Price 4/11, postage 6d.

NO. 419—BLOUSE.

Pretty blouse with V neckline and frilled collar, cut out ready to make in organdie or white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Also in rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale pink, and blue. Sizes: Bust 32-36in. Price 22/9, postage 1/3.

NO. 420—DOLLYS.

Traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen, or sheer linen or organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. They measure 8in. x 8in., or 5in. x 11in. Prices: Linen 1/- each, or 2/9 set of three; organdie, 9d. each, or 2/- set of three. Postage 2d each, or 4d set of three.

* NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notions, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted. All Needlework Notions over 8/11 sent by registered post.

NO. 421—BABY'S FROCK AND PETTICOAT.

Cut out ready to make in fine rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale pink, and blue, or cream crepe. Sizes: 6 months to 12 months. Prices: (frock) 14/11, postage 1/3; (slip) 8/11, postage 1/-.

NO. 422—BABY'S PILLOW SLIP.

Traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen or sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green; or organdie in white, blue, pink, and green. It measures 11in. x 17in. Prices: Linen 5/11, postage 4d; organdie 3/11, postage 4d.

NO. 423—BOY'S GINGHAM SHIRT.

Check gingham in red and white, blue and white, green and white, cut out ready to make. Sizes: 2 years, price 6/11, postage 8d; 3-4 years, price 7/11, postage 9d; 5-6 years, price 8/11, postage 1/3; 7-8 years, price 9/6, postage 1/3.

Fashion PATTERNS

F6128



F6095



F6129



F6130



F6131



Pattern for beginners

F6129—Beginners' pattern of teenager's frock with large patch pockets. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material, and 1½yds. 36in. contrast. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Special pattern, price 1/3.

F6131—Smart frock for morning or afternoon wear. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Price 2/3.

F6021—Trim tennis frock requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Price 1/11.

F6095—Evening frock featuring pretty bertha collar, requires 8yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Price 2/4.

F6128—Little girl's frock for summery days, requires 1½yds. 36in. striped material, ¾yd. 36in. plain material, and 1½yds. edging. Sizes 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in. lengths for ages 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Price 1/9.

F6130—Charming nightgown with matching bedjacket. Requires 6yds. 36in. material, and ¾yd. 36in. width lace. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Price 3/6.

* TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from our Patterns Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 22.

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Cole
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...FEATURING THE ENTICING 'DEEP SEE' BRA

Cole's greatest triumph... created by brilliant American designer, Margit Fellegi... an exciting new range of swim suits and sun frocks that feature the enticing new 'Deep See' Bra and Cole's famous Magic Line. Daringly different... daringly original... each masterpiece creates a lovely illusion... gives secret support for an alluring figure... moulds your contours into a smooth, desirable, intriguing silhouette. Now on display at leading stores everywhere..

...AND THE COLE 'MAGIC LINE'



The Cole 'Magic Line' is the touch that makes every Cole of California original outstandingly different... exclusively yours. A combination of skilful cutting and the patented Muletex process... exclusive to Cole of California... each garment is literally sculptured to your figure, hugging it affectionately, moulding it into smooth, luscious contours.



Illustrated above is Style 15, one of the new Illusion sun frocks in the Cole of California range. Features polka-dot pattern... smart Bolero top... and the exciting new 'Deep See' Bra!